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POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

BY JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE

ESQ. F.S.A.



A NEW AND CORRECTED EDITION

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL PIECES



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TO
JOANNA BAILLIE,
IN HUMBLE TESTIMONY OF HER RARE AND EXALTED GENIUS,
THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION,
BY HER OBLIGED FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IT would imply no common degree of assurance in a Sexagenarian Judge of Bankruptcy, who should present himself for the first time before the public in a poetical character. Such, however, is not the case with the author of the following pieces. The greater part of the contents of these two volumes have already appeared, in different shapes, and at earlier periods, when the thoughts and pursuits in which they originated were more adapted to his age, and exercised perhaps too powerful an influence on his mind. Some of them— if he may be allowed the use of a rather hackneyed form of apology—he has been induced to republish by a suggestion from the proper quarter, that a new edition might not be unacceptable, and he has taken this opportunity of adding to the collection others which had not previously passed through the same ordeal. If any further excuse be needed for his present undertaking, he has only to add that he feels conscious of having long since discharged the debt of gratitude which Lord Bacon represents to be due from every veteran to his profession, and of having thus secured the right of

resuming, towards the close of life, those cherished tastes which, it is possible, may have been too freely indulged at the beginning of it.

On the subject of the miscellaneous contents of these volumes—the produce of many a gay, many a thoughtful, and, he fears it must be added, many an idle or desultory hour, spread over the surface of some forty years, or more, from the period of his entering college to the present day—a few brief explanatory notices are all that he deems requisite for himself, or likely to interest his readers. First, as to the arrangement,—he has not thought it necessary to place his several compositions in strict chronological order, because he has not the vanity to believe, that, in the midst of professional cares and duties which have compelled him always to regard his poetical labours rather in the secondary light of amusement than as the objects of diligent cultivation, he could succeed in exhibiting such progressive improvement in the Art of Poetry as would alone render it desirable to offer the means of self-comparison. Besides, the date of publication of such of the poems as have already been printed, will furnish, in general, a tolerably accurate index to the period of composition; and for the rest, excepting those of which the natal hour is indicated by the occasions that gave birth to them, it may be enough to observe that, for the most part, those of earliest date will be found in the First, those more recent in the Second, volume; but that this has not been adopted as an invariable

rule,—for instance, in the case of the Translations from the Sixth *Æneid*, which were among the author's first attempts in the art of “rendering into verse,” and are placed in the station they occupy principally on account of their affinity to the Third and Fifth Cantos of the “*Inferno*,” which immediately follow. So again as to the Rhyming Chronicle concluding the series ; which, composed as it was, solely for the purpose of affording instruction to some of his young people, demands (perhaps) the author's apology for its being at all inserted in a Collection pretending to the title of Poetry. This, except a few lines at the close, preceded, in date of creation, most of the “Occasional Verses” which it is made to follow. And so again as to the unconnected fragments printed under the name of an unfinished poem, entitled, “Retrospection ;” many of which will be found, on the face of them, to bear a more recent impression than that conveyed by the first verses.

But enough of a matter, in itself so unimportant, though appearing to demand this short explanation. Still less is it for the author to speak of the quality of his several performances. He might indeed offer something in the way of excuse for the large proportion of his volumes devoted to specimens of mere translation, were it not that he feels—and that very sincerely—how little he is entitled to assume the merit of originality for much of what remains. He is, indeed, fully sensible of the extent of this deficiency, or of what may be

termed an innate propensity to follow in the track of such preceding authors as were from time to time the objects of his admiration. It was in obedience to this propensity that, even in his boyish days, he conceived and partly executed, the plan of a poem after the model of Hoole's *Ariosto*, next to Pope's *Iliad*, almost his earliest poetical passion. And if from this crude effort, the few remaining fragments of which he finds to be utterly unworthy of preservation, he was induced, in obedience to a more ripened taste, aided by parental solicitations, to divert the current of his poetical aspirations into a somewhat worthier channel, it was still nothing but the same instinct—call it imitation or sympathy—which led him to attempt a sequel of Beattie's poem—a work, as to which he entirely coincides with another distinguished poet, in feeling that “none has ever given more delight to minds of a certain class, and in a certain stage of their progress,”—“that class,” as is well added in a late Review, “a high one, and that stage perhaps the most delightful in their pilgrimage.”

Dear, however, as Beattie's unfinished “*Minstrel*” is, and will ever be, to all true lovers of nature and natural sentiment, there is probably now but one opinion on the defect of its conception, considered as the basis of a lengthened poem. It is quite certain that the poet himself was rendered fully sensible of his error of calculation, long before he had advanced to the point where it breaks off; and the continuator would gladly attribute to this

inherent unfitness, rather than to any want of perseverance in himself, the relinquishment of his own ill-concerted design of completing it, by the time that he had advanced not more than half the length of course which his precursor had accomplished. Yet he can hardly flatter himself that this was either the only, or the chief cause of its discontinuance, when he reflects how many other designs have been abandoned by him when brought to a nearly similar stage of maturity. Hardly was the ink dry, with which he penned the first thirty stanzas of his Third Book of the "Minstrel,"—and this was several years before he ventured on the publication of it,—when the appearance of Sotheby's admirable version of Wieland's Tale of Enchantment put him on a new strain of ambition. His mind then reverted to the delight, amounting to rapture, which attended his first introduction, almost in infancy, to the wonders of the "Seven Champions of Christendom;" and the slight and imperfect legends of "St. George" and "St. Denis" owed their origin to this new fit of inspiration. The idea of pursuing this object was, however, also shortly abandoned to make way for the resumption of "The Minstrel;" till the publication of Lewis's "Tales of Wonder" again caused a diversion; and the "Abbot of Dol," the "Dead Men of Pest," and a few more similar explosions of fancy were hastily struck off in the heat of the moment. At other odd intervals of excitement, George Colman gave occasion, among

various forgotten attempts at the burlesque and ludicrous, to the tale of "The Marshal and Barber." Even the great name of Walter Scott may be cited as having, by his exquisite introductions to the Cantos of "Marmion," and other passages of mixed local and legendary association, occasioned the fragmentary sketch entitled "Devon's Poly-Olbion," a subject perhaps better selected, and more deserving of being followed out to a legitimate issue, than any which had then, or has since, been adopted. But it was the revival of the author's antient attachment to the marvels of the Italian School of Romance by the accidental perusal of the "Morgante," which led to the creation of his "Orlando in Roncesvalles," the only poem having any pretension to the character of a whole among his larger productions. It is even probable that this renewal of early taste and habit may have led him still farther, had he not in the mean time learned of Nicolo Fortiguerra to laugh at the wonders of the Pseudo-Turpin's creation, and to bethink himself of placing "Ricciardetto" by the side of his only English precursor in the same style, the renowned Whistlecraft.

Having said thus much respecting the origin of some of the most considerable of the author's own compositions, a very few words may suffice to render an account of those which are introduced in the character of mere translations. Of this latter division, by far the largest portion, amounting to nearly a fourth of the whole collection, is

that headed as “Translations from the Greek Anthology,” although many of the versions so designated would be more properly classed under the description of Paraphrase. Most of these pieces, but not all, have already appeared—some in the publication to which the name of the late Rev. Robert Bland is affixed, as the originator of the collection; others in a separate volume, more recently published, together with the compositions of other labourers in the same field. The author has only to allege, in excuse for their present re-publication apart from their companions, that a professed collection of his poetical works would have been manifestly incomplete without them.

Of the remainder of the space occupied by professed translations, the most considerable portion is that assigned to the specimens of Dante; and as these are among the latest of the author’s poetical productions, he deems it necessary to preface them with the disavowal of any design on his part to place them on a footing of comparison with either of the very excellent versions of the entire poem, which have been recently presented to the English reader. The object with which they were put together was that of a long contemplated essay in illustration of the Life and Times of the Poet; a work which, when viewed more nearly, it becomes very improbable that, considering the advancing age and public avocations of the author, he will ever have the industry or hardihood to accomplish. The reason of his having preferred

the experiment of a new translation rather than the appropriation of either of the previous ones, for the foundation of his labours, was his persuasion that both are in fault as to the method that ought to be pursued in rendering the sense and spirit of Dante, and not his hope of doing more himself than merely indicate a style worthier of future adoption. He is indeed convinced that the true character of the “Divine Comedy” is essentially at variance with the Miltonic style, according to which it was Mr. Cary’s endeavour to render it; and that, although Mr. Wright has improved on the preceding translator, not only in the superior closeness of his version to the literal sense of the original, but also by his adoption of rhyme, the distinguishing vehicle of Gothic and mediæval poetry; yet the division into measured stanzas is equally fatal to the design of transfusing the spirit of that original into the translation. The author of the specimens now offered to the public is, at the same time, so fully sensible of the extreme difficulty of rendering the *Terza Rima* of Dante by a corresponding measure in English, as greatly to doubt the possibility of its ever being satisfactorily accomplished by an entire translation. Hayley has indeed wielded this perplexing metre with some dexterity; Byron, with much of his native power; Mr. Roscoe, in his translation of the work of Sismondi on the Literature of the South of Europe, more successfully, perhaps, than either. But their experiments

only show that it is possible to employ it in rendering detached passages, not that the task is easy even on a scale so limited.

In anticipation of the probable charge of plagiarism, as applicable to his translations generally, the author would merely remark that he has never permitted himself to be deterred, by the dread of such an imputation, from converting to his own use particular expressions and phrases, or even entire lines or paragraphs, of preceding translators, where it has appeared to him that no variation, but for the worse, could be made or attempted. And this is all that he conceives it necessary to adduce in justification of a practice which he is perfectly ready to acknowledge. At the same time, however, he is not conscious to himself of having taken any frequent or extravagant advantage of the license which he thus claims.

To sum up the catalogue of his poetical confessions, and at the risk of its being deemed somewhat irrelevant, the author has now to advert to two several instances of adventure in the dramatic department; neither of them possessing the merit of originality, and, as mere "*Rifacciamenti*," not considered as entitled to admission into the present collection. The first of these performances, consisting in the endeavour to give the effect of unity to a combination of some of the most striking scenes in the Three Parts of Shakspeare's *Henry the Sixth*, was printed in the year 1817, with the title of "*Richard Duke of York, or the Contention*

of York and Lancaster," under which it was performed for several nights at Drury Lane Theatre, when it was sustained by the brilliant talent and powerful exertions of the late Mr. Kean, to which, far more than to any skill of the compiler, it was indebted for the success it met with. The second may be designated as a somewhat similar attempt to adapt for representation the powerfully appalling incidents, and striking thoughts and expressions, of Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," freed from the monstrous character of the plot, and from the coarseness of language and sentiment which occasionally disfigures the composition. This last mentioned effort was never printed; nor was it ever brought on the stage, although it was the avowed wish and intention of the same great tragedian to produce it had opportunity offered. That his son, the inheritor of his father's talent, and the estimable possessor of advantages of a higher order, which the public always know how to appreciate, even when combined with the dazzling attributes of genius, may, at some future time, be disposed to revive the pretensions of both, or either, of these performances to theatrical representation, is the wish of the author, only so far as, in the opinion of more competent judges, they may be calculated to be successful.

The author has now reduced into small a compass as he felt to be requisite his lives for publication, together with the circumstances which led to the composition of his several poems, and

an avowal of other deeds of the same nature with which he is content to hold himself chargeable. He may indeed, after all, have exposed himself to the risk of censure for needless prolixity. But, should there be among his readers any who, like himself, find a pleasure in becoming familiar with the trains of thought and habits of mind which have led to the composition of even the most trifling works of imagination and fancy, he feels that these prefatory remarks will not, in such quarters be esteemed unnecessary or superfluous.

by his friends, he is very diffident of success with the public; he therefore offers his poem in its present unfinished state, not as a pledge for its completion, but that he may find, in the manner of its reception, a touchstone by which to ascertain its real merit, and judge whether it will be expedient for him to pursue his design any further, or to relinquish it altogether.

XVII

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

ON the occasion of offering to the public an English version of Schiller's Lyrical Poetry,—a work undertaken and almost completed before I had any expectation of a competitor in the same field of literary enterprise, it may not be thought out of season to subject the present collection, made somewhat above five years ago, to the process of revision, for the purpose of correcting some errors, removing some blemishes, and substituting what it is hoped may be found improvements in the place of a few passages obviously objectionable or defective. I am far from thinking that the few emendations now offered are all that a correct taste might require, or that a large portion of what is left unaltered might not with advantage have been submitted to the reforming process—or, perhaps better still, altogether expunged. But it is too late to recall what has already passed the ordeal of public approbation or censure, and the attempt would imply a far greater degree of value than I have ever presumed to attach to any of my poetical productions. All that I intend, therefore, by the phrase “new and corrected edition,” is the

removal from the former of a few of those defects which were most obvious, and the addition, in place of some notes at the end of the Second Volume, thought upon revision to be superfluous, of some late translations, made from a language (the German) my acquaintance with which only commenced at a period subsequent to my former publication.

It has been asked me in some quarters to which I owe all respect in point of judgment, why I have not, instead of addicting myself to the study of a new Author in a new Language, devoted my leisure hours during this last five years' interval to the completion of a translation of the immortal work of Dante, upon the model of the specimens which appear in the second volume of these collections. But, while I am by no means insensible to the praise implied in this question, I cannot but feel it a sufficient answer that the ground is already occupied—if not fully, to the extent of all that I conceive to be possible in the shape of translation—yet enough to render any renewal of the attempt, at least for some time to come, unnecessary, and perhaps invidious. Mr. Wright's version, in many parts excellent, is throughout remarkable above all preceding ones for fidelity to the sense of the original, such as to render it a work safely to be referred to by those who, not being themselves Italian scholars, are desirous of

being acquainted with the great poet's thoughts and sentiments. The translator has, in my judgment indeed unnecessarily, departed from the metre of the original, and in so doing, sacrificed much of the *spirit* which might, I think, be preserved by a stricter adherence to the *form*. But this abandonment of the Dantesque manner, much as I think it to be regretted, seems scarcely to afford a sufficient ground in itself for hoping the success of a new translation in competition with two others of such just celebrity as both Wright's and Carey's, the authors of which are still living—and, if there were room to entertain any such expectation, there is already another competitor for the laurel in the person of Mr. Shannon, who has published ten cantos, and tells us he has completed many more, in the *Terza Rima*, and in a style of versification which, though occasionally disfigured by the application of a theoretical principle in the art of rhyming, unsupported either by any but obsolete English usage, or by the example of the original, is yet sufficiently free and animated greatly to increase the discouragement to which any new attempt must be liable.

But, besides that the ground is pre-occupied, there are other and more potent reasons to restrain me from engaging in an enterprise, for which, if ever I could have believed myself

qualified, it is not at this late period of life, nor amidst the necessary distractions of public duty—such as, though affording sufficient leisure for the indulgence of long-formed literary tastes and habits, in the performance of tasks of a less burthensome nature, would be found incompatible, even were a more extensive prospect of life yet before me, with the continuous thought and reflection necessary for the successful interpretation of such a work as the *Divina Commedia*. I may rather have subjected myself to the enquiry, how I have been able to render the execution even of so desultory a task as that in which I have more recently been engaged, consistent with the due discharge of my official functions—my answer to which must be, by the due employment of allotted intervals of vacation, aided by the economical use of those generally disregarded half-hours of time, which every one who seeks may find in the course of the most busy day—a secret worth knowing, and which I thus willingly communicate for the benefit of all who are disposed to profit by it.

All that remains for me to notice is the restoration, in the present impression, of the spirited wood engravings of my friend Mr. Utterson, by which my first edition of the “Orlando in Roncesvalles” was illustrated.

Feb. 20, 1844.

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THE MINSTREL
OR THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS
(IN CONTINUATION OF BEATTIE)



THE
MINSTREL.

BOOK III.

I.

AWFUL the hand of Fate, whose ruthless power
With bitterest pangs the human heart can rend ;
Most awful at that sadly solemn hour.

When, o'er the bed of a departing friend,
Speechless, in agonizing grief we bend,
Observe the quivering lip, the languid eye,
And throbbing breast, which the last groans
distend ;

Wipe the cold dew, and catch the parting sigh
That wafts the immortal soul into eternity.

II.

But why o'er dying Virtue do we weep ?
Does the free spirit share our life's decay,
(Lost in the gloom of everlasting sleep)
Or wait the dawning of a better day ?

Tho' fearful be the solitary way
From this perplext and feverish mortal clime,
Yet, cheer'd by Faith, and Hope's celestial ray,
Soon shall our wanderings cease in realms where
Time

And Chance and Change no more shall blast our
deathless prime.

III.

Tho' all day long the fast descending rain
Have bathed in tears the lovely landscape round,
While the sad woods were silent, and the plain
No more reechoed every rural sound,
The tempest knows its heaven-appointed bound,
Sunshine again may cheer the evening's close,
And Nature's form be with fresh beauty crown'd;
When the swoln stream that from the mountain
flows,

Will, with its distant roar, but soothe us to repose.

IV.

So I, erewhile whose unavailing woe
Deplored the best of friends for ever fled,
Now bid those idle sorrows cease to flow,
While, by strong Faith to happier regions led,
I hold imagined converse with the dead;
And if my brow be sometimes overcast,
Or if mine eye a tear unbidden shed,
It flows from memory of affections past,
Mixt with a sigh for those which shall for ever last.

V.

For, tho' a stern philosophy reprove
The tender tribute on the grave bestow'd,
Whoe'er has felt the sacred flame of love,
Whose animated heart has ever glow'd
With sense of Nature's charms, or Nature's God,
Knows well the soothing power of Melancholy,
By whose mild guidance led, the rude abode
I pleased forsook of Ignorance and Folly,
And consolation found in solitude most holy.

VI.

Thou too, whose strains my bitter cares allay'd,
First-born of Heaven, celestial Music, hail !
For, well I ween, thy visionary aid
Can sweetly soothe, when strength and reason
fail,
The ills that this distracted life assail ;
Our miseries can charm, our toils repay ;
Can guide our progress through the dreary vale,
Break with a gleam of light the o'erclouded day,
And bid the storms of grief in zephyrs die away.

VII.

Guided by thee, thro' woods whose hollow sound
Responsive murmur'd to thy plaintive strain,
Or 'mid dark-cavern'd rocks with ivy crown'd
Where Echo still possess'd her ancient reign,

Or where the gray stream glided through the
plain,
How oft his steps the young enthusiast bent.
To wander free o'er Fancy's airy reign,
Or "ruin'd man and virtue lost" lament :
For yet no nearer cares his simple heart had rent.

VIII.

But ah ! too soon the waves of sorrow roll
In gloomy turbulence around, and pour
Their gather'd forces on his yielding soul.
His native vale (abode of joy before)
Reechoes to the song of health no more.
The pale destruction hovers o'er his sire ;
Whose gentle spirit, while it pants to soar,
His breast no longer glows with vital fire,
His boasted vigour fails, his mental powers expire.

IX.

No more, upon the mountain's craggy steep,
His flocks bleat, answering the well-known horn ;
On the wild cliff that overhangs the deep,
No more he hails the glad approach of morn ;
No more, as eve on dusky pinions borne,
Recalls his fleecy wanderers to their fold,
His tender PHOEBE welcomes his return,
Nor on the hearth the blazing fagots roll'd
Drive from his hardy limbs the nipping winter's
cold.

X.

In vain his EDWIN's pious cares relieve
By one last gleam of joy his closing day ;
In vain his friends around in silence grieve,
Moistening with tears of love his senseless clay :
But yesternight, in robes of shadowy gray,
Moved o'er the heath the slow funereal train
(Mark'd by prophetic sight) in long array ;
The torch of death glared horrid on the plain,
And streaks of bloody red illumed the swelling main.

XI.

For when, in days where memory loves to dwell,
Dark Superstition o'er the nations spread
Her fearful banner, every lonely dell,
And glade that human footsteps seldom tread,
And pathless heath, and storm-beat mountain's
 head,
Became the imagined haunt of witch or sprite,
Or peopled by the spectres of the dead
Who walk'd the melancholy round of night,
Till to their graves dispersed by the fresh morning's
 light.

XII.

E'en now, when Reason, like the lovely dawn,
Has chased those strange fantastic dreams away,
Far in the bleak ungenial North withdrawn
The tyrant holds her solitary sway :

But ah ! unhappy thou, her destined prey,
Whom ardent fancy hurried to the snare !
For thee shall joyless pass the summer day,
And, when dark winter hurtles in the air,
Thy life shall be a blank of comfortless despair.

XIII.

At length when, heated by the wizard fire,
The extravagant and erring spirit glows
Uncheck'd within ; and baleful fiends inspire
(Last curse of Heaven) the sense of future woes ;
When every wave that roars and wind that blows
Comes charged with prescience of impending fate ;
How will thy soul, in agonizing throes,
Strive to shake off the hated gift too late,
And sink again, oppress'd with more than mortal
weight !

XIV.

EDWIN, whose mind the Hermit's pious lore
Had clear'd from error's stain and thoughts untrue,
Yet strong imagination often bore
Beyond the limits that his reason drew.
How vain the dreams of ignorance he knew,
Yet trembled at the voice he scorn'd to fear :
His sense revolted from the hideous crew
Of phantoms imaged by the gifted seer ;
Yet each new portent fell like death upon his ear.

XV.

Beneath an oak whose antique branches shade
A bank with moss and fragrant flowers o'ergrown,
Low in the earth the hoary sire is laid,
The place unmark'd by fence or sculptured stone ;
No angels there in polish'd marble moan,
Nor pompous epitaph bespeaks his worth ;
For such befit the proud and great alone
Who boast their hoarded wealth or noble birth,
Kings, statesmen, conquerors, and tyrants of the
earth.

XVI.

Not so the shepherd : near the rising ground
Where low at peace his mouldering bones were
laid,
A rustic cross was fix'd, and, all around,
Fresh flowers were strown, and verdant holly made
About the sacred spot a grateful shade.
In a lone dell o'ergrown with tangled wood
These last sad obsequies his EDWIN paid,
Where never foot profane had dared intrude,
Nor sound of mirth disturb'd the silent solitude.

XVII.

Thither the melancholy youth would hie,
Oft as the sun's last ray illumed the plain,
And watch the spot the whole night long, and sigh,
Till sank the morning-planet in the main :

At length his long-forsaken lyre again
Becomes the gentle solace of his care ;
Again he wakes the sweetly solemn strain,
The listening woods again his wild notes bear
To the lone echoing hills, and waft along the air.

XVIII.

“ O shades beloved ! ” (thus flow’d his plaintive
song)
“ Where he I weep in vain was wont to stray,
When your rude rocks and wizard streams among
I with him plied, untired, the toilsome day,
Where now is he whose presence cheer’d the way,
Whose eyes beam’d gladness o’er the blest abode?
That form revered is now unfeeling clay,
Silent that tongue whence mild instruction flow’d,
And cold the generous breast where love and pity
glow’d.

XIX.

“ Yet still the immortal spirit lives and moves :
Perhaps, beyond this dark terrestrial bourn,
Sometimes the memory of departed loves
May upward to the heaven of heavens be borne,
And guide him to the once beloved sojourn,
His favourite haunts, in life so sweet and fair,
Where, in the company of those who mourn,
Unseen he oft may hover in the air,
Join in the choral hymn, or aid the fervent prayer.”

XX.

And now sweet sleep his weary eyelids press'd,
As stretch'd he lay the flowery grave beside ;
No hideous dreams disturb his balmy rest ;
But o'er his head strange music seems to glide,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the distant tide ;
Such strains as might to heaven itself aspire,
Purer than aught to earthly sounds allied,
Wild as the breathings of the Æolian lyre,
Full as the organ's swell, and loud responsive choir.

XXI.

Raptured he cast around his wondering sight,
And saw, far stretching o'er the Atlantic main,
An airy cloud, with silver radiance bright,
Which half involved the spangled azure plain :
There, clad in robes of mist, a shadowy train
Of spirits seem'd their nightly watch to keep ;
There stood the honour'd chief, the humble swain,
And there the hoary Bard appear'd to sweep
His harp, whose solemn notes soft floated o'er the
 deep.

XXII.

“ O'er him whose fate, O pious youth ! you
 grieve,

No longer mourn,” aerial voices cried.

“ That he yet lives, and lives most blest, believe,
And that, no more to earthly dross allied,

His pure celestial soul is still thy guide.”
He gazed, and saw enthroned among the rest
His much-loved sire : and now the ocean-tide
Was in the morning’s loveliest colours drest,
And all the vision died into the kindling West.

XXIII.

EDWIN awoke. Light, cheerful, and serene,
He felt at once from all his woe released,
And saw, unclouded, the surrounding scene.
Tho’ tasteless long Creation’s noblest feast,
Tho’ long the joyous woodland song had ceased,
The groves were tuned anew to harmony ;
Again the day-star blazing in the East,
With no dark vapours clouded, deck’d the sky ;
All nature’s charms again lay open to his eye.

XXIV.

Oh, could I aught of that celestial flame
Acquire, which fired the Faerie Minstrel’s breast,
How small would be on Fortune’s gifts my claim,
Of Nature’s stores and Nature’s love possess !
He whom the Muse has favour’d is most blest :
For him the forest spreads a broader shield ;
The shades of summer give securer rest ;
The beauteous vales a livelier verdure yield ;
And purer flows the stream, and fairer smiles the
field.

XXV.

He envies not the rich imperial board,
Or downy couch for pamper'd Luxury spread :
The simple feast that woods and fields afford,
The canopy of trees, the natural bed
Of moss by murmuring streams perennial fed,
In him more genuine heart's content excite :
The dazzling rays by brightest diamonds shed
Yield to the fairer glories of the night,
That circle round his head in order infinite.

XXVI.

Such were thy joys, sweet Bard, when stretch'd
along
By Mulla's fountain-head thy limbs reclined,
Where Fancy, parent of enchanted song,
Pour'd the full tide of Poesy, refined
From stain of earthly dross, upon thy mind.
Thine was the holy dream when, pure and free,
Imagination left the world behind
“ In that delightful land of Faerie”
Alone to wander, rapt in heavenly minstrelsy.

XXVII.

Oh who, so dull of sense, in heart so lost
To Nature's charms and every pure delight,
Would rather lie, on the wild billows tost
Of vain Ambition, with eternal night
Surrounded, and obscured his mental sight

By mists of Avarice, Passion, and Deceit?
Not he whose spirit clear, whose genius bright,
The Muse has ever led, in converse sweet,
Within the hallow'd glades of her divine retreat.

XXVIII.

Not EDWIN—in whose infant breast, I ween,
From childish cares and little passions free,
Tho' long in shades retired, unmark'd, unseen,
Had blown the fairest flower of Poesy.
That lovely promise of a vigorous tree
Instructed Genius found : each straggling shoot
He wisely pruned of its wild liberty,
Turn'd the rich streams of Science round the root,
And view'd with warm delight the fair and grateful
fruit.

XXIX.

The animating tales of former days,
'Wakening the patriot's warm heroic fire ;
The strains of old traditionary praise,
That bid the soul to noblest deeds aspire ;
All swell'd the raptures of his kindling lyre :
His native vales resounded with the song,
And rustic bosoms glow'd with new desire
To raise the oppress'd, to quell the proud and
strong,
And in the poet's lays their glorious names prolong.

XXX.

Nor chain'd for ever to unbending truth
Did EDWIN's active spirit deign to dwell,
But oft, transported by the fire of youth,
Was borne away to Fancy's airy cell.
Then would his harp more rapturously swell,
And all that's great, or beautiful, or wild
Awake his soul to joys that none can tell
But he on whom the power of Song has smiled,
Nature's inspired priest, Imagination's child.

XXXI.

Oft, at the close of eve, assembled round
The youthful minstrel village groups were seen,
Regardless of the distant tabor's sound
And peals of noisy mirth that burst between ;
While, in some glen remote or shelter'd green,
He sang the strains his brethren loved to hear ;
Full to their view he brought each fabled scene
Of war or peace, the banquet or the bier,
And hardy deeds of arms, and sorceries dark and
drear :

XXXII.

Of FINGAL, victor in the bloody field
O'er prostrate tribes of ERIN's faithless coast ;
Or dreadful blazing with his sun-like shield,
An angry meteor thro' the affrighted host ;
Or, half beheld and half in shadows lost,
Sailing in mist above the towering head

Of some gigantic hill with clouds emboss'd,
Encircled by the spirits of the dead,
Who walk the moonlight maze, or in the tempest
tread :

XXXIII.

Of MORNA, looking for her lord's return,
Her lovely hunter, who returns no more ;
Of LODA's vengeful spirit, dark and stern,
Haunting the wizard rocks of INISTORE :
But EDWIN's soul was never known to pour
So sweet, so sadly musical, a strain,
As when, deep pondering on the deeds of yore,
He seem'd with mournful OSSIAN to complain,
The last of all his race, alone on MORVEN's plain.

XXXIV.

By Fancy's sweet but strong attraction caught,
The swains delighted hung upon his lays ;
Nor ceased to listen when their EDWIN taught
With graver minstrelsy the wondrous ways
Of Nature, or ascended to the praise
Of that Almighty Power who sits on high,
Who mark'd the eternal course of circling days,
Who made, from nothing, Man, and fix'd his eye
Full on the empyreal heaven, and bad him read
the sky.

XXXV.

Yet not at once could EDWIN's mystic lore
Complete the wonders by his lays begun :

“ What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanted son ?”
Not till maturing years had slowly run
Their destined course, coæval with the strain,
Could the whole animating task be done.
Then universal music fill'd the plain,
While listening oaks and rocks obey'd the mighty
swain.

XXXVI.

And now the “ subtle thief of youth” has borne
Whole years of life away on silent wing,
Mingling the riper grace by summer worn
With the fair bloom of EDWIN's vigorous spring.
Now o'er his tuneful harp's responsive string
With nervous firmness sweeps his manly hand ;
Years o'er his cheek their mellowing shadows
fling ;
His modest grandeur and demeanor bland
Bespeak him form'd alike for love and high com-
mand.

VII.

Unpractised in the chase, untaught to know
The rustic sports his fellow-swains pursued,
His powerful arm ne'er bent the twanging bow,
Nor dipp'd the knotty spear in savage blood ;
His dextrous feet stemm'd not the eddying flood,
Nor scaled the lofty precipice whene'er
The echoing horn from distant glen or wood

Call'd round the wandering huntsmen to the lair
Where lay some noble beast unconscious of the
snare.

XXXVIII.

Yet was his frame to early toil enured,
His noble soul in fears and dangers tried ;
Hunger, and thirst, and watchings, he endured,
The fearful turbulence of storms defied ;
And, as advancing manhood's lofty pride
Mark'd with determined lines his sun-burnt face,
His sinewy limbs, firm grasp, and active stride,
Raised him, in deeds of strength and matchless
grace,
Above his rude compeers, the heroes of the chase.

XXXIX.

Nor yet, tho' EDWIN's noble spirit glow'd,
With every generous wish and feeling fraught,
Had Hope survey'd Ambition's wider road,
Or love of fame his young idea caught.
Still home was ever nearest to his thought,
His native mountains, his paternal shed :
Or, worlds untried if fancy ever sought,
His sage instructor's words again he read,
“ Ambition's slippery verge oh why should mortals
tread ?”

XL.

And tho' for love his warm and feeling breast
Full surely was by Heaven itself design'd,

That heavenly love, the noblest and the best,
That seeks the union of a kindred mind ;
The fairest virgin yet had fail'd to bind
His gentle soul, or amorous thoughts impart.
Constant in friendship, generous, just, and kind,
With him who sought, he shared a brother's part,
But still preserved untouch'd the freedom of his
heart.

XLI.

Soothed by the magic of his earliest song,
The infant MALCOLM had his steps pursued,
Oft as by haunted springs he lay along,
Or in the deep recesses of the wood ;
And, ever as the sun his course renew'd,
Closer and closer still the knot he drew,
Alike the sharer of each various mood
When the whole world assumed its gayest hue,
Or her dark veil o'er all black Melancholy threw.

XLII.

Yet many a moment of the live-long day
(But chief what time descend the evening dews)
Nor village converse, nor the pleasing lay
Of his loved friend, could aught of joy diffuse :
Oft at that solemn hour would EDWIN choose,
All lonely, to the sea-beat shore to go,
Holding celestial converse with the Muse,
Who to her genuine sons alone will show
The ways of Heaven above, the path of life below.

XLIII.

'Twas on a night most suited to his soul,
Silent and dark, save when the moon appear'd
Thro' shadowy clouds at intervals to roll,
And half the scene with partial lustre clear'd ;
Save that the stillness of the air was cheer'd
By waters pouring from the heights above ;
Save that by fits the ocean's voice was heard,
With sudden gusts of wind that stirr'd the grove,
And rose and fell again like tender sighs of love.

XLIV.

Soothed by the scene, he traced the straggling
course
Of a small stream, which, from the distant steep
Of hills descending, pour'd its rocky force,
With many an eddying whirl and foamy leap,
Through a dark narrow valley, to the deep.
Shunn'd was the dell by every earthly wight,
Whereghosts and wicked elves were said to keep:
True 'twas a haunted spot; for EDWIN's sprite
Oft loved to linger there, and there the Muse invite.

XLV.

But wider did this gloomy vale expand,
As nearer roar'd the ocean's awful sound ;
Till, sudden opening on the sea-beat strand,
The unbounded main appear'd; and, wide around,
An amphitheatre of granite, crown'd

With mountains piled on mountains to the sky.
And now the moon had reach'd her western bound,
When the long shades extending from on high
Veil'd half the face of things in deep obscurity.

XLVI.

A feeble ray, still rescued from the dark,
The furthest eastern billows glimmer'd o'er,
Illumining a distant bounding bark,
That drove with swelling sails the wind before :
The Minstrel mark'd the course that vessel bore,
And watch'd, until the breeze had shaped its way
To where, beyond a northern point, the shore
Narrow'd into a safe and quiet bay,
Hard by the woody glen in which the hamlet lay.

XLVII.

That distant point the Minstrel also gain'd
As night withdrew her veil of sable lawn ;
Just when the sky with earliest light was stain'd,
And ocean's distant outline faintly drawn
By the uncertain pencil of the dawn.
And now the vessel safely moor'd he view'd,
And, at a distance from the shore withdrawn,
Two men of warlike port, and aspect rude,
Who lay apart reclined in sad and thoughtful mood.

XLVIII.

The warlike helmet shadow'd o'er each face,
Frowning with sable plumes in gloomy pride ;
The spear, alike for battle and the chase

Before them lay ; and naked at their side
The broad claymore with leathern thongs was tied ;
Thro' the thick cloak that wrapp'd their limbs
in shade,
The burnish'd cuirass, which it seem'd to hide
In its capacious folds, was half display'd,
Mark'd with the deep indent of many a hostile blade.

XLIX.

Fired with the sudden sight, so new and strange,
A momentary flash of glad surprise
Kindled in EDWIN's cheeks a glowing change :
Onward he press'd, and ever fix'd his eyes
On one, the first in noble port and size,
Of the mysterious strangers ; and, as near
His footsteps drew, he saw the warrior rise,
As if the approaching sound had struck his ear—
But EDWIN's generous soul was ignorant of fear.

L.

Stern was the warrior's brow—his eye of fire
Temper'd by Melancholy's chastening hand ;
His looks at once might awe and love inspire,
Inexorably firm, sublimely grand,
Yet mingling soft persuasion with command ;
Furrow'd his front with sorrows, toils and cares,
Like some lone exile's in an unknown land ;
His grisly beard and thinly scatter'd hairs
Proclaim'd him somewhat sunk into the vale of years.

LI.

“ Peasant,” he said, “ if aught of human woes
“ E’er melt the natives of this lonely place,
“ Here let our tempest-beaten bark repose
“ From Fate’s unpitying storms a little space!
“ Used are we to hard fare—the perilous chase
“ Hath yielded, day and night, our doubtful food :
“ Tho’ from the South we come, our hardy race
“ Can boast the untainted channel of their blood,
“ Flowing from sire to son in no degenerate flood.

LII.

“ Nor had we wander’d from our quiet home,
“ The much-loved hamlet where our fathers lie ;
“ But fell Ambition, ever wont to roam,
“ Left her own fruitful plains and sunny sky
“ To rob us of our cherish’d liberty.
“ Detested king ! what mighty prize is thine,
“ That haughty England lifts her head so high ?
“ A barren rock encircled by the brine,
“ Stain’d with the streaming blood of thousands
“ of thy line.

LIII.

“ But while I speak, perchance my life is sold,
“ And EDWARD’S spies hang eager o’er their prey ;
“ Perchance my narrow sum of days is told,
“ And night already closes round my way.
“ If thus, I am prepared, nor wish to stay
“ The heavy hand of death, however near.

“ Are then these deserts free, O stranger, say ?
“ ’Twill gild with joy my parting hour to hear
“ That yet a Scot survives unawed by EDWARD’S
“ spear,”

LIV.

“ Yet free,” the youth replied, “ from blood and
“ crimes,
“ From the rude tyranny of foreign powers,
“ And ‘ all the misery of these iron times,’
“ Our peaceful shepherds pass their harmless
“ hours ;
“ Nor battle rages, nor the sword devours :
“ Not e’en the distant sound of war’s alarms
“ Has ever reach’d these calm sequester’d bowers ;
“ But the old Minstrel’s song of knights and arms
“ Seems like some fairy-tale that by its wonders
“ charms.

LV.

“ The constant practice of the chase affords
“ A feeble mimicry of war alone ;
“ And to our rudely taught but free-born hordes
“ The Name of Liberty is scarcely known,
“ Altho’ her real Substance is our own.
“ Yet, strong and zealous to defend our right,
“ If tyrant-force in our loved vale were shown,
“ Soon should we, equal to the best in fight,
“ Assert fair Freedom’s cause, and prove our native
might.

LVI.

“ But tho’ from our rude mountain’s rocky side
“ The blast of distant war rolls off unheard,
“ Yet are we not to savage beasts allied,
“ Nor slow to pity woes we never fear’d :
“ All human-kind is to our souls endear’d ;
“ The wretched to our special care belong :
“ But, most of all, if their bold arms they rear’d
“ In Virtue’s cause against tyrannic wrong,
“ Still unsubdued in soul, unconquerably strong.”

LVII.

The warrior-chief on EDWIN while he spoke
Fix’d his firm eye, and long deep-musing sate ;
Then, rising, thus the awful silence broke :
“ Youth, I accept thy love, thy guidance wait ;
“ Enough for me, if EDWARD’S lawless hate
“ Hath left this little nook of Scotland free.
“ Enough for thee, that I’m the sport of Fate,
“ Driven from my home, a wanderer on the sea,
“ And all for ardent love of sacred Liberty !”



THE
MINSTREL.

BOOK IV.*

I.

FAREWELL the oaten pipe and pastoral song,
The vocal woodland, the resounding shore !
In the delightful vale of peace too long
The muse hath linger'd, destined to explore
Far other scenes, and bolder heights to soar.
How soon, with weary pilgrimage o'erspent,
She may retrace her early haunts once more,
I stay not to discover—lowly bent
With my best powers to serve her sovereign intent.

II.

Of arms and loves, gay youth and warlike pride,
Of courteous deeds, of tilts and trophies hung,
Those ancient bards who Fancy made their guide
In sage and solemn minstrelsy have sung.
Them now I follow, and with faltering tongue
Would tune anew the rude poetic lays
Wherewith old Scotia's mountains whilom rung,

* Not before published, having been left unfinished.

When hoary chiefs sat listening to the praise
Of their own mighty deeds, achiev'd in earlier days.

III.

Oh would the genius of that hallow'd time
But deign to smile on this degenerate day,
And animate my all too feeble rhyme,
More boldly would I speed the soaring lay,
And cast distrust and chilling doubt away.
So may the love of sacred Liberty
Direct my rude and perilous essay,
And set my soul from servile fetters free,
Curbing the native flight of Heaven-born Poesy !

IV.

Thrice had the moon decay'd, and thrice renew'd
Her horn, while yet those wandering strangers
 stay'd,
Charm'd with the simple life the swains pursued,
And the rude virtues of that sylvan glade.
Oft in the chase their vigorous frames display'd
All knightly gests of valour, strength and speed ;
And oft at eve their friendly hosts they paid
With kindling tales of many a generous deed,
Of fierce invaders quell'd, and Caledonia freed.

V.

The rustic herd, whose lives in thoughtless ease
And toil alternate, unregarded flow,

Listen'd the unwonted strains, which idly please,
Like children wondering at some passing shew ;
But more they neither guess, nor wish to know.
Not so the minstrel, in whose nobler breast
Swell new desires, and unknown passions glow,
Whose soul no pleasure knows, whose frame no
rest,
Rapt ever in himself, of his own thoughts possest.

VI.

To his enchanted senses now no more
The changing scenes of nature yield delight,
And every charm, so exquisite before,
Dies unobserved upon his vacant sight :
Lost to all joy, save when the solemn night
Holds o'er a peaceful world unbroken sway ;
Then oft in converse with that elder knight,
Free and regardless, would he while away
The swiftly passing hours, and chide returning day.

VII.

And mutual was the charm that bound each soul.
If from the warrior's tongue persuasion flow,
If, while he speaks, his eyes indignant roll
In virtuous transport, or dissolve in woe,
No less in EDWIN'S beaming face, where glow
His heart's best energies, pure, lofty, free,
Rekindling hopes engender'd long ago,
The Chief might still some fleeting vision see
Of happier days to come, and rescued Liberty.

VIII.

The fate of Wallace, Scotia's pride and boast,
The daring champion of her injured right,
Who stemm'd the tide of Edward's conquering
host,
Proving in Freedom's cause his native might,
Became the sacred theme of every night :
The tale, tho' oft repeated, never tired ;
While thro' the toils of many a glorious fight,
EDWIN, with all a patriot's zeal inspired,
Track'd his bright course, and burn'd to be what
he admired.

IX.

But soon the tale inclined to sadder mood,
Painting the Hero of his country, lost
Among dark glens, and rocks, and caverns rude,
Or on wild seas in some frail pinnace tost,
Or naked thrown on some deserted coast,
Abandon'd by his friends, alone, forlorn,
Each fondly cherish'd hope by Fortune crost,
His memory proscribed, his honours shorn,
And his loved native land condemn'd in blood to
mourn.

X.

How in his castle, like a faded rose,
Dissolved in tears his lovely Margaret lay,
In tears fast flowing for her country's woes,

And for an exiled Father far away ;
While, like some vulture, hovering o'er his prey,
With dusky wings darkening the troubled air,
Black Douglas bade his ruthless bands display
The sanguine flag, and seize the struggling fair,
Unmoved by Beauty's charms, and deaf to maiden
prayer.

* * * *

Whoso with patient and enquiring mind
Would seek the stream of science to ascend,
Must count the cost, and never hope to find
Rest to his feet, or to his wanderings end.
The faithless road doth ever onward tend,
And clouds and darkness are its utmost bound:
The sacred fount no human eye hath kenn'd,
Though many a wight, beguiled by sight or sound,
“Εὐρηκα!” may exclaim; “I—I the place have
found.”

And, sooth to tell, it is a pleasant way
Through sweet variety of lawn and wood,
Mountain and vale, green pasture, forest gray,
And peopled town, and silent solitude;
And many a point, at distance dimly view'd,
For idle loiterers an unmeasured height,
By persevering energy subdued,
Rewards the bold adventurer with a sight
Of undiscover'd worlds—vast regions of delight.

* * * *

LEGENDS

FROM THE "SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM."

LEGEND I.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Now was the season when the gorgeous sun
Had doff'd his dark December liverie,
And o'er the waving plain and dimpled sea
With renovated light resplendent shone.
All nature felt his ray, and, rich with showers,
Glad in her lap received the opening flowers
That Maia strew'd about unsparingly,
While thro' the green groves tripp'd it merrily,
All fresh with vernal dews the rosy bosom'd hours.

From the high rock and mossy forest soar
To thank their sovereign sun the tuneful birds,
And basking in his beams, the lowing herds
Lie on the bank beside the rivulet hoar;
Thro' chequer'd woods, to meet the rising morn,
Springs the rejoicing lark from every thorn,
And sober evening hears the melody

Of Philomel in many a lonely tree,
That to high Heaven by echo is for ever borne.

So nature smiled, as o'er the flowery road,
And down the mountain's wild romantic side,
And by the banks of wandering rivers wide,
And through deep woods, by human feet untrod,
An English knight his devious path pursued:
While the soft season, in his soul renew'd
Sweet fairy visions, and delicious dreams
Of friends and country left, bright Phœbus' beams
Pour'd down their noontide heat upon the sparkling
flood.

Like the mild evening of a summer's day
Is the remembrance of enjoyment past:
The sun is set, but o'er the vale is cast
A softer light from his reflected ray.
No dazzling radiance strikes the senses blind,
No fiery heat fatigues the raptured mind;
But calm the spirit as the unruffled sea,
Concordant as seraphic harmony,
Pure as the soul that longs its native Heaven to find.

Enjoyment palls; imagination fades;
But memory's pleasures never melt away,
And hope's delusive power with stronger sway
Our actions rules, and every sense pervades.
'Tis like the rising morn, whose cheerful smile
Exalts our souls, and animates our toil.

What though in misty shrouds the landscape lies,
Creative fancy every scene supplies,
Spreads the bright grassy slope, or shapes the shadowy isle.

'Twas smiling hope that led that errant knight
Thro' Egypt's perilous wilds and burning sands,
To seek the mead of fame in distant lands,
Honour's best solace, and supreme delight.
'Twas hope advanced him thro' the rugged road,
By many a trial won, to fame's abode.
'Twas heavenly hope exalted o'er the throng,
To shine on high, the blessed souls among,
Saint George—of Britain's weal the tutelary God.

When Phœbus now had reach'd his western goal,
And lengthen'd shades obscured the dubious way,
Fled from the wanderer's mind those visions gay.
Behind, the last ray glimmer'd from the pole;
Before him frown'd an unfrequented wood,
Whereto his steed uncurb'd its way pursued.
Thick was the wood, and as they journey'd on,
Deeper and deeper sank the setting sun,
Whilst darker grew the shades, and desert longer
shew'd.

And to this day the knight might still have trod
The many mazes of that endless wood,
Whilst issuing from old Nilus' slimy flood,
Fierce Alligators scream'd along the road,

And serpents hiss'd, in every thicket found,
And Lions roar'd, and Tigers growl'd around.
Such concert for the Champion was prepared,
When, thro' the blackening shades as on he fared,
A taper's friendly light shot gleaming o'er the
ground.

Fortune, in truth, had led him to a place
Where stood the only mansion of the soil.
There, far removed from worldly care and toil,
A hermit stay'd, to end his mortal race.
Tho' ten long years the sire had ne'er survey'd
The face of man who thro' these desarts stray'd,
Not with less courtesy he received the knight,
Refresh'd with food, and lodged him for the night,
And with the morning's dawn, to his lost road convey'd.

Midst other converse—"Underneath yon hill,"
The old man said, while tears of pity roll'd,
"Each year some fair Egyptian maid is sold
A hellish serpent's ravenous maw to fill.
This savage monster, fifty years ago,
Fill'd Egypt's far-extended land with woe,
Her harvests blasted, and her sons destroy'd,
Till at the last, with spoil and slaughter cloy'd,
An annual tribute now will satisfy the foe.

"So to avert his all-destroying spite,
They choose a virgin every year by lot,

Whom bound they leave a victim on the spot,
Sad victim to his ravenous appetite.
This very day the Soldan's daughter dies,
Ah how unfit to be the monster's prize !
And twenty youths, the lovely maid to save,
Have in this desert met an early grave,
Scorch'd by his sulphurous breath, or blasted by
his eyes."

"O chosen band!" the admiring champion
cried,

"Let me pursue your path to deathless fame !

Here for myself the bold emprise I claim,
And swear to save, or perish by her side."

The hoary sage commends his generous zeal,
Blesses his hauberk's mail and gloves of steel,
Directs his course, then leaves with tear-swoln
eyes.

The champion, as the sun made sign to rise,
Came where the dragon waits, alone, his annual
meal.

Red rose the sun above the eastern hill,
Mantled in mist, and thro' the troubled air
Burst the wild shrieks of horror and despair,
That with unwonted awe his bosom fill.
Bound to yon stone what sculptured form ap-
pears ?

Down her pale cheek descend no dewy tears,
No sighs her bare and marble bosom move,

Closed are her lips, for pleasure form'd, and love,
Nosight her dimmèd eyes receive, no sound her ears.

To the cold statue as the knight drew nigh,
Feebly she raised her languid lids, and cried,
(Till on her lips the unfinish'd accents died,)
“Fly, daring youth, from luckless Sabra fly!”
—“No, by the God whose holy badge I bear,
No, by the King whose knightly sword I wear;
None e'er shall English George a caitiff call,
Who vows for thee to conquer or to fall.”
—He knelt, and on his forehead seal'd the oath he
sware.

“For thee, bright Virgin, to this fated place
I came, nor, without thee, will hence depart :
Here will I leave a spotless Christian's heart,
Or rend the monster's from its ebon case.
Give then thine hand, fair saint! thy Knight
am I.”

She gave her hand ; when lo ! before her eye
Appear the scaly Monster's sinewy folds :
Again she strives to loose the hand he holds ;
“Fly, generous youth,” she cried, “from luckless
Sabra fly !”

The Monster now, in many a tortuous spire,
Drags his green length of tail along the sand—
(Firm stays the knight, nor quits the Virgin's
hand.)

Flash his red eye-balls, and his nostrils fire—
(The Briton bears unmoved his ghastly gaze.)
And now his burnish'd scales erected blaze ;
His iron wings he spreads; and o'er the ground
His shadow spreads ten cubits' space around ;
(Saint George his lance protends, and his broad
shield displays.)

Sabra no more resists, no more dissuades,
No more her eyes their speaking lustres dart
To tear the fateful purpose from his heart,
But grateful agony each look pervades.
Oh with what throbs her heaving bosom beats,
As the stout lance the scaly dragon meets !
What horror stiffens every joint again,
Chains every nerve, and freezes every vein,
When shiver'd on the sand, the Knight unarm'd
retreats !

Loud yell'd the monster, and his sulphurous
breath
Fill'd with intolerable stench the air.
The hot contagion can no mortal bear,
But parch'd and wither'd, sinks in putrid death.
The flowers are blasted on the smoking ground,
The leaves drop blacken'd from the woods
around ;
Stiff in the tainted pools the fishes die ;
In spiral paths the birds above them fly,
In lessening circles whirl'd, till life and sense are
drown'd.

What pitying power has George and Sabra spared?
Ah happy pair ! to you shall yet be given
Long hours of solace by indulgent Heaven.
Yet scarce the fainting knight to breathe was
 heard,
As motionless on his dead horse he lay :
Onward the monster roll'd his destined way,
His griping talon on his shoulder laid,
All the black horrors of his throat display'd,
And pour'd the burning venom on his hapless prey.

The deadly stream descended on his vest,
Where the red cross the pious Champion bore,
Dear symbol of his faith. Deadly no more,
The life-restoring poison fill'd his breast.
O miracle of Grace ! the Knight, restored,
Leap'd lightly from the ground, and seized his
 sword ;
On the fell fury rush'd with ardent zeal—
The gaping throat received his trusty steel,
And the black heart's blood, mix'd with baleful ve-
 nom, pour'd.

“ Rise, Sabra ! thou art saved—the dragon dies.”
Alas ! she answers not—her limbs are cold—
Dim mists have closed her eyes—her breath
 enfold.

Again the knight exclaims, “ Rise, Lady, rise ! ”
At length like healing balm his accents flow ;
Again the life blood mounts, the spirits glow ;

While, on his soft supporting arm reclined,
Fann'd by his casque, the brisk refreshing wind
Bids on her death-cold cheek returning roses blow.

Now on that cheek, where late the pallid hue
Unmix'd appear'd of hopeless cold despair,
Warm blushes rise, as from his ivory fair
Pygmalion's passion warmth and feeling drew.
The statue warms—and in the virgin's breast
Joy, gratitude, and wonder shine confest.
As on the youth who saved her gleam her eyes,
With gratitude, and pleasure, and surprise,
If love too enters, comes he a forbidden guest?

But if the maid such various passions move,
On the blest victor's heart what rapture steals,
As every moment some new charm reveals,
And her eyes sparkle with the flames of love?
Lingering and silent they together trace
Their path towards the Hermit's holy place:
Expressive silence!—words had less display'd
The awaken'd fervours of that grateful maid
Than did her speaking eyes and love illumined face.

Now hast thou loiter'd long enough, my muse!
Suffice it then, they love; nor stop to say
How joyful was the hermit to survey
His late lost guest alive, and hear the news
Of that foul dragon stretch'd along the shore,
Now terror of Egyptian dames no more;

Nor what his hut contain'd, to drink and eat :
We know he was not sparing of his meat,
And that his mule at length the rescued princess bore.

And so for Cairo!—On the banks of Nile
I see the amorous pair pursue their way ;
Bright Sabra, lovely as the dawn of day,
Slow pacing on her mule ; and, all the while,
The British knight, attendant at her side,
Along the shore the sluggish palfrey guide,
In silence gazing on its beauteous load ;
Or, to beguile the long, though happy, road,
Of knightly deeds converse, and countries distant
wide.

Here rest, my Hippogryff, some little space—
And time, perchance, thy wanderings here were
ended ;
From dreamy realms of Faery-land descended,
Ill may'st thou hope to find reward or grace
Mid sober sons of sage utility,
Who ne'er to fancy bent the stubborn knee,
Or own'd the soul-subduing power of song.
Then rest awhile—yet not to tarry long,
Ere Egypt's sands are changed for verdant Thessaly.

LEGEND II.

ST. DENIS AND THE MULBERRY TREE.

FROM Nile's hot regions, by the viewless gale
 Of warm imagination borne along,
 And the resistless power of wizard song,
 Turn, gentle muse! to Tempé's flowery vale—
 Delicious Tempé—where the Thracian bard
 Of old amid the echoing caves was heard
 By stones and trees, that, waken'd by his lyre,
 Felt the soft breathings of poetic fire,
 And, bounding to the strain, their new-born joys
 declared.

Yet not of Greece or Rome's enchanting lore,
 The Mantuan flute or Syracusan reed—
 More barbarous times—an iron age—succeed,
 And darken all the Muses' favour'd shore.
 Not now of swains who, with alternate song,
 Bad Phœbus linger, whilst his journey long
 He sought to finish at his western gate;
 While Nymphs applauded, and in rustic state
 Time-honour'd judges sat the rival bards among.

Still rugged Œta lifts his cloudy head,
 And high Olympus with eternal snows;
 Still through his valleys pure Enipeus flows,

And their old woods o'er Hæmus' cliffs are
spread :

But Love and Music there no longer dwell ;
Foul monsters lurk in every savage dell ;
The clank of arms the sovereign wood-nymphs
frights ;

Wild Fauns sit trembling on their ancient heights,
No more secure, and Pan has left his royal cell.

Oh yet revisit thy once loved domain,
Immortal Muse ! and tune the Gothic lyre,
And with the breath of wild romance inspire
The shores once echoing to a classic strain.
Not inharmonious through the pastoral shade
Where Thyrsis erst, and Melibœus play'd,
Shall sound the lay of arms, and steed, and knight,
(Fancy's creation) nor without delight
Oh let me in the lap of Faërie be laid !

For who, to please a cold, fastidious age,
Would lop each wilding shoot that nature gave,
Banish the clowns that dig Ophelia's grave,
Or chase Lear's simple follower from the stage ?
Shall yonder tower be of its ivy spoil'd,
Or brushwood from the cavern's mouth exiled ?
Tasteless Reformer !—thy "sublime" and "fair"
May form a thesis for the pedant's chair ;
But thee the Muse ne'er loved, nor Fancy call'd
her child.

To me more dear are Nature's strangest forms,
 The rudest structures of the Poet's hand,
 Than palaces with art Palladian plann'd,
 Though placed secure from reach of Critic storms.
 I hail the giant oak's fantastic boughs,
 The huge misshapen mountain's shaggy brows ;
 Nor less the wanton windings of the brook,
 The streams that gush from every wayward nook,
 And, roaring through the vale, far mountain echoes
 rouse.

But chiefly you, great masters of the lyre !
 Who struck as nature moved, as fancy reign'd ;
 Whom no cold rules of modern art restrain'd
 But the great Muse herself exalted higher.
 For one bright hue from Shakspeare's magic
 loom,
 For one stray feather cast from Spenser's plume,
 Say, would I not each courtlier grace resign ?
 —Immortal Muse ! Then never more be mine
 Enjoyment's rapturous trance, or Awe's ecstatic
 gloom !

'Twas thus, beneath a hawthorn's snowy bower
 Reclining laid, lull'd by the ceaseless noise
 Of summer flies, I dream'd of former joys,
 And felt again the soft poetic power,
 Long absent ; for below the open sky,
 She dwells, and shuns the confined paths where I

Must the sweet season spend, until the days
Slow rolling bring me back where Isca strays
Thro' my loved native fields, land of my minstrelsy.

Nor Isca only wakes my slumbering lyre,
Ah no ! Love strung it on the banks of Thames :
Her image mingles with the noon-tide flames,
Whose morning smiles engender'd first the fire.
Hers is the spell that sped my tuneful vein ;
And of her beauties and my love I feign
Would only sing ; but the great Muse denies :
Yet,—wilt thou take the unworthy sacrifice ?
To thee and Richmond will I dedicate my strain.

Again from Thames to old Enipeus borne
In Fancy's airy barque, I see a knight
Thro' the deep valley ride in armour bright :
The fleurs de lys his azure coat adorn ;
From his proud helm three waving feathers fall ;
The white cross glitters on his velvet pall :
His courteous airs a noble race bespeak ;
By his sweet tongue ye might have deem'd him
Greek ;
But his embroider'd arms bespeak a knight of Gaul.

And who is he, the youth so fresh and fair,
With sparkling crest and dancing plumage gay ?
And on what bold adventure does he stray
So far from his loved Seine's maternal care ?
To exalt in distant regions Gallia's fame,

And spread Religion's empery his aim,
Long had he lain enslaved to Grammarye;
And now but late from Khalyb's spells set free
By Britain's Champion bold; and Denis is his name.

Ah why has Beauty so confined a date?
Why bow the brave to Time's all-conquering
power?
The violet droops beneath the thunder shower,
And lightning rends the Oak's majestic state.
So mighty man to Time and Chance must yield;
A stranger doom, by history unreveal'd,
Untold before in song, must Denis prove,
And, ere he win a matchless virgin's love,
Roam thro' Thessalian shades a savage of the field.

And must that noble front wide antlers bear?—
That form, which stands erect, and braves the
sky,
Descend, and prone on earth's mean bosom lie?
That gentle skin be cased in horrid hair?
Yes. On Enipeus' banks there stood a tree,
From whose rich boughs the tempting mulberry
In luscious clusters lured the hungry knight—
(Ah luckless hour that e'er they met his sight!—)
He rends the loaded branch—the life blood follows
free.

The warm stream gushing from the wounded plant
Not long the knight in silent wonder view'd,

Ere a faint shriek sent forth the labouring wood
That seem'd thro' every shoot to shrink and pant.
At length a female voice pursued the sound,
Sweet, though disturb'd and plaintive from the
wound.

“Tear not my tender flesh!—kind youth, forbear!
Ah re-unite the branch with generous care,
Nor leave me thus to pour my life out on the ground!”

As when some swain, with pleasing cares of love,
Tends his bright mistress thro' embower'd meads,
Perchance a straggling rose his path impedes,
Or tangled wood-bine pendant from above,
Sportive he leaps the tempting flower to tear,
To deck her bonnet or entwine her hair;
If from the leaves a lurking adder dart,
He drops the prize; strange horrors chill his
heart,
All motionless he stands, nor flies the deadly snare.

So stood the knight as from that injured wood
(Unfeeling deem'd) he heard the voice of woe
—A virgin's voice—in plaintive accents flow.
At length her suit the Mulberry thus renew'd:
“What lust of blood, O cruel knight, detains
Thy ruthless hand, and wantons in thy veins?
O stain to arms!—I ask no mighty boon—
Repair the ills those torturing hands have done!
To bind the sever'd shoot requires no wondrous pains.

“ Or does the dread of magic spell control ?
Fear not, Sir knight !—no wizard here you see ;
And of what sorceries animate this tree
My hand is guiltless, though I reek the dole.”
As thus she sued, the champion heard,
 ashamed,
His courage question’d, and his knighthood
 blamed ;
Compassion sway’d his courteous mind no less ;
For well he ween’d some damsel in distress
Spake from that Mulberry stem, and knightly suc-
 cour claim’d.

Yet, ere his hands the reeking members close,
The afflicted trunk proclaim’d a sudden fear,
And thus exclaim’d : “ Ah, yet the warning hear,
Which my strange fate compels me to disclose.
And Oh, may Heaven thy noble breast inspire
With dauntless valour’s never-dying fire !
Nor be my wishes vain, which points to thee,
The Saviour promised by that dark decree,
Whose star and mine in Heaven eternally con-
 spire.

“ Thus then the power that fix’d me in this rind,
Compels me, trembling, hoping, to declare.
If to my earnest suit you bend an ear,
And the lopp’d branch again by thee be join’d,
From prison worse than death you free a maid,
Than whom a fairer graced not Tempé’s shade ;

A fiendish Sorcerer's spell you overthrow,
Bid a great monarch's heart with joy o'erflow,
And with his daughter's love the deed shall be
repaid.

“ Yet, ere the spell be broke, and damsel freed,
Seven tedious years the wizard uncontroll'd
Must o'er this vale unquestion'd empire hold.
Seven tedious years, ('tis so by fate decreed,)
If to thy knighthood true, by pity sway'd,
By dark Satanic engines undismay'd,
Thou dare achieve this feat—seven tedious
years,
Thyself, amid perpetual griefs and fears,
Must linger out a hopeless life in Tempé's shade.

“ More that stern power forbids me to declare,
What torments wait thee, and what toils beset:
If, darkly told, they fright, avoid them yet!
Leave me to bleed, and shun the fearful snare.
Still may'st thou safe from Tempé's vale retire,
New glories wait thee, other loves inspire;
From these deep shades no tongue can e'er
repeat
To scandal's ear the shame of base retreat;
Thine honour still may shine with undiminish'd
fire.”

“ O gentle Knight !” . . . but here her accents
fail ;

For now the hardening fibres choke her breath,
And heavier fall the thickening drops of death.
Who but may guess the sequel of my tale ?
Who doubts if Denis, true to knightly vow,
With tender care restored the sever'd bough ;
Seven years content his alter'd form to keep,
In faith assured the bright reward to reap,
And pay for future bliss the fine of suffering now ?

'Twas faith like this, in Nature's virgin prime,
Ere all of good, or great, or fair, or just,
Lay in the scale like grains of worthless dust,
Against successful fraud, and purpled crime ;
Ere Truth was forced the sceptre to resign,
And blasts of Mammon banish'd airs divine ;
'Twas faith like this, ensuring power to save,
To English George his rescued Sabra gave,
And noble Denis crown'd with love of Eglantine.

THE ABBOT OF DOL.

PART I.

'Tis straunge that divers minds so diverslie
 Of metaphysicke subtilties doe deeme.
 There be whoe scoffe at faytes of devilrie,
 And 'count them all meer coinage of a dreame :
 But these, I trow, have more of wit than grace—
 Why else doth Abbott Wulpho veile his face ?

Which whilom was a Priest of faire renowne
 As ever wonn'd in londe of Christentie,
 And hath been known to calle high angells downe
 From Heaven, to listen his divinitie,
 Whereby he gain'd the Abbaye of Seinct Pol,
 Near Englysshe sea, fast by the towne of Dol.

When as his friers, in solemne service dredde,
 Their mattin chaunt and lowlie vespers sing,
 What now makes Abbott Wulpho veile his hedde,
 That none him see, nor he sees anything ?
 Foul tales will spred of holiest-seeming wight
 When he so wilful seekes to shunne the light.

Whilom, when priests and reverend bishoppes rode
Inseemlie guise to Redons' neighbouring towne,^a
Whiles one a mare, and one a mule bestrode,
Low trailing on the ground his decent gowne,
For seemlie order, and for decent stole,
Was none colde mate the Seinctlie prior of Dole.

And when in Redon towne they all did meete,
Bishoppe and Abbott, cowléd Monk and Priest—
Fayre brotherhood—in grave debate to treat
Of holie church, —and, now and thanne, to feast,
Ymongst them alle was none so far renownde
For winning rhetorike or sense profounde.

Yet now he never doth his cloyster leave
For feast or grave debate in Redon towne,
But haply, at the solemn hour of eve,
Walks lonely forth, enwrapt in sable gowne,
With cowle that hides his face from mortal ken,
And rude inquiry of observant men.

And ever wends he, at the hour of prayer,
To chappelle, and his throne accustom'd takes;
But there he muttereth vows that none may hear,
And, whiles he muttereth, his bodye shakes.
He brings, I wis, no angells down perforce,
As erst from Heaven, to harken his discourse.

Earl Conan was a lord of great domain
That skirted round the Abbaye-lands of Dol.

A childe he was of arms and lineage vain,
And scorn'd the letter'd Abbott of Seinct Pol;
Whose scorn the church-man met with holy pride,
Enow to fill the countrie farr and wide.

The Earl, a mighty hunter eke was he,
Aye following of the chace with hound and horn,
Reckless alike an 'twere the forest free,
Or vineyard fenced, or field of standing corn.
The Abbott these unhallow'd sports eschew'd,
And roused to wrath the neighbouring rusticks rude.

And, more their lawless bosoms to inspire
With hate of rule and rage enkanker'd,
An English mastiffe full of savage fire
Did ever close behind his foot-steps tred;
And oft-times with a holie oathe he swore,
But for such guard, a perill'd life he bore.

Eft soones, this mastiff, let abroad to stray,
A sore disturber of the chace became,
Dogs, horses, huntsmen, scared and drove away,
And tore with bloody fangs the noblest game.
The Earl vow'd vengeance on his head, the while
Dan Wulpho eyed him with a ghostly smile.

By threats, and oaths, and curses undismay'd,
Still loose Dan Wulpho let the mastiff roam,
Till, caught at last, with clubs and stones assaied,
The yelling savage limp'd, disabled, home.

The church-man, he was fill'd with rage, I ween,
Yet hid in saintlie shew his inward teen.

Next day, at Matins, he to chapel came :

Pale was his visage, his demeanour wild.
His coal-black eyes shot forth a living flame ;
His saintly forehead was with blood defiled.
All there, I guess, full little praied that day,
Onlesse from Satan's power their souls to stay.

At last, the Abbott, as he slowly rose,

With hollow tones of drearie import sed—
“ Attend, my brethren, whiles my lips disclose
A wondrous vision granted from the ded ;
And lerne henceforth, from Conan's dismal rewe,
What griefs the sacrilegious wretche persewe.

“ To sley a manne is deeméd felonye,

To sley a Prieste is treason, worse in sort ;
But Heaven, that view'th with special clemencye
The lowest menial of its holie court,
Hath curst thee, Conan, for the fell cross-bow
That caused an Abbott's mastiff lame to go.

“ These eyes beheld him when the prince of ill

Three demons summon'd from their dismall cave,
Beheld them as they hasten'd to fulfill

The direful mandate that their master gave,
Beheld them with their damnéd prisoner fly,
Athwart the barriers of this nether sky.

“ I saw them tear his precious sight away,
And cast the bleeding eye-balls on the ground ;
I saw their fangs his writhing members flay,
And in his harte-strings print the torturing
wound.

Then on Saint Michael's stairs the corse they
threw,
Where limbs disjointed all the place did strew.

“ This was no idle mintage of the brain,
The blood upon my brow the truth declares,
The blood that sprinkled like a show'r of rain
Saint Michael's steep ascent and holy staires.”
The 'mazed brethren heard, with silent dred,
This tale of vengeance on the impious hed.

Earl Conan on that day to hunt had gone,
And never from the hunting came again ;
And through the country round the tale when
known

Was well believed by every simple swain,
They shunn'd the spot where Conan's restless sprite
Still follows up the ghostly chace all night.

But Abbott Wulpho never since that day
Hath raised the cowl that shadows o'er his brows.
When others tell their beads and loudly pray,
He trembling muttereth unheard oaths and vows,
And never since hath pass'd his Abbaye's bound,
Nor joins in converse with the monkes around.

PART II.

ALONE, on horse-back, from the towne of Dol,
Full of this tale I journey'd forth at eve :
Moche it perplex'd with doubt and feer my soul,
As one scarce knowing what he mote believe—
'Twas hard to think the Count so foully dyed,
Yet harder still to deeme an Abbott lyed.

The night was overcast with murky cloudes,
And rain beganne to powre, and winde to blow :
“ This is the time,” me-thought, “ when ghosts in
shrowdes

Walk in the shrieking churche-yards to and fro.”
Unwonted tremour o'er my members stole,
As thus I journey'd thro' the wood of Dole.

When lo ! I heard afar a bugle horn
That faintly stole upon the plaintive breeze :
The sound, so cheerful mark'd at break of morn,
Now mingled horroure with the moaning trees.
Methought no earthly huntsman ere did blow
So strange a strain, so solemne and so slow.

And therewithall I heard the howl of hounds,
The huntsman's hoarse halloo, the tramp of steeds :
The forest groan'd in cadence, with its sounds

Of crashing boughs, torn trunks, and rustling
reeds.

My senses shrank aghast with new affright—
“No earthly hunters chase so late at night.”

Nigher and nigher drew the distant rout,
And seemes less earthly as it comes more near :
The hounds more harshly howl ; more hoarsely
shout

The viewless huntsmen, hallooing in the rear.
In that wild crash all noises else were drown'd ;
My frighten'd horse stood still like one astound.

As the fierce hurricanoe sweeps along,
Uproots big oaks, tall castles overturns,
And, shaking earth's foundations deep and strong,
Lays bare to sight old Neptune's hidden urns,
So loud and fierce that tempest hurried by,
Like Heaven, Earth, Hell, in one commingled cry.

At once around, beneath, and over head, —
It seem'd to pass—then all was hush'd and still :
But as the thunder, when its bolt is sped,
Is heard faint echoing from some distant hill,
So, when that soul-subduing peal was past,
The plaintive bugle swell'd upon the blast.

At length, as in the rear of that wild train,
A white plume swiftly pass'd my eyes before :
My steed, awaken'd from its stound again,

Following that meteor-form, its rider bore
(All powerless to restrain) by brake and brier,
O'er rough rude rocks, and thorough quag and mire.

And ever was that snow-white plume our guide,
Like Northern Bear to wandering marinere,
Or that blest starre that led thro' deserts wide
The eastern wise-men to our master deare ;
Till deeper still the darkness round us lay ;
And then it melted, like thinne ayre, away.

Me seeméd now together we were brought
Beneath some hollow arch, my horse and I.
I stopp'd and hearken'd ; but no sound I caught
Save, at long intervalls, the scritch-owle's cry :
At length I saw, as 'twere a taper's ray
Shoot through the gloom, and thereby shaped my
way.

It was a chappell, half to ruin gone,
From whose east window flash'd that welcome ray :
My reeking steed I bridled to a stone,
And reach'd a portall that adjoyning lay ;
There entering in, before the tapers lighte
Beheld the figure of a kneeling Knighte,

In hunter's garb array'd from top to toe ;
A bauldricke was across its shoulders flonge ;
In its right hand it grasp'd a hunter's bow ;
A hunter's bugle at its back was honge ;

A mailed shirt peep'd forth beneath its vest,
And snow-white plume waved nodding o'er its crest.

At the high altar suppliant it kneel'd,
Seemingly muttering some holy prayer ;
Then slowly turning round its head reveal'd
A face illumined by the taper's glare,
Pale—haggard—bloody ; but I saw displaid
Earl Conan's features in the specter shade.

The grisly specter raised its beaver'd crest,
And shew'd a throat deep gored with gaping
wound ;
It pointed sadly to its bleeding breast,
And with a heart-enthraling dolour groan'd ;
Then, like a guiltie soule, at breake of day,
Thrise waved its head, and vanishedde away.

Into thinne ayre it vanisht like a dreame,
Leaving me sore astonied and dismaied :
But where it late had knelt, a ruddie gleame
As from a torche, upon the pavement plaied ;
And, on what seem'd a grave-stone, where I stood,
I saw engraved in characterrs of blood—

LEGENDE.

“Straunger! whoe'er thou art, praie for the soule
Of one whose naked corse lies festering nighe—

Conan, by name—once puissaunt Earle of Dole ;
Whose bloud for Heavén's vengeaunce loud doth
crye ;

And Abbott Wulpho's was the devilysshe hande
That shed Earl Conan's bloud upon the lande.

“ Nor judge that, even in this worlde of sinne,
Foul murther unrequyted doeth remaine.
Whosoe with innocent bloud hath 'fild bin
Shall never from his forehead wype the staine ;
But, tho' he vaile his crime from human eye,
Heaven's justice view'th its foule deformitie.”

These words scarce redde, away the vision stole,
Stone, altar, taper, from my wondering sight :
The dawn had brighten'd, and the towres of Dole
Gay sparkled with the fresh Auroraes light,
Seen thro' the forest leaves, where, late so drear,
Now sweet birds chaunt their carolls loud and clear.

Nought but the ruin'd arch remain'd in view,
Of all the wonders I had seen, to tell ;
And tho' I scarce cold hope for credence dew,
Nathless, as if constrain'd by hidden spell,
I back return'd, and to the Provost there
Did the whole truth, on solemn oath, declare.

All day his archers scour'd the forest o'er :
At evening, underneath a turfy mount

But loosely hid with leaves, and stiffe with gore,
They found the murther'd body of the Count.
Him nowe in holie earthe they softe enshrine,
But vengeaunce leave to Him whosaith, "Tis mine."

For this doth Abbott Wulpho shrowde his face ;
Who, tho' above the reach of Human sway,
Yet knows, as one debarr'd from Heavén's grace,
That innocent bloud can ne'er be washt away,
And therefore feares to shew to man, what He
Who sits above, beholds Eternallye.

NOTE p. 55. ^a

"Redons' neighbouring towne." By this pedantic appellation is probably meant Rennes, the capital of Brittany, and ancient city of the Redones, an Armorican tribe. It seems evident that the narrator was an English schoolmaster taking the benefit of a holiday excursion on horseback along the coast of France.

THE DEAD MEN OF PEST.

I LEFT the chaulkie cliftes of Old Englónde,
 And paced thro' manie a region faire to see,
 Thorowe the reaulme of Greece, and Holie Londe,
 Untille I journied into sadde Hongrie.

I sawe old Cecrops' towne, and famous Rome;
 But Davydd's holie place I lykéd best;
 Isawestraunge syghtes that made me pyne for home,
 Bot moche the straungest in the towne of Pest.

It was a goodlie citye, fayre to see;
 By its prowde walles and statelie towres it gave
 A delicate aspéct to the countrée,
 With its brigg of boates across the Danow's wave.

Yet many thinges with grief I did survaie:
 The stretys all were mantell'd o'er with grass,
 And, tho' it were upon the sabbath daie,
 No belles did tolle to call the folke to masse.

The churchyard gates with barrs were closyd fast,
 Like to a sinnefull and accursedde place;
 It shew'd as tho' the judgment daie were past,
 And the dedde exyléd from the throne of Grace.

At last an agéd carle came halting bye—

A wofull wyghte he was, and sadde of cheere—
Of whom, if aught of cell or bowre were nighe,
For wearie pilgrimme's rest, I 'ganne to speire.

“Straunger!” he sedde, “in Marye's name departe!”

And, whan thus spoken, wolde have past me by.
His hollowe voyce sanke deepe into my harte;
Yet I wolde not lett him passe, and askyd, “Why?”

“'Tis now mid daye,” quoth hee, “the sunne
shines brighte,

And all thinges gladde, bot onlie heare in Peste:
But an 'twere winter wylde, at dedde of nighte,
Not heare, O straunger, sholdst thou seke to reste;

Tho' rain in torrents fell, and cold winde blew,
And thou with travell sore, and honger pale.”

“Tho' the sunne,” saied I, “shine brighte, and the
day be newe,
Ile not departe ontill thou's tolde thy tale.”

This wofull wyghte thanne toke me by the honde;
His, like a skeletonne's, was bonie and colde.
Hee lean'd, as tho' hee scarce mote goe or stonde,
Like one who fourscore yeares hath, haply, tolde.

We came together to the market-crosse,
And the wyghte, all wo begon, spake never worde;
Ne living thinge was sene our path to crosse,
(Tho' dolours grones from many a house I herde,)

Save one poore dogge, that stalk'd athwart a courte,
 Fearfullie howling with most pyteous wayle :
 The sad manne whistled in a dismall sorte,
 And the poore thing slunk away and hidd his
 tayle.

I felt my verye bloud crepe in my vaynes ;
 My bones were icie-cold, my hayre on end :
 I wish'd myself agen upon the playnes,
 Yet cold not but that sad old manne attend.

The sadd old manne sate down upon a stone,
 And I sate on another at his side.
 He hevéd mournfully a pyteous grone,
 And thanne to ease my dowtes his selfe applyde.

“Straunger !” quoth he, “regard my visage well,
 And eke these bonie fingerris feel agen—
 Howe manie winterris semyth it they tell ?”
 I dowingly replyde, “Three-score and ten.”

“Straunger ! not fourty yeres agonn I laye
 An infant, mewling in the nurse's armes ;
 Not fourty dayes agonn, two daughterris gaye
 Did make me joyful by their opening charmes.

“Yet now I seme some fowrscore winterris olde,
 And everie droppe of bloud hath left my vaynes ;
 Als' my fayre daughterris twayne lye stiffe and colde,
 And bloudless, bound in Deth's eternall chaynes.

“Straunger! this towne so pleasaunt to oursyghtes,
With goodly towres and palaces so fayre,
Whilom for gentle dames and valiaunt knyghtes,
From all Hongaria’s londe the mede did beare.

“But now the few, still rescow’d from the dedde,
Are sobbing out their breath in sorie guyse;
Alle, that had strength to flee, long since have fledde,
Save onely I, who longe to close mine eyes.

“Seaven weekes are past sithence our folk begann
To pyne, and falle away—no reason why;
The ruddiest visage turn’d to pale and wann,
And glassie stillnesse film’d the brightest eye.

“Some Doctours sedde, the lakes did agews breedie,
Bot spring retorning wold the same disperse,
Whiles others, contrarie to nature’s creede,
Averr’d the seasonn’s chaunge wold make us
worse.

“And tho’ we leugh at these, like doaters fonde,
Or faytours wont in paradoxe to deele,
Yet, as the sun wax’d warm, throughout the londe,
Alle menne the more did wintrie shiverings feelee.

“At length it chaunc’d that one of station highe
Fell sicke, and dyed uponn the seaventh daie:
They op’d the corse the hidden cause to spie,
And founde that alle the bloud was drain’d awaie.

“ There was a tailour, Vulvius by name,
Who longe emongste us dwelt in honest pride ;
A worthie citizenne esteem'd by fame ;
That since some monéth of a soddeine dyde.

“ Now thus it happ'd—as oft it chaunceth soe—
That, after he was gon, straunge rumours spred
Of evill haunts where 'twas his wont to goe,
And midnight visitacyonns to the ded.

“ Now, whanne this fearfull maladye had growne
To soche an hyght as men were loath to saye,
Emongst the reste in our unhappie towne,
My darlinge doughterrrs sore tormentyd laye.

“ Nathless I mark'd that ever whiles they pyned
Their appetyte for foode encrees'd the more ;
They fedde on richest meates whene'er they dyn'd,
And drancke of old Tokaye my choicest store.

“ Thus, everie eve, their colour fresh arose,
And they did looke agen both briske and gaye ;
All nighte depe slomberrrs did their eyelidds close ;
Bot worse and worse they woxe by breake of daye.

“ One nyght yt chauncyd, as they slepyng laied,
Their serving wenche at midnight sought their
room,
To bring some possett, brothe, or gellie, made
To quelle the plague that did their lives consume.

“ Whenne, ere she reach’d the spot, a heavie sound
Of footsteps lumbering up the stayre she heard;
And, soon as they had gain’d the top-most round,
The buried tailour to her sighte appear’d.

“ She herd him ope my daughters’ chamber dore—
(Her lighte lett falle, she had no force to crye,)
Then, in brieft space, agen—for soe she swore,
It lumber’d downe; but farre more heavilee.

“ This storye herde, albe’ I inly smyl’d
To think the seely mayd such fears cold shake,
Yet, the nexte nighte, to prove her fancies wyld,
I kept myselfe, till past midnichte, awake:

“ Whanne, at the midnichte belle, a sounde I herd
Of heavie lumbering stepps, a sound of dred;
The tailour Vulvius to my sighte appeard;
And all my senses at the instant fledde.

“ Next daye, I founde a fryer of mickle grace,
A learned clerke, and praied he wold me rede,
In soche a straunge, perplext, and divellishe case,
His ghostly counsaile how ’twere best procede.

“ Into the churchyarde wee together wente,
And hee at everie grave-stone saied a prayer;
Till at the tailour Vulvius’ monimente
We stopt—a spade and mattoke had we there.

“ Wee digg’d the earth wherein the tailour laye,
Till at the tailour’s coffyn we arrived,
Nor there, I weene, moche labour fonde that daye,
For everie bolt was drawen and th’ hinges rived.

“ This sighte was straunge, bot straunger was to see;
The corse, tho’ laid som monéth’s space in mold,
Did shew like living manne, full blythe of glee,
And ruddie, freshe, and comelie to behold.

“ And now the cause wee happlie mote presume.
The vampire—so he named this demonneguest—
Had burst the sacred cerements of the tomb,
And of the buried corse himselfe possest.

“ This newes, whanne thro’ the towne wee made
it knowne,
Unusual horror seised the stoutest wyghtes,
As deming not the tailour’s grave alone
Had so bin made a haunt of dampnéd sprites.

“ The churchyarde now was diggéd all aboute,
And everie new made grâve laid bare to viewe,
Whanne everie corse that they dyd digge thereoute,
Seem’d, like the firste, of freshe and ruddie hewe.

“ ’Twas plain, the corses that the churchyards fill’d,
Were they whoe nightly lumber’d upp our stayre,
Whoe suck’d our bloud, the living banquettes will’d,
And left us alle bestraughte with blanke despayre:

“ And nowe the Priestes burne incense in the choyre,
 And scatter Ave-maries o’er the grave,
 And purifye the church with lustrall fire,
 And caste alle things profane in Danowe’s wave ;

“ And they’ve barr’d with ironne barrs the church-
 yarde pale,
 To kepe them inn ; but vayne is alle they doe :
 For whan a ded manne hath learnt to drawe a nayle,
 Hee can also burste an ironne bolte in two.”

The sadde old manne here endyd. I arose,
 With myngled greefe and wonderment possest :
 I rode nine leagues or ere I sought repose,
 And never agen came nigh the towne of Peste.

NOTE.

For the origin of the above legend, the reader is referred to a superstition long prevalent in Hungary, and other Sclavonian countries, which has been lately rendered familiar to us, by a spell far more potent than any inherent in these rude verses. It may, however, be added, that the present poem, in which some slight alterations have since been made, first appeared in a periodical work of which Dr. Aikin was editor, (the *Athenæum*,) some years previous to the date of Lord Byron’s “ *Giaour*,” and that it is believed, with some confidence, to have furnished the noble poet with the hint of the passage beginning,

“ But first, on earth as vampire sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent ;

Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race ;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life,
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse."

Leaving, however, this question, the present tale may (if the reader pleases,) be presumed, from its style and language, to be the work of the same learned pedagogue as was conjectured to be the author of the preceding story ; who, after renouncing the arduous labours of his profession, must be supposed to have devoted a twelvemonth or more to the various objects of foreign travel, and to have given vent to " Crudities" which may be compared with those of honest Tom Coryate. And, with reference to the former poem, it may in this place be observed,—what was omitted in the note at its conclusion,—that, although the names of Earl Conan and Abbot Wulpho would seem to point to a much earlier period of Armorican history, they were probably adopted as a convenient veil for the real circumstances, which cannot, from the style of narration, be referred to an earlier date than the commencement of our Elizabethan æra. But this subject may be thought worthy the investigation of some learned and ingenious member of the recently formed " Camden Society."

THE WRAITH.

COLD blew the breeze of early day,
 And furious fell the driving sleet ;
 Sir Lodowicke on the banks of Tay
 Was riding from his castle seat.
 On him the storm unheeded beat,
 Unfelt the wintry breezes blew,
 For she he hoped at eve to meet
 Alone possess'd his fancy's view.

Long captive, and of hope forlorn,
 He bow'd beneath the paynim foe,
 Nor, all the time, were tidings borne
 Of his sweet Emmeline's weal or woe ;
 And now with beating heart, where glow
 Alternate hopes, and terrors lower,
 Through piercing wind, and driving snow,
 He sought his lovely Emmeline's bower.

And first he cross'd the rivulet's fall,
 Where oft, in childhood's joyous day,
 An orphan in his father's hall,
 She with him used at eve to stray ;
 Next by the bank pursued his way,
 Which Emmeline loved, at early morn,

To deck with flowers and garlands gay—
Now rough with tangled brier and thorn.

And now that ancient oak he spied,
The best loved tree of all the glade,
Where first his amorous vows he sigh'd,
And woo'd and won the plighted maid.
Thither his steps unbidden stray'd ;
But lightning had the branches torn,
And the bare roots, by storms assay'd,
Groan'd to the boisterous breath of morn.

A keener air upon him blew,
Mix'd with a sound so sadly shrill,
As pierced his shuddering members through,
And made each vein with horror thrill.
A dark preságe of future ill
Confusedly pass'd his senses o'er,
When, heard by fits, long, faint and still,
The kirk bell chimed the hour of four.

Then first, while, shivering with the breeze,
He closer folds his mantle round,
Dim through the murky mist he sees,
Stretch'd on the bleak unshelter'd ground,
A maiden form. The winds around
Unheeded roar—the driving snows
Descend unfelt ; nor sight, nor sound,
Seem to disturb her last repose.

He stretch'd his arms, and vainly tried
To clasp that heavenly form so fair :
The vision seem'd away to glide,
And all he clasp'd was empty air.

“ O Emmeline sweet ! O Emmeline rare !
Say, dost thou not thy true love see ?
Or are his cheeks so changed with care,
His eyes so sunk with slavery ?

“ Ah ! wherefore, wherefore fliest thou, fair ?
And wherefore to the inclement sky
Dost thou that tender bosom bare,
Nor heed the tempest rushing by ?”—
In vain he calls, since none is nigh—
The phantom form no longer seen ;
But driving storms more fiercely fly,
And the chill morning bites more keen.

He looks around with eager eyes
Through every opening glade, in vain :
He calls aloud ; but nought replies
Save howling wind and beating rain.
And now he spurs his steed amain,
With desperate haste, mid wind and shower,
Through bush and brier, o'er hill and plain,
Until he stops at Emmeline's bower.

Who first should meet his ardent sight ?
Who grant the kiss his raptures seek ?
Who, speechless, breathless with delight,

Hide in his breast her glowing cheek ?
In vain they both attempt to speak ;
Love can no more than feel and see.

At length the well-known accents break,
“ My love, my love, thrice welcome be !

“ My Lodowicke ! Oh, an hour like this
Might well reward an age of pain ;
Yet scarce for all this wondrous bliss
Would I last night dream o'er again.
What phantoms swarm'd about my brain !
What shudderings stole my senses o'er !
As if my soul its flight had ta'en
To some dark, wintry, howling shore.

“ Long time in deadly trance I lay,
A mass perplext of shapeless thought ;
Till fancy bore my soul away,
And to the scenes of childhood brought.
But when that trysted oak I sought
By Lodowicke's early vows endear'd,
The storm its lordly boughs had caught,
And all its leaves were scorch'd and sear'd.

“ I laid me by that blasted tree,
When, borne upon the tempest's roar,
The old kirk bell toll'd sullenly,
Through the dun air the hour of four.
Again a deadly trance came o'er,
And all my powers of sense were flown ;

But, O my loved one ! 'tis no more,
Thou, thou art here, and art mine own !"

She said—O'er Lodowicke's heart, the while,
A short, convulsive tremour stole ;
But soon his Emmeline's beaming smile
Chased every cloud that dimm'd his soul.
Sweet music's voice, the inspiring bowl,
But most his Emmeline's artless glee,
Disperse the vapours as they roll,
And melt in gleams of extacy.

Her Lodowicke safe—her Lodowicke near—
All care forsook the maiden's breast,
Light was her heart, unused to fear,
And golden slumbers crown'd her rest.
But when her form no longer bless'd
His sight, her voice his spirit charm'd,
Wild fancy's train again possess'd
His thoughts, and vital powers disarm'd.

Then ever as with rapturous love
His mind he turn'd to Emmeline fair,
The shape those torturing spectres wove
Was wan with woe, and pale with care,
And blighted by the noisome air
That shrewdly nipp'd its shivering form,
And through its wet, unbraided hair
Shrill whistled to the driving storm.

All night his fever'd couch he press'd ;
Hour after hour pass'd joyless o'er :
Till, striking chillness to his breast,
He heard the well-mark'd sound of four.
From trance he started, when before
His eyes appear'd his spectre-bride ;
But, while he gazed, she was no more,
And in the cold pale moon-light died.

Deep horror seized each vital power,
His limbs were stiffen'd, fix'd his eyes ;
When from fair Emmeline's distant bower
Low murmuring sounds were heard to rise ;
Then, more distinct, shrill female cries ;
Louder and louder—not a breath
Is breathed around—no groans—no sighs ;
One long, long shriek—the shriek of Death.

Fate strikes the forest's blooming pride ;
The ivied oak resists its spell :
“ The bridegroom may forget the bride,”
But in Dunfermline's lowliest cell
A lonely friar was known to dwell,
Who threescore years for death had pray'd—
How fervently no tongue can tell—
Death comes not to the wretch's aid.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR AND THE KING
OF ACHEN'S DAUGHTER.

COME, listen, gentles all,
And ladies unto me,
And you shall hear of as stout a sailér
As ever sail'd on sea.

'Twas in the month of May,
Sixteen hundred sixty four,
We sallied out all fresh and stout,
In the good ship Swiftsure.

With wind and weather fair
We sail'd from Plymouth Sound,
And the line we cross'd, and the Cape we pass'd,
For we were to China bound.

And we sail'd by Sunda isles,
And Ternate and Tydore,
Till the wind it lagg'd, and our sails they flagg'd,
In sight of Achen's shore.

Becalm'd, days three times three,
We lay in the burning sun;
Our water was rank and our meat it stank,
And our biscuit was well nigh done.

And we slowly paced the deck,
So long as our legs would bear us ;
And we thirsted all, but no rain did fall,
And no dews descend to cheer us.

And the red red sun from the sky,
Sent his scorching beams all day,
Till our tongues hung out, all black with drought,
And we had no voice to pray.

Then the hot hot air from the south
Oppress'd our lungs all night,
As if the grim devil, with his throat full of evil,
Had blown on each troubled sprite.

At length it so befell,
While we all in our hammocks lay,
Quite scant of breath, and expecting death
To come ere break of day ;

At once a pleasant breeze
Sprang up amidst the shrowds,
And the big round rain dropp'd down amain
From its cisterns in the clouds.

I open'd my heavy eyes,
And my mouth, I open'd it wide ;
And my heart rejoiced, and my throat was moist,
And " A breeze ! a breeze !" I cried.

But no man heard me cry,
And the breeze again sank down,
And a noise like thunder, with fright and wonder,
Nigh cast me in a swoune.

I dared not look around,
Till, by degrees made bolder,
When I saw a sprite, through the pale star-light,
Dim glimmering at my shoulder.

He was clad in a sailor's jacket,
Wet trowsers and dripping hose,
And an unfelt wind I heard behind
That whistled among his clothes.

I kenn'd him by the stars,
And the moon, as it faintly shone,
And I knew, though his face was seam'd with scars,
John Jewkes, my sister's son.

“ John Jewkes !” I exclaim'd, “ Alack,
Poor boy, what brings thee here ?”
But nothing he said, but hung down his head,
And made his bare scull appear.

Then, by my grief made bold,
I to take his hand endeavour'd ;
But his head he turn'd round, which a gaping wound
Had clean from his shoulders sever'd.

He open'd his mouth to speak,
Like a man with his last breath struggling;
And with every word in his throat I heard,
A queerish sort of guggling.

At last he, guggling, said,
"Kind uncle, touch not me!
For the fish have my head, and my trunk lies dead,
And 'tis only my ghost you see.

"You surely must remember,
Three years agoe this day,
How at aunt's we tarried, when sister was married
To farmer Robin May.

"Oh! then were we blythe and jolly;
But none of us all had seen,
While we sang and laugh'd, and the stout ale quaff'd,
That our number was thirteen:

"And none of all the party
At the head of the table saw,
While the flask went round to the tabor's sound,
Old Goody Martha Daw.

"Yet Martha Daw was there,
Though she never spoke no word,
And beside her sat her old black cat,
Though it neither mew'd nor purr'd.

“ On her crooked staff she hobbled,
And a bundle of sticks she broke,
And her prayers all jumbled she backward mumbled,
Though never a word she spoke.

“ ’Twas on a Friday morning,
That very day was a se’nnight,
I ran to sweet Sue, to bid her adieu,
—For I could not stay a minute.

“ Then, crying with words so tender,
She gave me a true love’s locket,
And bad me still love her, forgetting her never,
—So I put it in my pocket.

“ And then we kiss’d and parted ;
But we knew not, all the while,
Martha Daw was by, with her crutch, to spy,
Looking on with a fiendish smile.

“ So I went to sea again,
With my heart brimful of Sue ;
Though my mind misgave me, the salt waves would
have me,
And I’d taken my last adieu,

“ A prosperous voyage we had,
’Till we came to this hellish coast,
When a tempest did rise, in seas and in skies,
That we gave ourselves for lost.

“ Our good ship it was stranded
All on the shoals of Achen,
And all but myself were put on the shelf,
And I only just saved my bacon.

“ For it chanced that very minute
The black king, walking by,
Beheld me sprawling, and scarcely crawling,
And took home to his house hard by.

“ Then, bethinking him I was
A likely lad for to see,
My bones well knit and of passing wit,
And not above twenty-three,

“ He made me his gardener boy,
To sow pease and potatoes,
To water his flowers in lack of showers,
And cut his parsley and lettuce.

“ Now it fell out, of a Sunday,
(Which these Pagans never keep holy,)
I was picking rue, and thinking on Sue,
With a heart right melancholy,

“ When the king of Achen's daughter
Threw open her casement to see ;
And, as she look'd round on the gooseberry ground,
Her eyes fell full on me ;

“ And seeing me tall and slim,
And of shape right personable,
With skin so white, and so very unlike
The blacks at her father's table,

“ She took it into her head,
(Or else the devil did move her,)
That I, in good sooth, was a likely youth,
And would make a gallant lover.

“ So she tripp'd from her chamber high,
All in silks and satins clad,
And her gown it rustled, as down she bustled
With steps like a princess sad.

“ Her shoes they were deck'd with pearls,
And her hair with diamonds glisten'd,
And her jewels and toys, they made such a noise,
My mouth water'd whilst I listen'd.

“ Then she tempted me with glances,
And with sugar'd words so tender—
And, although black, she was strait in the back,
And young, and tall, and slender.

“ But I my love remember'd,
And the locket she once did give me,
And resolved to be true to my darling Sue,
As she did ever believe me.

“Whereat the princess wax’d
Right furious and angry,
And said, she was sure I had some paramour
In kitchen or in laundry.

“Then, with a devilish grin,
Says she, Give me that locket,—
But I call’d her a witch, and a conjuring bitch,
And kept it in my pocket.

“Howbeit both night and day,
She still did torture and teaze me ;
And swore, if I’d yield to her the field,
To do all she could to please me.

“Says she, only give me the locket,
And bide three months with me,
If then the will remains with you still,
I’ll ship you off to sea.

“So I thought it the only way
To behold my lovely Sue ;
Also, thinking of England, it made me tingle, and
I gave up my locket so true.

“Thereupon she laugh’d outright
With a hellish grin—and I saw
The lady no more, but where she stood afore,
Now stood old Martha Daw.

“ She was sitting astride a broomstick,
And bade me mount behind ;
So, my wits being lost, the broomstick I cross'd,
And away we went swift as the wind.

“ But my head it soon grew giddy,
I reel'd, and lost my balance ;
And I tumbled over, like a perjured lover,
And a warning to all false gallants.

“ And there where I tumbled down,
The Indians found me lying ;
My head they cut off, and my blood did quaff,
And set my flesh a frying.

“ Hence, all ye English gallants,
A warning take from me,
Your true love's locket to keep in your pocket
Whenever you go to sea.

“ And, oh dear uncle Thomas,
I come to give you warning,
As then 'twas my chance with Davy to dance,
'Twill be yours to-morrow morning.

“ 'Twas three years agoe to-night,
Three years gone clear and clean,
When, a jovial set, at aunt's we met,
And our number was thirteen.

“ Now I and sister Nan,
Two of that jovial party,
Have gone from aunt's, with Davy to dance,
Tho' then we were young and hearty,

“ And since we both kick'd the bucket
—I speak it with pain and sorrow,
At the end of each year, it seems quite clear
That you must kick it to-morrow.

“ Howsoever good uncle Thomas,
If you'll promise, and promise truly,
To plough back the main for old England again,
And perform my orders duly,

“ Old Davy will still allow you
Another year to live,
To visit your friends, and make up your ends,
And your enemies forgive.

“ But mind when you first reach England,
To Launc'ston town you wag,
And there, (to make short,) in open court,
Impeach that d—d old hag.

“ And then you must see her hang'd,
Without any doubt whatever,
And, when void of life, with your own clasp knife
The string of her apron sever.

“ And, if that you determine
My last behests to do,
In her left hand pocket you’ll find the locket,
And carry it to Sue.”

These words that grisly spectre
In guggling accents spoke,
When, it now being morning, he gave no warning,
But vanish’d away like smoke.

And there sprang up a breeze that day,
And our ship began for to tack,
And to please the ghost, we left the coast,
And steer’d for Old England back.

Then I, as soon as landed,
Did his last commands pursue ;
Old Martha likewise I saw hung at ’Sise,
And took the locket to Sue.

And now of life being weary,
I’ve made up my mind to die,
But I thought this sad story I’d lay before ye
For the good of posteritie.

So take good heed that never
You sit thirteen at table,
And true love’s token to keep unbroken,—
At least so long as you’re able.

THE MARESCHAL AND THE BARBER.

A TALE. AFTER THE MANNER OF COLMAN.

THERE'S ne'er a skin so exquisitely fair
 Among our beaux and belles of noble blood,
 But those whom chance has lifted from the mud
 In Fortune's richest gifts to hold a share,
 Make, with their tough and sun-tann'd hides, pre-
 tence
 To a still more refined and tender sense.

Of such a hide as this my story goes,
 Whose owner—bony, gaunt, a man of swagger,
 Of popgun, harquebuse, and dagger—
 ('Twas one of Bonaparté's maréchaux—)

Forgetting that his father,
 A plain painstaking man of labour,
 Had pass'd his life, like many a neighbour,
 Unconscious of the sin of lather,
 Now, in support of his gentility,
 Affected so much sensibility

Of beard,

That it appear'd

No barber in all Paris knew

To pay his ducal visage reverence due.

Were I to speak

How many tonsors in a week

He kill'd with fright
At the big, round, and dreadful oaths he swore,
You'd fancy that I lied outright,
And hear no more.
Nathless, he found at last an operator,
Who work'd with so much ease and taste,
And used so excellent a shaving paste,
That, tho' a prater,
He never gave his highness cause to swear
More than a simple oath or two,
(As "Sacredi," or "Ventrebieu,")
From early Floréal to late Frimaire,
All summer through.
Of winter I say nothing; Heaven well knew,
When, for our father Adam's sin,
It sent a covering for the human chin,
Earth has no torment like the adorning
One's face for breakfast on a frosty morning.
Then, be the razor dull, or razor bright,
A parson's self must swear—a soldier rave outright.

It chanced, as once our artist sat
With a young brother tonsor, close in chat,
('Twas at a tavern, where good cheer they made,
And of good liquor quaff'd their fill,)
At last they fell to talking of their trade,
Each loudly boasting his superior skill;
Whereon our master barber, in a fume,
(Whether of anger or of wine)
Cried, "Odds, young whipster, and dost thou pre-
sume

To match thy clumsy fist with mine ?
Go to, you silly knave, for shame !
When there's the duke of—What's his name ?
Who, were the razor ne'er so bright and keen,
 Would never think it shaved him clean—
In short, all Paris knows his surly humour—
Yet now, I mow his chin so smooth and flat,
He never grumbles. Who'll do more than that ?"
"Zounds !" said the Gascon artisan, "I'll do more."
"What canst thou do, O peasant slave and vile ?
"Wo't drink up Eysel ?—eat a crocodile ?"
"Let me, to-morrow, go instead of you,
 And, Sacredieu !
I'll shave but half his face, leaving the other
As guiltless of the razor as my mother ;
Yet, when I've finish'd, make the duke declare,
 I suit him to a hair ;
And pay me too."—"Done, for a ducat !"—"Done !
And, as I live, the wager's fairly won."

Next day, our Senior feign'd indisposition,
And sent his Gascon friend, who craved permission
 To pass a whetted razor o'er the face,
 So tender, of his grace.
Leave given, with all a Gascon's modesty,
He plants himself, easy and free,
In the Duke's anti-chamber,—takes his station,
And waits till, rising out of feather-bed,
 In stalks, with awe-inspiring tread,
The barber-killing conqueror of Bagration ;

Who, eying first the Gascon round and round,
And seeing him so tall, well-limb'd, and stout,
Perhaps might entertain a doubt
Whether, if he had chanced to meet the peasant
Alone, in a dark lane, he might have found

It quite so pleasant :

Since, howsoe'er it be,

The bravest man amongst us must confess
He cannot treat a rogue of six foot three,
Like one whose stature is six inches less.
So to this youth, so stout and large of bone,
The Marshal growl'd forth in a lower tone
Than was his custom with the shaving crew.
He sate, and bad the knave commence his work ;

Who, setting to like any Turk,
Mow'd half the face before his patient knew

The business was begun.

But, tho' in skill our Gascon had it hollow,

The worst was yet to follow

Before the wager could be fairly won.

With half a beard the Duke to satisfy ?

—Sir Huon had not ne'er so hard a job

To pull the teeth out of his old Nabób.

What can he do ?—He lays his razor by,

And, keeping still his former station,

Turns up his eyes, and clasps his hands,

And like a living statue stands,

Muttering some strange ejaculation.

At first the Marshal stares both east and west,

Astonish'd at the tonsor's mien devout,

Till, in the end, his patience quite worn out,
In gentle phrase he thus the youth address'd.
—"Morbleu!" . . . His Grace, you've heard, was
not select

In choice of fashionable oaths ;
For men change not their fashions with their clothes,
And from a Marshal what can you expect ?

"Sir," said the Gascon, with a bow profound
Down to the ground,
"So please your highness of your wrath to spare
I was at prayer."

"At prayer, you lousy scoundrel ?—Sacredi !
Is it a time to pray while shaving me ?"

—"Prayer never comes amiss, an't like your grace,
In any place."

"Odslife ! was ever such a shaver ?
The reason, sirrah, of this mad behaviour !"

"Since"—calmly thus rejoin'd the youth—

"Your highness bids me tell the truth,
While shaving of your chin, I felt so curs'd
And devilish an inclination

To cut your noble throat, that I was forc'd
To pray to God against the strong temptation."

"Zounds !" scream'd the Marshal, rising in a fright,
"Out of my sight !"

"What, sir ! when I have shaved but half your chin ?
That were a sin.

No, please your highness, keep your seat ;
I'm ready for the other side :

The trials of the devil are great ;

But I've sufficiently been tried :
And—I believe—I now may safely swear,
To spare your weasand while I mow your hair."

—" Believe ? you scurvy thief !
Oons ! shall *I* trust *my* throat to *your* belief ?
Here, Jean, Jacques, George !"—" Dread Sir, be
quiet !

I would not be the cause of riot ;
And thus to part would blast my reputation
Before the nation.

I cannot leave you thus."—" Avaunt,
Imp of the devil !"—" I must—" " Away !"
—" Only one minute let me stay !"
—" You sha'n't !"

" I'll shave you smooth as when you first were born."

—" Zounds, sir ! I *like* to be half-shorn."

—" O, sir, if *you* are satisfied—"

" Rascal ! I'm perfectly content."

—" I only hope, if you repent,
You'll send for me to shave the other side.

But, please your Grace, before I go—

(Or otherwise, I shall be much afraid

You're not well pleased—) your Grace must
know—"

—" Oh, certainly.—What ho ! my page here !
See that the gentleman is duly paid."

—" Good morning, sir ! I've won my wager."

FROM THE ABBE DELILLE'S

" L'IMAGINATION."

A BEAUTEOUS flower Spain's glowing sun matured.
 Her virgin breast the power of love abjured
 Too long ; for when at length the conqueror came,
 He fired her bosom with a fiercer flame :
 That flame, too precious for a sire's control,
 To young Alvarez yielded all her soul.

My tale is short. The haughty father knew
 Their loves, and at her feet the lover slew.
 She seized the reeking blade with frantic fire,
 And to the lover sacrificed the sire.
 Thus were dissolved, in one short moment's time,
 By deeds of darkest and most hideous crime,
 The holiest and the softest ties below :
 —So mad is love when vengeance prompts the blow.

But who, poor wretched maid, can picture thee ?
 Victim of guilt, remorse, and misery ?
 The horrid secret, to no creature known,
 Pent up, and raging in her breast alone,
 A solitary hut conceal'd her shame,
 And dark oblivion gather'd round her name.
 One peasant girl alone found entrance there,
 To be the witness of her black despair,
 But not the soul's deep mystery to share.

No mortal ever, in the world's wide range,

Gave such example of discordant change.
Now plunged in gloomiest silence, dark and deep,
The gnawing fiends of conscience seem'd to sleep ;
Then—as if all unable to control,
And trample down the horror of the soul,
The fearful struggle in her mind was seen
Thro' her strain'd eye-balls and distorted mien ;
While, suddenly, as o'er a stormy sky,
Some trembling sun-beam oft is seen to fly,
Painting the sullen cloud with transient glow ;
So o'er her alter'd front, her sunken brow,
Her features strain'd with agony, awhile
Shoots a sweet, mournful, melancholy smile.

But, durst she weep, her tears bring no relief—
Those burning tears of unrelenting grief.
Sudden—O horror ! O refined distress !
What beauteous scenes of childhood happiness
Start to her troubled view !—she sees again
That blissful age, exempt from guilt and pain,
When a fond mother's tender kiss gave place,
In playful contest, to a sire's embrace.
O then, how heaved her breast, how roll'd her eye,
How burst the thrilling shrieks of agony !
O'er field and mountain, and the forest glade,
Wander'd with hurrying steps the frantic maid,
Rush'd o'er the plains, and darted thro' the shade ;
Till nature, tired, exhausted, quite gave way,
And bloodless, breathless, on the earth she lay.
E'en pangs like these bring solace to her care ;
For madness gives a vent to blank despair.

But when, imprison’d in her hut alone,
 Her scatter’d senses reassume their tone,
 And all the wanderings of her fancy cease,
 Reason returns—but not with reason, peace.
 ’Twas then her heart appear’d to sink within,
 Weigh’d down by all the mightiness of sin :
 There, drop by drop, a father’s blood distill’d,
 Mix’d with a lover’s—blood her hands had spill’d;
 Now, with those parricidal hands, she tried
 To turn away the still returning tide ;
 Now, close pursued by some avenging ghost,
 “ Help, help,” she cried, “ Alvarez ! or I’m lost.
 See, see, O see, my angry father glare !
 Lo ! the sharp steel !—O God, what sight is there ?
 The same with which I shed his precious life—”
 Then would she bend, as if to shun the knife
 In fancy pointed—but, O agony !
 She cannot shun her soul ; she cannot fly
 From those fell demons that her heart corrode :
 All paints her crime—all marks avenging God.
 Hell yawns—heaven thunders—the hot bolt is sent ;
 Might God forgive—her soul can ne’er relent.

At times she hopes—she bends her knees to pray—
 She clasps her hands—despairs—and dies away ;
 Avenging God o’erwhelms her with dismay.
 Yet, not unoften, in her maddest mood,
 She stopp’d, observant, where the gloomy wood
 Of cypress join’d the elm’s majestic shade,
 And round the village church a shelter made.
 It seem’d as if some hidden, viewless force,

Awful, yet soothing to her soul's remorse,
Here urged her on—but then a sudden fear,
And horror seized her if she ventured near.

Yet once, as round the pale she dared to stray,
A simple peasant met her on her way,
Whose saintly aspect fix'd her roving sight :
Mild were his features, and his countenance bright
Beam'd inward peace and fellowship with heaven,
Which God's appointed minister had given.
Surprised, encouraged, hoping, she draws nigh—
She enters—she advances silently—
Her trembling eyes can now at length endure
The sight of that tribunal, just and pure,
To true repentance ever open found.
—She gazed, 'mid tears of anguish, wildly round—
“ That Judge severe, whose hallow'd throne I see,
May mercy grant to all, but none to me !”

A venerable man with age grown white,
The pastor of the church, now met her sight ;
Whose useful days, some forty summers, ran
In piety to God, and love to man.
All shared his bounty—none his censure fear'd—
Loved in his hamlet, in his church revered.
His manners preach'd—his fair example taught,
And warm'd the heart, and sanctified the thought.
Both child and parent bless their strengthen'd tie,
And e'en the infant, as he passes by,
Extends his little hands in playful guile,
And hangs delighted on the good man's smile.
Of deep remorse assuager firm and sure—

Refuge of sinners—yet himself most pure—
Like some proud mountain, whose exalted head
Sees storms and tempests far beneath it spread,
While thunders roll around its breast, and die,
Itself the tenant of a cloudless sky.

Meeting, they paused—the opening sentence hung
Ready to break—yet silence chain’d each tongue.
With looks most eloquently mute, the maid
At once conceal’d her secret, and betray’d.
He ask’d her not a word—for souls refined
Respect the secrets of a tortured mind ;
Yet his eye spoke such pity as perforce
To win the confidence of true remorse.
Together to the altar they drew near :
She knelt, opprest by holy awe and fear.
Three times her guilt hangs trembling, half reveal’d,
And thrice her timid heart denies to yield ;
At length, impatient of the struggling load,
Her full, o’erflowing soul gave way to God ;
And ’mid confession’s sacred source she tries
To read with hurried glance the good man’s eyes.

Moved by such sufferings, touch’d by such re-
morse,

His lips dare open comfort’s sacred source.
She breathes once more—tears, long by misery dried,
Pour from her soften’d eyes a copious tide—
Not such as used from maddening rage to break,
When burning torrents drench’d her furrow’d cheek,
But pure delicious tears—those tears from heaven,
By God himself to souls repentant given,

Resembling, in their course, the dews of even ;
Refreshing, balmy, sent to give new birth
To the parch'd fruits and drooping flowers of earth.
Mean-time the priest, commission'd from the sky,
Grants pardon in the name of the Most High.

Oh who can paint the calm that hour bestow'd ?
She vows her heart, her prayers, her tears, to God.
She feels her passion rest, her torments cease,
And conscience seals heaven's promises of peace.

FROM CHATTERTON'S " ÆLLA."

FIRST MINSTREL.

THE budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads are sprinkled with a saffron hue ;
In daisied mantle is the hill-top dight ;
The graceful cowslip bendeth with the dew :
Thro' leafy trees, whose green heads kiss the skies,
Waked by the gentle breeze, soft whisper'd mur-
murs rise.

Gray evening comes, and brings the dews along ;
The western sky with golden radiance shines ;
Sweet minstrels tune their jocund village song,
Young ivy round the cottage door-post twines ;
I lay me on the grass ; yet, to my will,
Tho' all is fair around, there wanteth something still.

SECOND MINSTREL.

So our first father thought in Paradise,
Where heaven and earth did homage to his
mind.

In woman man's supremest pleasure lies,
Man's first and best delight is woman-kind.

Go—take a wife unto thine arms, and see!
Winter, and russet hills, will then have charms for
thee.

THIRD MINSTREL.

When autumn sere and sun-burnt doth appear,
With cunning hand gilding the changeful leaf,
Bringing up winter to fulfill the year,
And bearing on his back the welcome sheaf;
With forest seed when all the hills are white,
And thro' the kindled sky swift streams the northern
light;

When the fair apple, red as evening sky,
Doth bend the tree unto the fruitful ground;
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Dance in the air, and all is glad around;
Then, be the evening foul, or evening fair,
Methinks the heart's delight is strangely check'd
by care.

SECOND MINSTREL.

Angels are painted as of neither kind,
And angels only from desire have rest.
There is a something in the manly mind
That, without woman, can be never blest.
There is no sainted hermit, but the sight
Of lovely woman warms, and cheers his dulled
sprite.

Woman for man—not for herself—was made ;
Bone of his bone, and child of his desire.
To him from whom she sprang, she flies for aid,
Her gentle frame less mix'd with native fire ;
Therefore the fire of love was given, to heat
Her milkiness of kind, and make her all complete.

So, without woman, man yet kindred were
To savage beasts, and war his sole employ :
But woman bade the spirit of peace appear,
And won the brutal mind to love and joy.
Then let a wife be to thy bosom press'd.
In wedded life alone is man supremely blest.

FROM OSSIAN'S "BERRATHON."

"Bend thy blue course, oh stream ! round the narrow
plain of Lutha !"

OH flow round Lutha's narrow plain, sweet stream,
And let the wild woods hanging o'er thee wave,
And let the sun there shed his warmest gleam,
And light winds gently breathe o'er Ossian's
grave !

At early morn the hunter passing by
No more shall hear my harp's harmonious fall ;
Then shall he drop the tender tear, and cry
"Where is the tuneful son of great Fingal ?"

O come, Malvina ! all thy music yield !
Let thy soft song once more delight my breast !
Then raise my tomb in Lutha's narrow field,
And lull my dying spirits into rest.

Where art thou, lovely maid ? Where is thy song ?
Where are the soft sounds of thy passing feet ?
Thou canst not come, nor shall I call thee long,
Till in my father's airy halls we meet.

Oh pleasant be thy rest, thou lovely beam !
Silent and slow thy peaceful light declined :

Like the pale moon upon the trembling stream,
Soon hast thou set, and left us dark behind.

We sit around the rock—but there no more
Thy voice remains to soothe, thy light to cheer :
Soon hast thou set on this deserted shore,
And left us all in gloomy darkness here !

SONG.

" MORVA RHUDDLAN."

'TWAS at the time when the white thorn was blowing,
When pleasant and fruitful the early dews fell,
That to the wars as my Owen was going,
He stay'd one sad moment to bid me farewell.
But, O the marshes, the marshes of Rhuddlan !
—He knew not, for ever he bade me farewell.

Sad was our parting, and bitter tears falling
Shew'd hearts full of sorrow and bursting with
love ;
But a brave soldier, whom honour is calling,
No sorrow can soften, no passion can move.
Yet, before eve, on the salt marsh of Rhuddlan,
In anguish he thought on the tears of his love.

Fair smiled the morn ; but no joy to my bosom
 Could all the gay livery of nature afford :
Fresh was the breeze that blew over the blossom ;
 My heart, it was heavy because of my lord.
And, when night fell o'er the marshes of Rhuddlan,
In dreams I beheld it—the form of my lord.

Dark rose the morning, and winds loudly blowing
 Had chased from my pillow the visions of sleep ;
I sat at my window, and thought of my Owen ;
 I strove to be cheerful, but only could weep.
For something had said, On the marshes of Rhuddlan
Thy Owen is stretch'd in the hero's last sleep.

Never shall time put an end to my mourning ;
 E'en winter retiring no joy brings to me :
Lovers may hope in the gay spring returning—
 'Twas then that I parted, my Owen, from thee !
O the green marshes, the marshes of Rhuddlan !
I parted for ever, my Owen, from thee !

DEVON'S POLY-OLBION.

THE FIRST SONG. (A FRAGMENT.)

(A portion of the following verses was honoured with a place in a Collection of Poems edited by Joanna Baillie, 1823.)

FIRST of Devon's thousand streams,
 (Beside whose banks no poet dreams,
 Since to her praise Old Drayton framed
 His pastoral reed—yet scarcely named,)*
 Silver Axe ; who, though her course
 She fetches from a distant source,
 And Dorset's downs, as on she glides,
 From fruitful Somerset divides,
 Yet justly I Devonian name her,
 And for that nobler province claim her,
 (No less than Exe, or Western Tamar ;)
 Amongst whose nymphs she's always numb'red,
 And christens sea-port, burgh, and hundred.†

* ————— “ Where
 Great Brute first disembark'd his wand'ring Trojans, there
 His offspring (after long expulst the Inner land,
 When they the Saxon pow'r no longer could withstand)
 Found refuge in their flight ; when Ax and Otrey first
 Gave these poore soules to drink, opprest with grievous
 thirst.” (Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*.)

† The village of Axmouth ; the town (which by a grant of King John was constituted a free borough) and hundred of Axminster.

From London smoke, and London follies,
To Devon's verdant oaks and hollies,
As year by year the dog-star leads me,
And with sweet thoughts of childhood feeds me,
(Those best and purest thoughts that ever
Through life's long intermittent fever,
Like health-restoring cordials enter,
And in our inmost bosom center :
Thoughts which for all that wealth, ambition,
Wide spreading fame, or proud condition,
Can yield to man, I would not barter ;
—Not even for the George and Garter)—
Thee first (sweet nymph,) my eyes salute,
Thee last, when autumn's faded fruit
Falling in lap of sad November,
Bids me the waning months remember,
And leave the country's tranquil joys
For eager crowds, and wrangling noise.

Hail, modest streamlet ! on whose bank
No willows grow, nor osiers dank ;
Whose waters form no stagnant pool,
But ever sparkling, pure, and cool,
Their snaky channel keep, between
Soft swelling hills of tender green,
That freshens still, as they descend
In gradual slope of graceful bend,
And in the living emerald end—
On whose soft turf supinely laid
Beneath the spreading beechen shade,
I trace, in Fancy's waking dream,
The current of thine infant stream,

Where straggling on with gentle force,
Thy waves pursue their destined course.
Then crowd upon my mental gaze
Dim visions of the elder days.
Shrouded in black Cistercian cowl,*
They pass like spectres o'er my soul,
On each pale cheek, and furrow'd brow
Impress'd the wretched exile's woe,
While many a sigh recalls with pain,
The distant home they hope to gain
Once more, and rest in peace—in vain !
Poor wanderers, ye shall never see
The wept-for towers of Waverley,
Nor with enamour'd sense inhale
The sweets of Surry's cultured vale ;
Whence, at Fitz-Baldwin's high command,

* “ Thorncombe was given by William the Conqueror to Baldwin de Sap (or de Brioniis) who had married his niece, Albreda. Richard, Baron of Oakhampton, (son of Baldwin,) founded a monastery of the Cistercian order at Brightley, in the parish of Oakhampton, in the year 1133, which, a few years afterwards, was removed by his sister, and heiress, Adela, (called also Adeliza,) to a place called Ford in this parish (of Thorncombe). The history of the foundation states, that this noble lady, in the year 1138, met the abbot and monks passing through her manor of Thorncombe on their return to the abbey of Waverley, in Surrey, (to which they had originally belonged,) from the barren spot at Brightley, which they had been obliged to quit from poverty and scarcity of provision ; and that, moved with compassion, she gave them her manor-house of Ford for their residence, and the manor of Thorncombe for their support.”—Lysons's *Devonshire*, p. 501.

Ye sallied, (a devoted band,)
To plant the Cross in savage land ;
Where, free from all restraints of law,
The darkling tribes of infant Taw,
And rocky Ockment, roam'd secure
In the wild franchise of the moor.
—A feverish space, 'twixt life and death,
The pious planters gasp'd for breath :
At length resign'd in mute despair
The thankless objects of their care,
To moulder left their lowly cell
For ever—and without farewell—
And, sick at heart, with watchings worn,
With failing limbs, and minds forlorn,
Hopeless they sought the distant bourn
They scarce could dream to reach again—
Then laid them down in reckless pain,
And watch'd, sweet Axe, thy murm'ring tide
Of waters, as they gently glide
In rapid silence to the sea,
Fit emblem of eternity.
But pious Adeliza there,
(The conqueror's kin, and baldwin's heir,
Fair Devon's countess, rich as fair,
And more than fair or rich, devout,)
Beheld them on their homeward rout,
With liberal hand relieved their woes—
And Ford's majestic abbey rose.
Age after age since then has roll'd
O'er generations dead and cold,
From sire to son twice ten-times told—

Nor of that grey time-honour'd pile
Can one poor stone, in tower or aisle,
Of cloister'd walk, or 'battled wall,
Or oriel bower, or lordly hall,
(Though the thick clustering ivy dwells
Imbedded midst the low-roof'd cells,
As if its aged trunk had grown
Coeval with the native stone,
Ere yet the builder's art was known,)
Say to the fond exploring eye
That fain would read its history,
"Avert your touch profane—forbear!
The Royal Foundress placed me here."
Yet flows—and will flow on for ever—
The current of that peaceful river;
While priest and monk have past away,
And sable cowl, and amice grey,
And 'broider'd cope, with jewels' shine,
High rood, and consecrated shrine.
In dust the holy relics lie—
The hands that rifled them, hard by—
The mitred abbot dispossess'd;
The leveller with his ribald jest;
The courtier,* whose inglorious toil

* At the suppression, the manor was granted to the Earl of Oxford—the site of the abbey to *Richard Pollard*, esq. From him the latter passed through various hands till it was purchased by *Sir Edmund Prideaux*, solicitor-general to the Commonwealth.

Achieved the glittering Romish spoil ;
The wily lawyer's subtle craft,
That temper'd the destructive shaft,
Which kept its destined aim, conceal'd
Behind Religion's frowning shield,
The work of reformation ended,
And in one common ruin blended
All holy and all hallow'd things,
Altars and thrones, and priests and kings.
—The solemn pageant pass'd away,
Where next (sweet river,) shall we stray ?
To Wycroft's bridge, and mouldering wall,
That faintly marks the embattled hall
By lordly Cobham once possest,
And trod by high and princely guest.*
In Thorncombe's aisle you still may trace
The features of a gentle face
(Of knight's degree, and Cobham's race,)
Glorious in brass, and by his side
The image of his lady bride,
And character'd in letters fair,
“ *Thomas Brooke, Knyghte,*” engraven there :
No more remains—the when,—the where,—
The how he lived, and fought, and died,

* The manor of Wycroft passed by sale to Sir Thomas Brooke, ancestor of the Lords Cobham. In 1426, a licence was granted to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and others, (trustees, probably, for the Brooke family,) to castellate the mansion at Wycroft, and enclose a park of 800 acres.

Or who the lady at his side,
The brass has long forgot to tell,
Nor can the keen explorer spell
With all his pains, the smallest trace
Of the short pious prayer for grace,
That ends the monumental scroll,—
“ *The Lord have mercy on his soul.*”
Yet to the heart it teaches more
Than tomes of theologic lore ;
—A proverb, or grave homily,
Of most sententious brevity
On mortal durability—
Such wisdom is in crumbled bones !
Such are the sermons preach'd by stones !
Let but a few short lustres pass—
The tablet of recording brass
(Raised for eternity,) may show,
No more than he who sleeps below,—
Nay—e'en his feeble fleshly form,
Spite of corruption and the worm,
Outlast, within its bed of earth,
The pompous verse that boasts its worth :
So hard the pious taste to save
One plank from time's o'erwhelming wave ;
But would we trace his earlier stream,
“ 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream !”
The Druid walked yon stone-girt round,
The Roman rear'd yon grassy mound ;
This for defence—a chosen site—
That for observance, day or night,

Of hallow'd or unhallow'd rite.
Clear as the sun—Nay, all agree—
—Even so, sage dreamer, let it be !
Why then wear life's brief candle out
In proving that which none can doubt ?
Why with such dread suspicion eye
The grey-beard swain who passes by,
As if a word his tongue might say,
Would puff your theory away ?
Well may you dread that rustic smile,
“ He minds the bigging”* of the pile.
Yet may we trust without a crime
The legends of the olden time,
And still pursue, by croft and mill,
Deep vale, and gently sloping hill,
(Sweet Axe !) the mazes of thy rill,
To plains which, long ere Ford was known,
And Newenham's sister abbey shone
Transcendent with the blessed rood,
Blush'd crimson deep, with Danish blood.†

* See Walter Scott's “ Antiquary.”

† In 937 is said to have happened, near Axminster, the most bloody conflict which had ever been known in England, between King Athelstan (accompanied by his brother Edmund,) and the Kings of Ireland and Scotland confederated with the Danes ; in which Athelstan was victorious. In the old chronicle which relates it, the slaughter is described as immense ; five of the leaders slain are there called kings ; these, with eight earls, and others, are said to have been buried in the cemetery at Axminster.

Lo ! from the bosom of the deep,
The sea kings swift ascending sweep !
From Seaton's cliffs they wind their way,
(Old Moridunum's doubted bay,)*
The boding raven in their van,
To meet undaunted Athelstan.
Nor Erin's lonely harp, that day,
Nor Scotia's Royal Lion may
Be absent from the bloody fray.
Dream they of conquest, or of spoil—
Fit guerdon of the warrior's toil ?
Do they for fame or plunder burn ?
Ah, destined never to return !
For Royal Athelstan is there,
And Edmund, with the yellow hair,
The dangers of the field to share ;

* “ ‘The site of Moridunum is so difficult to determine,’ (observes the Bishop of Cloyne in his observations on Roman Stations in Devonshire, incorporated by Lysons in his History,) “ that our best antiquaries have doubts on the subject.” Some fix it at Eggardon in Dorsetshire, others at Hembury, but the common opinion is in favour of Seaton. Why not *Musbury*—two miles above Seaton, on the opposite side of the river—where are evident traces of a Roman camp, and the modern name may be considered as a corruption of the ancient ? The point of distance, which is insisted on by the advocates of Hembury fort, does not appear to me very conclusive. The fifteen miles may have been computed from the mouth of the river—the port of Isca. Moridunum—Morisbury—Morsbury—Musbury.

And with their standard follow free
The flower of England's chivalry.
With such a foe 'tis vain to cope ;
From such a foe 'tis vain to hope
Whether to win the field or flee—
Alike escape and victory.
—'Tis done—and on the battle plain
Five kings and eight stout earls lie slain ;
Nor stone is raised, nor mound, to tell
They bravely fought, or nobly fell.
But they who for their country bled,*
For them their country's tears are shed.
Shrined in their parent soil they sleep ;
There holy priests their vigils keep,
And altars burn, and prayers arise
In swelling anthems to the skies,
From full-toned choirs, for their repose.
—Such honours grateful England owes,
And such be ever duly paid
To her loved patriot's peaceful shade.
—Are yonder straggling orchard wall,
And yon dark ivied window all—
All that unpitying Time has spared
Of that illustrious fabrick, rear'd
And consecrate to Heaven above,

* “ King Athelstan gave the church of Axminster to seven priests, who were to pray for the souls of seven knights or earls, and many others, slain in the battle with the Danes near this town.”—Lysons, p. 24.

In union of fraternal love ?
And has destruction seized so soon
The saintly labours of Mohun ?*
—Leave we the clouds of antient story,
For scenes of later parted glory.
—When scarce a river flows unsung,
Or murmuring brook but hath its tongue
To praise whate'er of great or good
Beside its sacred banks hath stood,
Shall Marlborough's native current † keep
Its channel to the ocean deep,
Unhonour'd by one tuneful voice,
That may his mighty ghost rejoice ?
No—through the dazzling radiance shed
By conquest round his laurel'd head,
Let him in dim perspective see

* “ The abbey of Newenham in this parish (Axminster) was founded for monks of the Cistercian order, in the reign of Henry III., by Reginald de Mohun, and his younger brother William.”—“ There are scarcely any remains of the monastic building, some of which were pulled down a few years ago.”—Lysons, p. 22.

† *Ash*, in the parish of Musbury, was the chief seat of the family of Drake for many generations. This house is celebrated as having been the birth-place of John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough. He was born on Midsummer day, 1650, his mother being then on a visit to her father Sir John Drake. It is now occupied as a farm-house, one wing only of the original edifice, and the chapel (now used as a barn, and detached from the residence) being left.

The tender scenes of infancy
Reflected by the muse's art,—
Then feel the welcome tear-drop start,
Richer than all the jewels set
In his bright princely coronet.
—Dismantled now the courts and void,
The goodly fabric half-destroy'd,
And at the hospitable hearth,
Once echoing to the festive mirth
Of knight and squire, carousing round
The board their morning sport had crown'd ;
Or to the tabor's merrier sound,
When Father Christmas to the door,
Call'd young and old, and rich and poor,
And stately dame, and blushing maid,
(Despite of velvet and brocade,
Though guarded by the encircling pale
Of stomacher and farthingale,)
Would, for the season, lay aside
Their full-blown dignity and pride,
And join the dance, with honest glee
“ In unreprieved pleasures free ;”
Unmindful of the waste of years,
The goodwife plies her household cares,
Or marks the embers, as they burn,
To greet the farmer's late return.
Yet still you may distinguish, o'er
Yon desecrated chapel's door,
Display'd the coil'd and wing'd snake,

That figures forth the name of Drake ;*
 With daring crest, and scaly hide,
 Such as Sir Bernard's ill-starr'd pride,
 In pomp of heraldry, denied
 To a far greater Drake, whose fame
 Outshone the herald's loftiest claim.

* The arms of Drake (still visible over the door of the chapel,) are thus emblazoned : “ *Argent, a wivern (or winged dragon, probably allusive to the name of Drake,) with wings displayed, gules.*”

“ About this time it was (says Prince in his *Worthies*, Art. *Sir Bernard Drake, knt.*) that there fell out a contest between Sir Bernard and the immortal Sir Francis Drake ; chiefly occasioned by Sir Francis his assuming Sir Bernard's coat of arms, not being able to make out his descent from his family ; (a matter, in those days, when the court of honor was in more honor, not so easily digested.) The feud hereupon increased to that degree, that Sir Bernard, being a person of a high spirit, gave Sir Francis a box on the ear ; and that within the verge of the court. For which offence he incurred her majesty's displeasure ; and, most probably, it proved the occasion of the queen's bestowing upon Sir Francis Drake a new coat, of everlasting honour to himself and his posterity for ever ; which hath relation to that glorious action of his, the circumnavigating the world ; which is thus emblazoned by Guillim, (*Diamond, a fess wavy between the two pole-stars, Arctic and Antarctic, Pearl,*)—and, what is more, his crest is, *A ship on a globe under ruff, held by a cable rope, with a hand out of the clouds ; in the rigging whereof is hung up by the heels a wivern gules*, Sir Bernard's arms ; but in no great honour (we may think,) to that knight, though so designed to Sir Francis. Unto all which Sir Bernard boldly replied, “ That though her majesty could give him a nobler, she could not give him an antienter coat than his.”

—Not as the maiden queen, in scorn
Of ancestry, would have it borne
By her great captain, wise as brave,
(When for his proud device, she gave
The ship that bore him o'er the wave,)
On 'scutcheon downward hung, and fast
Suspended to the boastful mast.—
—Now to old Ocean's hollow cave
Axe pours a wider, deeper wave,
Swoln by a thousand nameless rills,
Fast trickling from the western hills,
That with their woody summits crown
Old Colyton's baronial town,
And Colcombe's walls with ivy dark,
And Shute's grey towers, and mossy park—
—No longer now defiance breathing,*

* Colcombe Castle, and Shute House and Park, both of which were (in the time of Elizabeth,) purchased by Sir William Pole, the antiquary, and have ever since descended in his family, belonged (at the commencement of the wars of the two Roses,) the one to Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, (a zealous Lancastrian,) the other to William Lord Bonville, (an equally strenuous adherent of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York). "In 33 Hen. 6 (says Prince,) there fell out a shrewd dispute between Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, and this Lord Bonvil, about a couple of hounds; which could by no mediation of friends be qualified or appeased, untill it was valiantly tryed by a single combat on Clyst Heath, near Exeter, wherein (as Dugdale tells us,) this lord prevailed. But another writer saith, that after they had well tryed one the other's strength and

As when stout Devon's earl, unsheathing
His sword in sainted Henry's right,
Challenged fierce Bonville to the fight
(Plantagenet's redoubted knight).
—This is no dream. I see them yet,
As when on Clyst's brown heath they met
Radiant in arms, and, with them set
In meet array, on either side
(As sway'd by favor, or allied
In kindred ties of blood and name.)
All Devon's worthies crowding came,

valour with their naked swords, they at last lovingly agreed, and embraced each other, and ever after continued in great love and amity."

It seems, however, that a very different account of this transaction is nearer the truth.

"During the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, this county was much divided; and, although we have no record of any battle fought in it, yet it appears that bloodshed sometimes ensued between the partisans of the two houses. The roll of parliament, 1455, speaks of several riots and murders committed in the west by these noblemen. Some writers mention a duel between them on Clyst Heath. It was rather a combat, for they fought attended by numerous retainers, who engaged in the conflict; and several persons were killed on either side. Lord Bonville was victorious, and the gates of Exeter were opened to him and his party."—Lysons, p. viii.

I have adopted this historical statement, in its largest signification, as affording an opportunity for introducing a list of the Devonshire worthies of the period, distinguished, (for the most part,) by their various armorial bearings.

Eager to try the desperate game.
Alike regardless of the cause,
Each for his feudal chieftain draws
The ready glaive, content to share
With him the toils, and meed of war,
And leave the schoolmen to debate
Those knottier subtleties of state,
Whether the red rose, or the white,
The king in fact, or king by right,*
Holds heaven's commission in the fight.
—Fry speeds from Yarty to the field,
Three snow-white coursers plain reveal'd
Are charging on his crimson shield.
Brooke from his castellated roof
Brings the crown'd Lion to the proof.
Ash, with the double chevron draws
His trusty sword in Courtenay's cause,
And Pine (whose name is spelt aright
By the three pine-cones, golden bright,)
For Bonville proves a kinsman's might.
From Branscombe's wild and lonely beach,
Resounding to the sea-bird's screech,
Two warriors mark, ascending slow.
On ruby shield the rose of snow

* "The king in fact, or king by right." The distinction between a king *de facto* and a king *de jure*, which was first known in law at this period, and the scholastic as well as political disputes to which that distinction gave birth, are familiar to historical readers.

Speaks gentle Wadham : while from far,
 Three sever'd heads, (stern spoils of war,)
 The fame of Holcombe's line declare.
 —From where swift Otter's streams divide,
 And in their parted channel glide,
 Rejoicing as they wander on
 Through the rich vale of Honiton,
 Yon sun-bright banner, broad display'd,
 Advancing from the distant glade,
 In stately march, unfurls to view
 The sable lions of Carew.*
 Who follows in the Baron's train ?
 Malherbe, whose courage free from stain
 (As by his bearing he would shew,)
 Yields "stinging nettles" to the foe.†

* The principal seat of the noble family of Carew was (at this period,) at Mohun's Ottery, near Honiton. Their arms are, "*Or, three lions passant, sable.*" Nicholas Baron Carew was the son of Sir Thomas Carew, captain of Harfleur (a distinguished actor in Harry the Fifth's wars,) by a daughter of Sir William Bonville; from whence it might be inferred that he was of the York faction, unless his own marriage with the daughter and heir of Sir Hugh Courtenay, of Hacombe, should lead to an opposite conclusion. His being found, in 1469, in company with the Lords Fitzwarren and Dinham, at Exeter, when that city was besieged by Hugh, Earl of Devonshire, (son and successor of Earl Thomas,) seems, however, to confirm the former supposition.

† "Yield stinging nettles to mine enemy."

Shaksp. K. Rich. II.

The singular device of Malherbe of Feniton—in evident allusion to his name.

In order next you may behold
Rich Beaumont, with his bars of gold ;
Then, by his silver chaplets known,
Time-honour'd Duke of Otterton ;
And last, not least in the career,
The blazing sun of bold St. Cleer.
Nor backward in the martial list
Were found that day, the men of Clyst—
Unlike their parent streams, that sleep,
As through the fattening meads they creep
In lazy silence to the deep.
Fraunceis was there, from Fraunceis-Court,
Frankcheyney, Bampfylde, Valletort,
There Beavis shakes the quivering lance,
Like his old name-sake of romance,
And by his knightly bearing shows
The fabled stock whereon he grows—
(Three helmets with the beavers down,)—
There Faringdon, whose name makes known
The pleasant place that sent him forth
To signalize his gentle birth.
And oh ! may this degenerate tongue
Cleave to my throat, if e'er unsung
(Loved Faringdon !) I pass thee by,
Nor pay the tribute of a sigh,
To scenes of early joys and cares,
(View'd thro' the softening mist of years,
When life was young, and pleasures new,)
From grateful memory ever due.

—But see ! from Hemyock's stately towers
 Lord Dinham leads his border-powers.*
 High-raised above the circling press,
 Four lozenges conjoin'd in fess,
 (Ermine, on bright vermillion coat,) —
 His old Armoric race denote—
 Welcome to York's ascending star,
 No less than when from adverse war
 To Nutwell's brown o'er-arching shade
 The royal exile he convey'd,
 And thence in secret safety bore
 To Gallia's hospitable shore.

* John, Lord Dinham, (Lord High Treasurer of England, anno 1 Hen. VII.) was a zealous Yorkist, and personally attached to the Earl of March, afterwards Edward the Fourth, whom (together with his famous adherents Salisbury and Warwick,) he concealed in his house, at Nutwell near Lympstone, (now Sir Thomas Drake's,) when, after the battle of Bloreheath, (ann. 1459,) the Yorkists were dispersed, and that prince took refuge at Calais.

The Dinhams had, if not the most extensive, probably the most widely scattered possessions, of any family belonging to Devonshire at this period. Nutwell appears to have been, at this time, their ordinary residence ; but Hemyock Castle (on the borders of Somersetshire,) also belonged to them ; and I have placed him here accordingly, as at the head of "*the men of Culm.*"

The origin of the family is derived from the Castle of Dinant in Brittany. Oliver de Dinant was Lord of Hartland in the time of the Conqueror ; and to his descendant Geoffrey de Dinant (temp. Hen. II.) is ascribed the second foundation of Hartland Abbey.

* * * *

Ere half the promised song is sung,
My voice is check'd, my harp unstrung.
The knightly vision melts away,
Of glittering arms and banners gay ;
Imagination quits her throne ;
The winged fancies all have flown,
And left the field to noise and strife,
The dull realities of life.

Farewell, my muse ! another day
We may resume our pleasant play ;
But now (although it grieve my heart,)
'Tis time that thou and I should part.
Farewell, my muse ! another year
Will soon speed on in swift career :
Dark winter's fogs will soon take wing,
And fly before the laughing spring ;
Soon bright-eyed summer pass—and soon
Brown autumn with his harvest-moon
Return—and we will loiter then
'Mongst Devon's river-nymphs again.

And is it thus our idle rhyme
Would urge the flying wheels of time ?
And dare we thus, (infirm of will,)
In blind anticipation still
Of some imagined hour, unknown,
Lose that which only is our own ?

Farewell, my muse ! another day
Will bring such leisure as it may—
That's not for you or me to say.
All is, though we're no longer young
As when we first together sung ;
Though Time has check'd *your* wanton flow,
And plac'd some wrinkles on *my* brow ;
We are not yet too old to sport
Where Mirth and Fancy keep their court.
And so, my farewell I repeat,
Not as if doom'd no more to meet,
Yet dwelling on the unwelcome word
Like some fond lover, who has heard
The well-known signal to be gone,
And still looks back, and lingers on,
Afraid to strike the note of sorrow,
Though hoping to return to-morrow.

EARLY OCCASIONAL VERSES.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

(WRITTEN FROM COLLEGE, MARCH 16, 1797.)

“ DEAR MOTHER,

“ THE return of this day inspired me with ideas which I have attempted to clothe in verse ; and I send you accordingly the following lines, for the badness of which the only excuse I can offer is this—that, if they had been excited by anything but the particular occasion, I would have taken time to correct and amend them ; but, as their only object is to celebrate your birth-day, I trust you will like better to receive them with all their imperfections on their head, than more polished ones after the season that prompted them is passed. I shall conclude this preface by desiring you to accept the will for the deed, and consider this tribute, not as the production of the head, but of the heart.”

[N.B. The only corrections since attempted are of a few faulty rhymes : and, though it may not be easy to find an adequate excuse for presenting to

the public eye, thus slightly emendated, so crude and imperfect an attempt at poetical composition, the nature of the subject may afford some apology for its introduction at the head of a series of early verses, in place of a dedication.]

THE snows dissolve—the frost retires,
And loosens each rejoicing stream ;
Fresh youth the new-born year inspires,
Nursed by the sun's enlivening beam.

All nature feels return of spring ;
With the sweet lark's seraphic lay
Again the vocal woodlands ring—
Again their tuneful homage pay.

In verdant robe the meads are drest—
E'en Camus feels the general joy,
Reflecting from his silver breast
Each varied hue that decks the sky.

All—all to fill my glowing breast
With love and gratitude conspire ;
But this thy day—of days most blest—
Awakes my soul to holier fire ;

Adds livelier charms to all I view,
New blossoms to the bursting wood,
To every mead a brighter hue,
And purer crystal to the flood.

Not truer bliss the hour bestows
Amid those scenes which fancy loves,
Where native Isca murmuring flows
Beside our Cowley's infant groves,

Than in these walls to science dear,
These bowers renown'd in classic song,
Where willowy Camus lingering near,
In placid stillness creeps along.

O thou, who at this genial hour
Life's strange eventful course began,
Who train'd my soul by Virtue's power,
And guided all my steps to man !

If I should e'er unworthy prove
Of all thy fond maternal care,
Yet could I never cease to love,
E'en in the depths of dark despair.

But brighter hopes my fancy rouse ;
Far different dreams of bliss refined,
Make answer to my ardent vows,
And gladden my prophetic mind.

In times far hence, when circling years
Shall with fresh wreaths thy temples shade,
May'st thou behold in me thy fears
Averted, and thy cares repaid !

Revered, till virtue low is laid,
Beloved, till love delights no more,
Till all life's kindling raptures fade,
And all its earthly joys are o'er.

ON BEAUTY.

AND can a look, a smile, control
The warm emotions of the soul ?
A sigh, a glance, a tear, convey
The unresisting heart away ?
And can a power which knows to bend
The laws of nature to its end,
To ride secure in air, to breathe
Old ocean's liquid vaults beneath,
The eternal arch of heaven to scan,
And all the mighty maze of man,
Yield to a cheek in roses drest,
A coral lip, or ivory breast ?
No—'tis the mind I love—the mind,
Where virtue's purest thoughts are 'shrined—
Firm faith—untainted modesty—
Meek hope—and sainted charity.
But when we see each mental grace
Glow in the radiance of the face ;
An angel's purity confess'd
In the bright cheek and snowy breast ;

The speaking lustre of the eye
Beam hope and sainted charity ;
Each sigh, each tear, each glance, impart
The faithful records of the heart ;
'Tis then, while Beauty's force we prove,
A crime to gaze, and not to love.

SONNET

ON HEARING THE VESPER SONG IN THE
CHAPEL AT HENGRAVE.

THERE is a wild and solitary heath
On whose brown bosom spring no flowers has
shed.

There no green hill uplifts his smiling head,
Sheltering the calm, well water'd vale beneath ;
But all is one flat, dark, uncultured waste.

Near to that savage spot I heard a strain
More ravishing than that which did detain
Gay Comus and his wassailers, when they traced
Their nightly revels in the wild wood's shade ;
More mournful than the notes that Zephyr bore,
Faint murmuring, along the Danish shore,
Pour'd forth unconscious by the sinking maid.

That heavenly strain devotion taught to pour,
And fancy gave it inspiration's aid.

THE WILLING DETENTION.

“ THE night is dark ; and thick arise
The mist and fog on every side ;
The roads are heavy, and your eyes
Will find no land-mark, near or wide.”

“ Oh ! when the first half mile is over,
The road is strait, and plain to see :
Our steeds will soon the way discover,
And we shall jog home merrily.”

“ Our common’s wild—our common’s wide ;
And some part brake, and some part fen,
By ditches cross’d on every side :
You’ll never find your way agen.
Then there’s no polar star to guide you—
You cannot see St. Ives’s light :
I fear some mischief will betide you :
Cross not our common, then, to-night !”

I yield me to the sweet command,
And, under thy protecting wing,
Defy all harm, all fear withstand—
But ruin drink at pleasure’s spring.
Far safer in the brake and fen,
To wander on till break of morning—
I then had found my way again
In spite of thy prophetic warning.

Now from that tongue more pain I've found
Than wind or water could impart :
Those eyes have made a deeper wound
Than could the fen-fiend's icy dart :
Yet would I not the bliss resign
In memory's glass again to view thee,
For all the peace I once call'd mine,
Ere, lovely Imogen, I knew thee.

TO MEMORY.

FAREWELL, deceitful Memory !
Thy faded form, thy hollow eye
No more shall blast my sickening view.
To thy half joys and chequer'd fears,
Thy bitter frown, and smile of tears,
Alike I bid adieu.

My soul on Lethe's bank hath stood,
And drunk of that reviving flood.
To a new life awake, I scorn
The crowd that shuns the untasted streams,
And, tossing still mid feverish dreams,
Fail to salute the morn.

The hours in pleasure that have pass'd,
Remember'd, pall upon the taste,
And raise disgust, or discontent.

Idly we note, with proud remorse,
The imputed errors of our course,
And mourn our time mispent.

Memory, farewell ! before me shine
Forms fairer and more fresh than thine,
Bright hope, and glittering novelty :
The trodden vales I leave behind,
And borne on fancy's viewless wind,
To unsought mountains fly.

There shall no stain of ancient dross
My renovated soul engross,
Or taint the free unsullied air :
There all is lovely, all is new ;
No former sight there meets my view,
No former sound my ear.

—Vain is the lay, and false the theme—
Of Lethe's dull oblivious stream
Man may not taste ; nor hard his doom :
For sober memory yet can pour
On the pure mind a boundless store
Of ever sweet perfume.

In each new realm she bids me see
Some spot to waken thoughts of thee,
Dear land ! where first I wept and smiled :
In every warbled wood-note there,
And murmuring stream, I still shall hear
A sister's descant wild.

Then shall I think how many a day
On Isca's banks I loved to stray
With dear companions, absent long ;
How oft at fancy's twilight hour,
Full of the muse, I've woo'd the power,
The melting power of song.

How blest, if in the various bowl
No bitter drop shall sting my soul,
Drain'd through the dregs of fell remorse—
How blest, if memory shall supply
New lights to fix my wandering eye,
And regulate my course !

TO A LADY,

WITH THE " CONTINUATION OF BEATTIE'S
MINSTREL."

HOPING thro' fields of fierce forensic war
The steep whence fame's proud temple shines afar
To gain, no more the humble Minstrel's lay,
Though often summon'd, will my call obey.
In gayer hours, by fairy visions drest,
The muse with rapture fill'd my youthful breast,
When health, and peace, and competence my aim,
I shrank to hear the obstreperous trump of fame ;
With Edwin loved to trace the haunted stream,

O'er the white torrent gazed in bliss supreme,
Hung, mutely joyful, on the mountain's side,
Norknew more transport than those scenes supplied.

E'en now, when you my youthful efforts praise,
And ask the tribute of my minstrel lays,
My random pearls I would again unite,
And string a jewel worthy of thy sight.
—In vain—the muse, disdainful of my prayer,
From her high throne thus thunders in my ear :
“Stay thy rash hand ! These gems, my special care,
None but a true devoted bard may wear ;
These fields, by Beattie till'd, by Edwin trod,
Yield not to rebel feet their sacred sod ;
This Eden yet some favour'd bard may share—
—No flaming sword shall fright Eliza here ;
But thou !—rebellious to my sovereign sway,
Bear thy rude steps and daring hands away !
Go, vow submission to the power I hate !
Go, swell the suppliants at ambition's gate !
Seek the throng'd bar, full wig, and flowing gown,
The miry streets and dingy walls of town !
And, when thy goddess hides her spurious fires,
When law provokes to sleep, and business tires,
Put on, to soothe thy spleen, my German bonnet,
Write tales of wonder, or some limping sonnet,
And think, with earth-born insolence o'er-run,
The muse still favours an apostate son !”

While such the answer to my humble suit,
In vain I gape to catch poetic fruit ;
Yet when my early love, not yet subdued,

Returns to frown upon my solitude,
I seek to make a compromise with fate,
And think repentance never comes too late.
Perhaps ambition may my suit repel,
And lofty honour scorn my humble cell ;
The golden fruit elude my venturous hand,
And melt, my vision of the promised land :
No sapient coif may light upon my head,
No honour'd silk be o'er my shoulders spread.
Then, disappointed, jostled, press'd, subdued,
While dolts and knaves before my face intrude,
Wearied with watchings, and with labour spent,
A prey to care and fruitless discontent,
May I, to pass my disregarded age,
Find out at eve some peaceful hermitage !
When true repentance aids my suit, the muse
Her humble suppliant may no more refuse,
But heal the wounds by foil'd ambition made
With balm fresh gather'd in her laurel shade,
Teach me to pour again my soul in song
With powers more ripen'd, and a voice more strong,
Again draw gentle Edwin forth to view,
And make the minstrel strain more worthy you.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE 7.

TO A FRIEND ON LEAVING COLLEGE.

FIRST of my friends, who long with me
Hast drain'd the bowl of slavery,
Driven to the extreme of toil and gloom
In old Mathemon's lecture room ;
First of my friends, what favouring god
Now brings thee safe to Hope's abode ?
—With whom, our hated cares to drown,
I've talk'd the evening shadows down,
Or, bursting from our fetters free,
Have rush'd to wine and poesy ?

When fortune fail'd, and courage died,
With thee I fled the battle's tide,
And, on our rear while Tavel* hung,
Away my blotted buckler flung.
The muse received me, spent with care,
And wafted to a healthier air,
But thee the billows closed around,
And bore amidst the vast profound.

Now, every toil and trouble o'er,
With me the glad libation pour ;
And let thy weary limbs be laid
Beneath the muse's laurell'd shade :

* Moderator in 1799. See Cambridge Tripos.

Leave musty algebraic rules,
And Vince and Waring to the schools ;
And let the muse returning charm thee,
And fancy guide, and pleasure warn thee :
So I a new escape shall prove
In thy return to joy and love,
And feel each gift the muse can send
More rich with my recover'd friend.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE 7.

PARAPHRASED.

LET others praise the meads of Kent,
Or steal through " Surrey's quiet lanes ;"
The charms of Humber or of Trent
May swell the rapture of their strains ;

Or Usk, that gave our Henry birth,
Or Avon, nurse of Shakspeare's song,
Or the wild consecrated earth
Where wanders wizzard Dee along.

Some love to tune fair Granta's reeds,
On which the Athenian goddess breathes,
Or press the turf where Isis speeds
To crown her sons with classic wreaths.

But neither thought of toil-won race,
Nor soothing dream of tuneful ease,
Can so my bounding spirits brace,
Or so my softer moments please,

As Isca's swift descending flood,
And Creedy's waves that gentler run,
And much-loved Cowley's infant wood,
And orchards ripening to the sun.

Yet, if the viewless storm of fate
Should drive me from its sheltering shade,
To leave—perhaps no distant date !
Each rural walk, and quiet glade —

(O might the lot be never mine !)
Yet would I bear a tranquil soul,
Nor faint, nor murmur, nor repine
Whilst there is rest beneath the pole.

* * * *

THE PRAISE OF ISCA.

EREWILE, in Richmond's hawthorn bower
I rested from the noon-tide fire,
There woo'd the long neglected power
Of song to wake my idle lyre,
And, more my visions to inspire,

Though deep yet clear, though gentle, strong,
By mead and wood, by cot and spire,
Slow roll'd majestic Thames along ;

But, whilst I traced his winding course
From Twit'nam's meads to Fulham's grove,
Where late, from dawning beauty's source,
I drank delicious draughts of love ;
Though soul-subduing phantoms strove
Imagination to detain,
Still would the goddess further rove,
And Isca mingle with the strain.

When gliding late up Medway's stream,
Our bark explored her fountain cells,
I thought, while freedom was my dream,
(Bright genius of her oak-clad dells,)
Proud Kent ! though manly vigour swells
Thy sons, thy nymphs each maiden grace,
Yet freedom too in Devon dwells,
And Isca bathes as fair a race.

Though Pales sheds her choicest store
On gentle Coln and sedgy Lea,
Yet Pan himself on Isca's shore
Has fix'd his rural sovereignty.
While chain'd by Bath's dull pool, yet free
My soul, to wander where it chose,
Oft stray'd, majestic Thames, to thee,
But oftener still where Isca flows.

I saw Sabrina's yellow hair,
—Sabrina, famed in British song,—
Through peopled vales and cities fair
Curling its silken tresses long,
Wild float, luxuriant meads among;
Methought I saw her reed-crown'd head
Mid deafening din, with heavings strong,
High-raised above its oozy bed.

I wander'd on poetic ground,
Where Shakspeare's Avon sweetly flows,
And woo'd each softly whispering sound
That trembled midst his osier rows;
I sought the vale of deep repose
Where Vaga hoarsely pours her wave,
And trod at evening's solemn close
Old Tintern's dim religious cave.

Yet poets too by Isca dream;
Rich meadows kiss her sparkling face,
And ancient walls o'erhang her stream,
And peopled towns her borders grace:
Let all old ocean's vassal race
Conspire to check the vaunting strain,
So thou thy loyal bard embrace,
Maternal stream! their toils are vain.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN THE
COUNTRY.

IN this dull clime, where smoke and fog conspire
To quench each spark of fancy's sacred fire,
Where Themis loves sole arbitress to reign,
And binds the passions in her leaden chain,
How shall the muse, who loves the breezy hill,
The tangled forest, and the haunted rill,
And there to wander unconstrain'd and free,
Alone, unless with peace and liberty,
Through the thick mists and dusky air appear,
Nor shun, appall'd, a city atmosphere?

The gayer hopes that fire the untainted mind,
Fly far away upon a healthier wind,
And leave a sickly substitute, that feeds
On hackney'd precedents of wire-drawn deeds ;
Imagination, clogg'd and damp'd, can soar
Into the blue expanse of heaven no more,
Content to calculate expected fees,
And swell the crowd of mammon's votaries.

Here, as I watch my fire's expiring light,
Companion of a lonely, studious night,
My discontented thoughts unbidden stray
To scenes of social comfort far away ;
Dreams of the paradise of home intrude
Upon the sickening eye of solitude ;

Forgetful that true Paradise is found
On no peculiar spot of hallow'd ground,
That, to the mind from lawless passion free,
It still is *here*—at Rome, or Ulubræ.

O may my soul keep ever in its view
This certain truth—this golden rule pursue !
If generous passions ever sway'd my breast,
If virtue e'er my youthful mind possess'd,
If e'er my heart at noble deeds beat high,
Or emulation fired my eager eye ;
And oh ! if e'er the muse had power to raise
These lofty musings in my boyish days ;
Perish the thought that she restrains her aid
To the close covert of the sylvan shade !
Not to wild woods, or pathless glades confined,
Her favourite mansion is the noble mind.

Still, still, celestial power, my spirit fire !
Cherish each heaven-born thought, each pure desire
Teach me to curb my passions—to unite
The truest wisdom with the best delight !
Inspire my diligence ! my longings guide !
Restrain my petulance ! abase my pride !
And when with business tired, my day of toil
Uncheer'd at evening by a social smile,
The sickening spirit longs for liberty,
O may it still find happiness in thee !

* * * *

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,
WHOM THE AUTHOR WAS FORBIDDEN TO VISIT
WHILE ON DUTY.

IN ancient times—so says the muse—
At Gela, or at Syracuse,
Or somewhere else—no matter where—
Where youths are brave, and maidens fair,
Where vineyards glow on every plain,
And every mountain waves with grain,
Where rivers gently flow, and clear,
And sunshine gladdens all the year,
Where snakes are harmless, wolves polite,
And man alone knows how to bite ;
There lived—the terror of the swains,
And spoiler of those lovely plains—
A direful beast, which men of old,
In their rude phrase, a tyrant call'd,
But now, accusom'd to the thing,
And grown more courteous, style a king.

One evening, as he went his round,
This king two faithful lovers found ;
And, taken with a sudden whim
Of love to her, or hate to him—
Whether *his* hat was cock'd awry,
Or too much lustre gemm'd *her* eye,
He gave a nod—his guards straitway

Poor Damon to a gaol convey.
(Sicilian gaols, on recollection,
Are like our houses of correction—*
When once you're in, 'tis ten to one
You never more behold the sun.)

The luckless youth, now held in quod,
Must call to his relief some god :
No man to his complaints attended,
The habeas corpus was suspended.
In vain the mistress of his love
Tried the rude gaoler's heart to move ;
At length, as at the prison gate
The nymph bewail'd her cruel fate,
A sudden stiffness seized her limbs ;
Her head with dizzy vapours swims ;
And her white garments sweep the floor
With rustlings never heard before.
Still she renews her amorous woes,
But all the plaints her lips disclose,
No longer echoed through the town,
Stand printed on her paper gown,
And there, as fast as she can think,
Her thoughts are fetter'd down in ink.
Yet, not at once of power bereft,
One motion to her lips still left,
What should her last faint breath proclaim
But her imprison'd Damon's name ;
Which on her beauteous back engross'd,

* In the year 1801.

Forms the direction for the post :
Last came the Cyprian dove, and bore her,
A billet-doux, to her adorer.

In vain the tyrant's bolts are hurl'd,
While pens and doves are in the world ;
And, e'en though doves were wanting, still
The post supplies the pigeon's bill.

Your master's empty threat may be,
“ You ne'er a friendly face shall see”—
His power is to a threat confined,
While you can read a friendly mind.

Now let me, if I yet am able,
Leave for a while the realms of fable,
And lofty regions of romance ;
(Like our ingenious friends in France,
Who, after all their strange vagaries
Of freedom in a land of fairies,
Have now descended to plain fact,
And bear a consul on their back,)
To tell you wherefore I lay by
My tomes of law and history,
A few brief hours to kill, or spend
In scribbling nonsense to a friend.

The other evening, sick of smoke,
And less disposed to read than joke,
—The sun that glitter'd on the trees,
The birds that caroll'd on the breeze,
(Though stunted these, imprison'd those)
The powers of fancy bore along,
And lured to thoughts of soft repose,

And all the dreams of rural song.
The king of rivers too was near :
—I took a barge from Westminster.

With gentle breeze and favouring tide,
Up the sweet stream we smoothly glide ;
The swelling bosom of our sail
Freely receives the wooing gale,
And, as the spires behind recede,
The pendant wood, the verdant mead,
The palace soaring o'er the grove,
The low retreat of peace and love,
The prospect, soothing past expression,
Of towers and trees in swift succession,
The purple hills that gently rise
Athwart the glowing western skies,
And (chief) the monarch of the scene,
Thames, majestic and serene,
While the winds with wonder whist
Scarce his glassy bosom kiss'd,
And evening pour'd his crimson light
Upon that mirror calm and bright,
Dissolved my every captive sense
In soft voluptuous indolence :
Unguarded, I no longer strove
Against the subtle traitor, love.
The god observed my open heart,
And seized the vulnerable part.
He turn'd my eyes on Fulham's wood
That darkly overhangs the flood ;
Bad me on days long past reflect,

When love was new, and hope uncheck'd,
And she, of Fulham's grove the queen,
Gave life to all the lovely scene.
Again I gazed—the view no more
Was bright with rapture as before ;
The woods were black ; the wind was cold ;
Dim vapours o'er the landscape roll'd ;
The banks were swamps—on every side
The pamper'd city rear'd its pride ;
E'en Thames no longer shew'd so fair,
His waters dull, his margent bare.

Sadly my bark I homeward turn'd,
But Thames, ill brooking that I spurn'd
The glories of his burnish'd throne,
Or prized not for themselves alone,
Call'd up, to seal my wretched doom,
The ministers of cold and rheum.
Raw blew the blast against the tide,
My labouring oars incessant plied ;
Thick vapours loaded every gale,
And useless lay the flagging sail.
Hence, at the river god's behest,
A noxious sprite my frame possess'd,
Who holds with men eternal war
Through this fair isle—by name, catarrh ;
And hence, debarr'd from outer day,
Like you, I own tyrannic sway ;
Like you immured, * * *

(Cætera desunt.)

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,
WHO HAD COMPLAINED OF THE AUTHOR FOR
WITHDRAWING HIMSELF FROM SOCIAL
ENJOYMENTS.

WELL—be it so—my friend, I've done
With noise, extravagance, and fun.
I fear I've pass'd the fatal line—
That uncheck'd mirth, and unstopp'd wine,
The flow of wit that knows no bound,
The merry laugh's perpetual round,
Nay—e'en the social generous glow
That all-enlivening grapes bestow,
—Joys that, a few brief se'nnights past,
I thought eternally would last,
Or fondly wish'd, before they fled,
I might be number'd with the dead—
No more are trick'd with charms for me,
Nor wake my soul to jollity ;
That, if to pleasure I incline,
No more I view her form in wine,
Nor, if bleak care besets my soul,
Can drown him in the sparkling bowl.
Farewell ! farewell, delusive dream !
—The joy of youth—the poet's theme—
Enchanting scenes of mirth and glee,
Where all was gay, and all was free,
Where infant love's first sparks were fann'd,

Cemented friendship's strictest band,
And both together bore along,
In union sweet, the power of song !
Enchanting scenes, that fancy loves,
That friendship's sacred voice approves,
On which remembrance oft shall dwell
With sad delight—dear scenes, farewell !
Even so—I've pass'd the fatal line,
And other suns upon me shine ;
But, as the home-sick sailor sees
'Mid the waste waves his native trees,
And thinks the wide-stretch'd watery scene
Fair meadows clad in vernal green,
So oft my fancy turns to view
Those forms my livelier moments knew,
And, kindling at delusions vain,
Believes and hopes them back again :
Then, if I court their imaged charms,
My fever'd soul is up in arms,
And sickening nature proves at last
The passion weak, the moment past.

Yet, oh the vile reproach disclaim
That stamp'd “ Unfriendly ” on my name,
And cease to think a friend untrue
Because he shuns to drink with you.
Though now imperious o'er my soul
Love reigns, and wars without control,
If e'er a friend I've valued less,
Shared not his joys, or his distress,
Or felt unkindness easier smart,

Than when I still possess'd my heart,
 May all my hopes of bliss decay,
 And dark despair o'ercloud my day !

And you, if e'er, for mirth unfit,
 Or tired with wine, or cloy'd with wit,
 You wish a sober hour to pass,
 Enliven'd by a temperate glass,
 And sacred to the powers of rhyme,
 Or mightier muse of ancient time,
 Remember there is one whose heart
 In friendship ever bears a part,
 And think you may that friendship share,
 Unmingled with the name of " Hair ! " *

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

LIFE was not made to flow in smooth delight,
 Nor to be lost in unavailing sorrow.
 It is a chequer'd scene of black and white ;
 The cloud scarce form'd to-day may burst to-
 morrow.

* For an explanation of this cant phrase—*φωγαντα
 συννετοισιν*—see Hodgson's *Juvenal*, satire 16 :

" Worthy of all the *Hair* of ancient days,"
 together with the note on the passage.

It is for action given, for mental force,
For deeds of energetic hardihood.
There is no time for sighing and remorse ;
There is no room for selfish solitude.

There's not a day doth pass but teems with fate ;
No fleeting hour, but alteration brings :
O'er this, our perishable mortal state
Variety for ever waves her wings.

Then let not mortal man of change complain—
Of change, that governs our sublunar sphere ;
Nor waste in fond regret, and listless pain,
The hours assign'd to generous action here.

The joys of lawless youth perhaps are fled.
The glass brisk circling, and the jovial song,
The careless heart, the wild fantastic head,
That to the early burst of life belong,

No more are ours. With these have haply flown
Some cherish'd visions, yet more closely twined,
Which hope delusive fondly call'd her own,
And fate unpitying claims to be resign'd.

What though their day be o'er, ambition glows
With fiercer heat in our meridian age ;
Honour remains, the foe to dull repose,
And points a hard, but glorious pilgrimage.

ANSWER TO A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

O NOT that I am faithless say,
Or that my love's no more the same,
If Cynthia once inspired my lay,
And then Licymnia lit the flame.
One goddess only I adore,
Although in different forms I woo her ;
Nor, though she bid me love no more,
Could I be e'er inconstant to her.

The sailor, midst the dangerous main,
Full many a lovely region sees,
Fair islands, bright with golden grain,
And rich with ever blooming trees ;
But, till the destined port he gains,
Those transient charms he little prizes,
And quits with joy the happiest plains
Soon as a favouring gale arises.

My fancy had a mistress drawn,
And stamp'd her image on my heart ;
I roved o'er hill and vale and lawn,
But ne'er could find the counterpart :
This had the form, the air, the face,
That, the sweet smile's bewitching beauty,
And every singly winning grace
Fix'd for the time my wandering duty.

But now 'tis sped—my fancy's flight :

All former trivial, vain desires,
Like spectres fade before the light,
Or perish in sublimer fires.

He needs not fear again to fall
Before the shadow of perfection,
Who for the bright original
Has dared avow his soul's election.

LYRIC STANZAS.

AH ! what is life, with all its joys
And sorrows that disturb us so ?
The thunder's peal, with startling noise,
That for a moment shakes the skies,
And then—no more its path we know.

Ah ! what is pleasure ? what is power,
Fame, learning, honour, riches, praise ?
The glittering vision of an hour,
The rainbow of a summer's shower,
That passes from us while we gaze.

And what is love—our hope and stay—
The soft enchanter of our dreams ?
'Tis but the sunshine's transient ray,
That o'er the clouds of life's short day
A moment sheds its doubtful gleams.

Let me the transient bliss enjoy,
Unmindful of hereafter's gloom !
I'll view the sunshine of *her* eye,
While yet the fates that light supply,
And welcome then the friendly tomb.

For if my offering she despise,
'Tis only that the inconstant ray
One little instant sooner flies
From life's dark cloud that loads our skies ;
And soon that cloud will pass away.

But if my vows she should requite,
Will life that fleeting vapour be ?
Ah no ! To my enraptured sight
'Twill beam like heaven's eternal light—
And then, farewell, philosophy !

LYRIC STANZAS.

WHY will you fly me when I sue ?
No fond romantic tale is mine,
Such as a maid should scorn to hear :
The homage of a bosom true,
A flame from love's most holy shrine,
Why need it move distrust or fear ?

No sign of love return'd I seek :
A kind approving smile alone,

Or only not a frown from thee ;
Till time my vows sincere shall speak,
And thou no longer blush to own
A more than sister's care for me.

But if (forbid it, heaven !) thy breast
Disdain the thought I would impart,
Oh, end at once the hopes of mine !
My grief shall ne'er disturb your rest,
And not a sigh that rends my heart
Shall ever damp the joys of thine.

FROM PETRARCH.

NOV. 1804.

“ MIE venture al venir son pigre e tarde,
La speme incerta, e 'l desio monta e cresce ;
Onde 'l lassar e l' aspettar m' incresce.”

My joys on sluggish pinions move—
Hope is uncertain—and desire
Mounts on the eager wings of love ;
Thus, lingering, sickening, I expire.

THE WONFORD GHOST.

A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND. PARODIED FROM WORDSWORTH'S
LYRICAL BALLADS.

“ At the corner of Wood Street, ere daylight appears.”

At an old house in Wonford, ere daylight appears,
There's a ghost that has haunted the stair-case nine
years.

Poor Susan, who lived at the place, loves to tell
How the spectre she knew, and remembers it well.
'Tis the ghost of a waggon—she hears it, and sees
Twelve horses ascending the stairs on their knees:
To the gallows the jingle of bells echoes plain,
And the neighings resound throughout Heavitree
Lane.

It recalls to her mind days of rapture, when John
Would send by the waggon, from fair Honitòn,
Some Michaelmas fairing—a ribbon or glove,
Or a garter—the last, sweetest token of love.
From the window she looks; something seems to
approach:

'Tis the waggon—Ah no! 'tis the Exeter coach!
Again she looks out—'tis the waggon she spies;
How swift run the horses!—the dust, how it flies!
She looks—and her soul is in heaven—but they fade,

These visions of bliss from the poor forlorn maid ;
 No ribbons so flaunting, no garters so gay,
 For John, he was hang'd at the 'sizes last May.

MORAL.

Ye damsels, from Susan's sad story beware,
 How to thieves and housebreakers you offer an ear.
 When they're hang'd, no more waggons bring
 fairings from town,
 But the ghosts of four wheels roll your stairs up
 and down.

ON AN INCIDENT

RELATED IN SOME OF THE PUBLIC PAPERS. 1811.

PARODY OF SOUTHEY'S "CURSE OF KEHAMA."

"Arvalan ! Arvalan !
 Arvalan ! Arvalan !"

THERE is a spot at Drinsey nook
 Where builds her nest the feather-poke.*
 In what cave, or in what cell,
 Lovest thou, feather-poke, to dwell ?
 Under Temporell's dead jaw-bone
 Thou sitt'st and incubatest alone ;

* A mistake of the parodist, proving his culpable ignorance of one branch, at least, of natural history—ornithology. The feather-poke is not the name of the animal, but the

Where the clanking gibbet chain
 Swings o'er Gainsborough's houseless plain.
 The midnight pilgrim, wandering near,
 Turns aside his head for fear ;
 Yet he hears not human scream nor groan,
 For speech the senseless corse has none.
 But the wind hath a voice that sadly moans,
 And whistles amid the rattling bones ;
 And the feather-poke screams as by fits she looks out,
 Through the sightless sockets, and fleshless snout.
 Five years—five little years ago—
 The murderer was as we are now ;
 And now the small bird sits alone,
 And incubates under his jaw-bone.—
 Temporell ! Temporell !
 Temporell ! Temporell !
 The dead jaw-bone of Temporell.

nest of the bird called the tom-tit, or tit-mouse. It may be corrected, however, after the following manner :

“ There is a spot at Drinsey nook
 Where the tit-mouse builds its feather-poke.
 In what cave, or in what cell,
 Lovest thou, little Tit, to dwell ?”

And again :

“ And Tom-tit screams, as by fits he looks out,” &c.

I am indebted for this correction to the patient and persevering researches of an excellent friend at the British Museum.

FROM LAMENTATIONS. CHAP. I.

How desolate and sad
She sits, that once with multitudes o'erflow'd !
How hangs her widow'd head,
Deserted by her sovereign and her God !
How want and misery
Usurp the place of her fallen majesty !

She weeps the whole night long ;
Upon her pale cheek stands the briny tear :
Her lovers' numerous throng
No help afford, nor consolation bear ;
Her treacherous friends are fled,
Or turn their arms against her sinking head.

Judah is captive borne,
And in affliction drags the heavy chain ;
From all she honour'd torn,
Forspent, and lost, she prays for rest in vain.
All unforeseen they came
Who sought her ruin, and abhorr'd her name.

The ways of Zion mourn
Her rites neglected, and abandon'd fane ;
Her reverend priests forlorn,
Her maids afflicted, and her children slain ;

Her enemies are chief,
Nor from offended heaven hopes she relief.

Her charms are all declined ;
Her princes perish like the famish'd hart,
That can no shelter find,
And faint and trembling flies the hunter's dart ;
And, thinking in her woe
Of her past joys, her sorrows heavier grow.

THE FORTY-SIXTH PSALM.

OUR steadfast hope is God ;
The strength of our abode ;
Our help in troubles, ever ready found :
Therefore we will not fear,
Though earth herself uprear
From her foundations deep, with direful sound ;
Though rude rocks thundering from the steep
Fall, and increase the horrors of the raging deep ;

Though ocean's billows break,
Till loftiest mountains shake
At the rough surge that beat their savage sides ;
While by the Holy Hill
Yet flows a living rill,
Gladdening bright Zion with its gentle tides,
And in the midst our God doth stand :
• Therefore it shall endure unmoved, by his command.

When as the nations raged,
And wars the mighty waged,
And all the kingdoms of the wide world shook,
Then thunder'd from on high
The dreadful Deity,
And the globe melted, by his lightnings strook.
The Lord of armies is our shield ;
To us shall Jacob's God his heavenly refuge yield.

O tremble at the Lord,
Whose all-commanding word
Earth's loveliest realms can render desolate ;
Who biddeth wars to cease,
And every land be peace ;
Who breaks the bow, and makes the sword abate ;
Who, with his lightning's fearful force,
Fires the proud scythéd chariot in its swiftest course.

“ Be humble, and adore !
I am the God, before
All other gods whose name is lifted high ;
Whose everlasting throne
Shall through the world be known,
The one unseen, unrivall'd Deity !”—
The Lord of armies is our shield ;
To us shall Jacob's God a heavenly refuge yield.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.

THE following portion of the present volume will be found to contain most that belong to myself only, of those translations which have from time to time been accepted as the joint productions of Bland and Merivale: together with such others as I had prepared, and designed for publication in a second volume to the edition of 1833. In arranging them with a view to my present purpose, I have distinguished them under five heads,—the first comprising such of the Translations, from the Anthology properly speaking, as were printed in the earliest edition, that of 1806, with subsequent corrections; the second containing those (from the same source,) which were added to the former, and first printed in the edition of 1813; the third comprising the still later additions of 1833; the fourth consisting of such as were intended for a second volume, but are still remaining unpublished; and the fifth containing translations from the elegiac, gnomic, and dramatic poets, some of which were incorporated in the editions of 1806 and 1813, and others (yet unpublished,) were reserved to be inserted by way of appendix.

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

PART THE FIRST. 1806.

FROM MELEAGER.

WHEN Cleärista loosed her virgin zone,
She in the bridal chamber found a grave :
Death claim'd the bridegroom's right : to Death alone
The treasure cherish'd for her spouse she gave.

To sweetest sounds the joyous evening fled,
The flute's soft strain and hymenæal choir :
At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.

The very torches that, at fall of night,
Shed their full radiance o'er the nuptial room,
Those very torches, with the morning's light,
Conduct the virgin to her silent tomb.

FROM ERINNA.

I AM the tomb of Baucis, hapless bride.
Unto this pillar, traveller, turn aside !

Turn to this tearworn monument, and say,
“ O envious Death, to charm this life away !”
These mystic emblems all too plainly show
The bitter fate of her who sleeps below.
The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
To light the virgin to the bridegroom’s door,
With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire,
That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.

ON ERINNA.

BY AN ANONYMOUS POET.

SCARCE nineteen summer suns had shed
Youth’s roses o’er the virgin’s head ;
While by a guardian mother’s side
Her customary task she plied ;
Bad the rich silks her loom prepare,
Or plied the distaff’s humbler care.
Her modest worth the muses knew,
Brought her bright genius forth to view,
And—ah ! too soon from mortal eyes—
Bore her, their handmaid, to the skies.

FROM IBYCUS.

WHAT time soft zephyrs fan the trees
In the blest gardens of the Hesperides ;
Where those bright golden apples glow,

Fed by the fruitful streams that round them flow,
And new-born clusters teem with wine
Beneath the shadowy foliage of the vine ;
To me the joyous season brings
But added torture on his sunny wings.
Then Love, stern tyrant of my breast,
Impetuous ravisher of joy and rest,
Bursts, furious, from his mother's arms,
And fills my trembling soul with new alarms.
Like Boreas, from his Thracian plains,
Clothed in fierce lightnings, in my bosom reigns,
And rages still, the maddening power :
His parching flames my wither'd heart devour ;
Wild frenzy comes my senses o'er ;
Sweet Peace is fled, and Reason rules no more.

FROM ANACREON. ODE XXXIV.

FLY not because revolving Time
Has silver'd o'er Anacreon's head ;
Nor, glorying in thy flowery prime,
Be by a younger lover led.
Think'st thou my winter ill agrees
With the young charms thy spring discloses ?
Remember how those garlands please
Where lilies mingle with the roses.

THE SAME. 1833.

FLY not because the touch of Time
My silver'd locks discover ;
Nor, glorying in thy golden prime,
Disdain a grey-beard lover.
Think'st thou my winter ill agrees
With charms thy spring discloses ?
Remember how those garlands please
Where lilies mix with roses.

FROM ANACREON. ODE XIX.

THE black earth drinks the falling rain,
Trees drink the moisten'd earth again,
Ocean drinks the streams that run,
Only to yield them to the sun ;
And the sun himself, as soon,
Is swallow'd by the thirsty moon.
All nature drinks—if I would sip,
Why dash the goblet from my lip ?

FROM SIMONIDES.

THIS tomb records Megistias' honour'd name ;
Who, bravely fighting in the ranks of fame,

Fell by the Persians, near Sperchius' tide :
Both past and future well the prophet knew ;
And yet, though death lay open to his view,
He chose to perish at his monarch's side.

FROM THE SAME.

DAUGHTER of him who ruled the Athenian plains,
This honour'd dust Archedicé contains.
Of tyrants mother, daughter, sister, wife—
Her mind was modest, and unstain'd her life.

BY HYBRIAS. A SCOLIUM.

MY riches are the arms I wield ;
The spear, the sword, the shaggy shield,
My bulwark in the battle field.
With this I plough the furrow'd soil,
With this I share the reaper's toil,
With this I press the generous juice
That rich and sunny vines produce ;
With these, of rule and high command
I bear the mandate in my hand,
For, while the slave and coward fear
To wield the buckler, sword, and spear,
They bend the supplicating knee,
And own my just supremacy.

FROM ASCLEPIADES.

STILL glorying in thy virgin flower ?
Yet, in those gloomy shades below,
No lovers will adorn thy bower—
Love's pleasures with the living glow.
Virgin ! we shall be dust alone
On the sad shore of Acheron.

FROM LEONIDAS. HIS OWN EPITAPH.

FAR from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the dear land of my infancy :
'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,
But in a stranger clime 'tis worse than death.
Call it not life, to pass thy fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage :
But me the muse has ever loved, and given
Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of heaven ;
Nor lets my memory decay, but long
To distant times preserves my deathless song.

FROM BION.

If any virtue my rude songs can claim,
Enough the muse has given to build my fame ;

And, if condemn'd ingloriously to die,
Why longer tune my mortal minstrelsy?
Had Jove, or Fate, to life two seasons lent,
In toil and ease alternate to be spent,
Then well one portion labour might employ
In expectation of the following joy.
But if one only age of life is due
To man, and that so short and transient too,
How long, most miserable race, in care,
And fruitless labour, waste the vital air?
How long, with idle toil, to wealth aspire,
And feed a never satisfied desire?
How long forget, that, mortal from our birth,
Short is our troubled sojourn on the earth?

FROM THE SAME.

MILD star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love!
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night;

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And, when my steps are absent far,
Leading the shepherd minstrelsy,

Then, though the moon deny her ray,
O light me, Hesper, on my way !

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or prompt him in his plundering trade.
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

FROM MOSCHUS.

O'ER the smooth main when scarce a zephyr blows,
To break the dark blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.
But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with sky,
Trembling I shun the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.

Sweet are the sounds that murmur thro' the wood,
When roaring storms upheave the dangerous flood.
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
But hard the life the weary fisher finds,
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds ;
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labour, and uncertain gains.

Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn wanderer's ear.

FROM THE SAME.

FROM where his silver waters glide,
Majestic, to the ocean tide,
Through fair Olympia's plain,
Still his dark course Alphéus keeps
Beneath the mantle of the deeps,
Nor mingles with the main.

To grace his distant bride, he pours
The sands of Pisa's sacred shores,
And flowers that deck her grove ;
Then rising from the unconscious brine,
On Arethusa's breast divine
Receives the meed of love.

'Tis thus with soft bewitching skill
The childish god deludes our will,
And triumphs o'er our pride ;
The mighty river owns his force,
Bends to the sway his yielding course,
And dives beneath the tide.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.

“O SUN, farewell!”—from the tall rampart’s height,
Cleombrotus, exclaiming, plunged to night.
Nor wasting care, nor fortune’s adverse strife,
Chill’d his young hopes with weariness of life;
But Plato’s god-like page had fix’d his eye,
And made him long for immortality.

FROM DIOSCORIDES.

WHEN Thrasybulus from the battle field
Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield,
His honour’d corse disfigured still with gore
From seven wide wounds—and all received before—
Upon the pyre his hoary father laid,
And to the admiring crowd exulting said—
“Let slaves lament. But I, without a tear,
Lay mine and Sparta’s son upon his bier.”

FROM TYMNEUS.

DEMETRIUS, as he basely fled the field,
A Spartan born, his Spartan mother kill’d;
Then stretching forth the reeking blade, she cried
—Her teeth fierce gnashing with disdainful pride—

“ Fly, cursed offspring, to the shades below,
Where proud Eurotas shall no longer flow
For timid hinds like thee !—Fly, trembling slave !
Detested wretch, to Pluto’s darkest cave !
This womb so vile a monster never bore.
Disown’d by Sparta, thou’rt my son no more.”

FROM THE SAME.

GRIEVE not, Philænis, though condemn’d to die
Far from thy parent soil and native sky ;
Though stranger hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thine ashes in a barbarous isle.
To all on death’s last dreary voyage bound,
The road is equal, and alike the ground.

FROM ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

FEW were thy notes, Erinna—short thy lay—
But its sweet breath the muse herself had given ;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor night obscure thy fame, which lives in heaven :

While we, the unnumber’d bards of after time,
Sink in the melancholy grave unseen,
Unhonour’d reach Avernus’ fabled clime,
And leave no memory that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays,
Though but an instant heard, or ere they die ;
But the long chattering of discordant jays
The breeze of April scatters through the sky.

FROM ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

THE first faint blush of morn—the twilight gray,
Sacred to lovers, (sweet !) hath pass'd away.
Already has the herald bird, in scorn
Of our delights, proclaim'd approaching morn.
—Most hateful bird !—that bidst me now repair
To the throng'd haunts of commerce and of care !
Sure, age has sprinkled Tithon's brows with snow,
No more his veins in genial current flow ;
His sense how cold !—his wither'd heart how dead !
Who drives so soon a goddess from his bed.

FROM CRINAGORAS.

LET Cynegirus' name, renown'd of yore,
And brave Othryades be heard no more !
By Rhine's swoln wave Italian Arrius lay,
Transfix'd with wounds, and sobb'd his soul away ;
But, seeing Rome's proud eagle captive led,
He started from the ghastly heaps of dead,
The captor slew, the noble prize brought home,
And found Death only not to be o'ercome.

FROM BIANOR.

IN Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid ;
But not the tomb's all desolating shade,
The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
Even hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres ;
Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
Unhappy boys ! for whom High Jove ordains
Eternal Hatred's never sleeping pains.

FROM ANTIPHILUS.

HAIL, venerable boughs, that, in mid sky,
Spread broad and deep your leafy canopy !
Hail, cool refreshing shade, abode most dear,
To the sun-wearied traveller wandering near !
Hail, close inwoven bowers, fit dwelling place
For insect tribes, and man's imperial race !
Me too, reclining in your green retreat,
Shield from the blazing day's meridian heat.

FROM LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

IN the dark winter's night, while wide around
The furious hail-storm clatters on the ground,
While every field is deep in drifted snow,

And Boreas bids his bitterest tempests blow,
A solitary Lion, gaunt and grim,
Ravenous with cold, and numb'd in every limb,
Stalks to the Goat-herds' miserable shed,
From the rude wind to shield his storm-beat head.
The affrighted natives of the lonely spot
With cries of stifled horror fill the cot ;
No more their numerous herds demand their care,
While for themselves they offer up the prayer,
And call the Saviour Jove, as fix'd they stand,
Together press'd—a trembling, shuddering band.
Meanwhile, the lordly savage, safe and warm,
Bides the rude pelting of the wintry storm,
Then calmly quits the mute astonish'd horde,
Leaving their meal untasted on the board.

In grateful memory of so rare a fate,
The swains to Jove this offering consecrate,
And, still suspended from the Oak-branch, shew
This faithful image of their gentle foe.

FROM THE SAME.

HER infant playing on the verge of fate,
When but an instant's space had been too late,
For pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath,
The Mother saw ; she laid her bosom bare ;
The child sprang forward, the known bliss to share ;
And that which nourish'd life, averted death.

FROM THE SAME.

THAT soul which vanquish'd war could never win,
Now yields, reluctant to a foe within.
Come then, my sword ! grant me a soldier's due—
And so disease shall own me Conqueror too.

FROM PARMENIO.

AT THERMOPYLÆ.

HIM who reversed the laws that Nature gave,
Sail'd o'er the continent, and walk'd the wave ;
Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain
Havestopp'd : O blush ye mountains, and thou main !

THE SAME ENLARGED.

WHEN from his throne arose the Persian lord,
And on devoted Greece his myriads pour'd,
O'er the broad seas his chariots roll'd to shore,
And his proud navy humbled Athos bore.
But when the God of Sparta's iron coast
Sent his brave sons to meet their swarming host,
Three hundred lances stemm'd the battle's tide.
—Mountains and seas, your guilty blushes hide !

FROM LUCIAN.

IN Pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly ;
But to the wretch one night's eternity.

FROM LUCILIUS.

WHEN for long life the old man pours his prayers,
Grant, Heaven, a lengthen'd life of growing years !

FROM ARGENTARIUS.

CALL it not a test of love
If sun-like beauty lights the flame.
Beauty every heart can move ;
It delights the Gods above,
And is to all the same.

But, if thy fond doting eye
Have taught thy heart a different creed ;
If for wrinkled age you'll sigh,
Or adore deformity,
Then you must love indeed.

FROM TULLIUS GEMINUS.

GREECE be the monument ! around her throw
The broken trophies of the Persian fleet :
Inscribe the Gods who led the insulting foe,
With mighty Xerxes, at the tablet's feet.
There lay Themistocles : to spread his fame
A lasting column Salamis shall be.
Raise not, weak man, to that immortal name
The little records of mortality !

FROM RUFINUS.

THIS garland intertwined with fragrant flowers,
Pluck'd by my hand, to thee, my Love, I send,
Pale lilies here with blushing roses blend ;
Anemone, besprent with April showers ;
Lovelorn Narcissus ; violet that pours
From every purple cup the glad perfume ;
And, while upon thy sweeter breast they bloom,
Yield to the voice of Love thy passing hours !
For thou, like these, wilt fade at Nature's doom.

FROM THE SAME.

WHY will Melissa, young and fair,
Still her virgin love deny,

When every motion, every air,
The passion of her soul declare,
And give her words the lie ?

That panting breath, that broken sigh,
And those limbs, that trembling fail,
With that dark hollow round her eye,
The mark of Cupid's archery,
Too plainly tell the tale.

But, O thou God of soft desire !
By thy mother, throned above,
Oh let not pity quench thine ire,
Till, yielding to thy fiercest fire,
She cries at length, " I love."

FROM THE SAME.

THE queen of Heaven's bright eyes illumine thy face ;
Great Pallas lends thine arms their polish'd grace ;
Thetis thine ankle's slender strength bestows ;
And Venus in thy swelling bosom glows.
Happy the Lover, of thy sight possest ;
Who listens to thy melting voice thrice blest ;
Almost a God, whose love is met by thine ;
Who folds thee in his arms, indeed divine.

FROM PALLADAS.

THE laughing women call me old,
And bid me in a glass behold
The ruins of my former state ;
But, let the locks my temples bear
Be grey or black, I nothing care,
And leave it to the will of Fate.

But this I know ; though Nature's call
Subject me to the lot of all,
Still, as my ebbing days decline,
I'll make the most of my short hours,
Be bathed in odours, crown'd with flowers,
And drown Old Care in floods of wine.

FROM THE SAME.

FROM the dire conflict as a Spartan fled,
His Mother cross'd his path, and (awful !) said,
Pointing the sword against his recreant breast ;
“ If thou canst live, the mark of scorn and shame,
Thou liv'st, the murderer of thy Mother's fame,
The base deserter of a soldier's part.
If by this hand thou die, my name may be
Of Mothers most accurst—but Sparta's free.”

FROM AGATHIAS.

ANCHISES TO VENUS.

OFT hast thou left the realms of air
To dwell with me on Ida's shore ;
But, now gay youth is mine no more,
And Age has stamp'd my brow with care,
O Queen of love, my youth restore,
Or take my offering of gray hair !

FROM THE SAME.

So shadow-like a form you bear,
So near allied to shapeless air,
That with some reason you may fear,
When you salute, to draw too near,
Lest, if your friend be scant of breath,
The close approach may prove your death,
And that poor frame, so light and thin,
Be at his nostrils taken in.
Yet, if with philosophic eye
You look, you need not fear to die ;
For, grant poetic tales be true,
No transformation waits for you.
You cannot, e'en at Pluto's bar,
Be more a spectre than you are.

FROM PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

WE ask no flowers to crown the blushing rose,
Nor glittering gems, thy beauteous form to deck ;
The pearl, in Persia's precious gulf that grows,
Yields to the dazzling whiteness of thy neck :
Gold adds not to the lustre of thy hair,
But, vanquish'd, sheds a fainter lustre there.

The Indian hyacinth's celestial hue
Shrinks from the bright effulgence of thine eye ;
The Paphian Goddess bathed thy lips in dew,
And lent thy form ambrosial harmony.
My soul would perish in the melting gaze,
But for thine eyes, where Hope for ever plays.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN I left thee, Love, I swore
Not to see thy face again
For a fortnight's space, or more ;
But the cruel oath was vain,
Since the first day I spent from thee
Was a whole year of misery.

O then, for thy lover move
Every gentler deity,

Not to register above

His constrained perjury !

And thou, too, pity his despair !

Heaven's rage, with thine, he cannot bear.

FROM MACEDONIUS.

I ASK not gold, I ask not power ;

I never pray'd Great Jove to shower

On me the wealth that Homer sings,

The grandeur of the Theban kings.

I will be well contented, so

My cup with ceaseless bumpers flow,

And my moist lips for ever shine

In honour of the God of wine ;

And friends, who share my inmost soul,

Share also in the fragrant bowl.

Then let the grave and dull possess

Their toil-won wealth—short happiness !

These are my riches, which I'll love

So long as I'm allow'd by Jove ;

For, while the sparkling bowl we drain,

The boasts of pride and pomp are vain.

FROM STRATO.

DRINK and be glad, my friend, for mirth and wine

Cannot be always yours, nor always mine.

With rosy garlands let us wreath our head,
Nor leave them to be scatter'd o'er the dead :
Now let my bones the copious vintage have—
Deucalion's self may float them in the grave.

FROM AN UNCERTAIN AUTHOR.

SEEK not to glad these senseless stones
With fragrant ointments, rosy wreaths ;
No warmth can reach my mouldering bones
From lustral fire that vainly breathes.

Now let me revel whilst I may ;
The wine that o'er my grave is shed
Mixes with dust, and turns to clay—
No honours can delight the dead.

ANOTHER.

O THAT I were some gentle air ;
That, when the heats of summer glow,
And lay thy panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow !
O that I were yon blushing flower,
Which even now thy hands have press'd ;
To live, though but for one short hour,
Upon the Elysium of thy breast !

ANOTHER.

COME, Lesbian maids, to Juno's royal dome,
With steps that hardly press the pavement, come !
Let your own Sappho lead the tuneful quire,
And to the altar bear her golden lyre.
Then, first, in graceful order slow advance,
Weaving light mazes of the joyous dance.
Herself, the while, from honey'd lips shall pour
Such strains that men may wonder and adore.

ANOTHER.

O SACRED voice of the Pierian choir,
Immortal Pindar ! O enchanting air
Of sweet Bacchylides ! O rapturous lyre,
Majestic graces of the Lesbian fair !
Muse of Anacreon, the gay and young !
Stesichorus ! thy full Homeric stream ;
Soft elegies by Cæa's poet sung ;
Persuasive Ibycus ! thy glowing theme :
Sword of Alcæus, that, with tyrants' gore
Gloriously painted, lift'st thy point so high !
Ye tuneful nightingales, that still deplore
Your Alcman, prince of amorous poesy !
O yet impart some breath of heavenly fire
To him who venerates the Grecian lyre.

ANOTHER.

How oft, my Lycid, will I bathe with tears
This little stone, which our great love endears !
Thou too, in memory of the vows we made,
Drink not of Lethe in the realms of shade !

ANOTHER.

THOU art not dead, my daughter, tho' no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore ;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth and love for ever blooming rest,
Or joyful wandering on Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers, where never thorn is found.
No winter freezes there, no summer fires,
No sickness weakens, and no labour tires ;
No longer poverty nor thirst oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness ;
But spring for ever glows, divinely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

FROM AGATHIAS.

A PLAINTIFF once explain'd his cause
To counsel learned in the laws.
“ My bondmaid lately ran away,

And in her flight was met by A ;
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
Espoused her to his servant B.
The issue of this marriage—say,
Do they belong to me, or A ?”
The lawyer, true to his vocation,
Gave signs of deepest cogitation,
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hemm'd, and said, “ Your case is clear.
Those children, as begot by B
Upon your bondmaid must, you see,
Be your's or A's. Now this I say,
They can't be yours if they to A
Belong. It follows then, of course,
That, if they are not his, they're yours :
Therefore, by my advice, in short,
You'll take the judgment of the court.

FROM THE SAME.

NICOSTRATUS, that second Stagyrte,
Who sits like Plato, perch'd on wisdom's height,
A simple scholar thus address'd one day.
“ What is the soul, O sage illumined, say !
Mortal or deathless ?—substance, or mere shade ?
Of reasoning sense, or blind perception made ?
Or both at once ? Resolve my doubts,” he said.
The sage his books of meteors 'gan unroll,
And Aristotle's treatise on the soul,

And Plato's Phædon to its source explored,
Where truth from Jove's eternal fount is pour'd ;
—Then waved his hand, applied it to his chin,
And utter'd thus the oracle within :
“ If all the world be soul—(and if 'tis so
Or not I must confess I do not know—)
But if, I say, all nature spirit be,
It must be mortal, or from death be free,
Must be substantial, or (if not) mere shade,
Of reasoning sense, or blind perception made,
Or both, or neither—but, my friend, (he said,)
If more you wish to learn, to Hades go ;
And there, as much as Plato, soon you'll know :
Or, if you choose, ascend the rampart's height,
Mimick Cleombrotus, and plunge to night—
Quit this encumbering vest of moisten'd clay ;
And then—return and teach me, if you may.”

A PARODY.

DICK cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short ;
Nor ever cries “ God bless me ! ” when he sneezes—
He cannot hear so distant a report.

ANOTHER.

WHEN Timothy's house was on fire t'other night,
The wretched old man almost died with the fright ;

For ropes and for water he bawl'd till half mad,
But no water was near, and no ropes to be had.
The fire still grew hotter, and Tim still grew madder,
Till he thought of Dick's nose, and it served for a
ladder.

ANOTHER.

LET Dick some summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws :
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

ANOTHER.

TOM prudently thinking his labour ill-spared,
If e'er, unadvised, for his plans he prepared,
Consulted a wizard, when starting for Dover,
If the wind would be fair, and the voyage well over.
The seer gravely answer'd, first stroking his beard,
If your boat be stout timber'd and carefully steer'd,
If you stay all the winter, and still wait on shore,
Till spring is advanced, and the equinox o'er,
You may sail there and back, without danger or fear,
—Unless you are caught by a French privateer.

ANOTHER.

WHEN Narva asks a friend to dine,
He gives a pint of tavern wine,
A musty loaf and stinking ham,
Then overwhelms with epigram.
A kinder fate Apollo gave,
Who whelm'd beneath the Tyrrhene wave
The impious rogues that stole his kine.
Oh Narva, let their lot be mine !
Or if no river's near your cell,
Shew me at least your deepest well.

II. ADDITIONAL EPIGRAMS. 1813.

FROM SAPPHO. A FRAGMENT.

BLEST as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth whose eye may look on thee,
Whose ear thy tongue's sweet melody
May still devour !

Thou smilest too ?—sweet smile, whose charm
Has struck my soul with wild alarm,
And, when I see thee, bids disarm
Each vital power.

Speechless I gaze : the flame within
Runs swift o'er all my quivering skin ;
My eye-balls swim ; with dizzy din
My brain reels round ;

And cold drops fall ; and tremblings frail
Seize every limb ; and grassy pale
I grow ; and then—together fail
Both sight and sound !

FROM ANACREON. ODE XVII.

I do not want the rolling car,
Helm or shield with silver bound—
What have I to do with war ?
But a goblet deep and round.

Trace not on its polish'd side
Star, nor planet's varied form,
Such as rule the angry tide,
Or direct the rising storm.

Let a vine the cup surround,
Clasping with its tendrils fine ;
And amid the golden ground
Raise a vat of new-made wine.

Then the festal chorus leading,
Carve the Theban god above ;
And the mellow vintage treading,
Cupid, with the maid I love.

FROM THE SAME. ODE XX.

SAD Niobe, on Phrygian shore,
Was turn'd to marble by despair;
And hapless Progne learn'd to soar
On swallow's wing through liquid air.

But I would be a mirror,
So thou may'st pleased behold me,
Or robe, with close embraces
About thy limbs to fold me ;

A crystal fount, to lave thee,
Sweet oyls, thy hair to deck,
A zone, to press thy bosom,
Or pearl, to gem thy neck.

Or, might I worship at thy feet,
A sandal for those feet I'd be :
E'en to be trodden on were sweet,
If to be trodden on by thee.

FROM THE SAME.

TIMOCRITUS adorns this humble grave—
Mars spares the coward, and destroys the brave.

FROM THE SAME.

THEE too, Cleanor, strong desire laid low—
Desire, that wretched exiles only know,
Of thy loved native land. The tyrant sway
Of winter had no force to make thee stay :
Thy fatal hour was come : and, tempest-spiced,
The wild waves closed around thy cherish'd head.

FROM PLATO.

SLEEP, ye rude winds ! Be every murmur dead
On yonder oak-crown'd promontory's head !
Be still, ye bleating flocks—your shepherd calls :
Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls !
Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain,
And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain.
Lured by his notes, the nymphs their bowers forsake,
From every fountain, running stream, and lake,
From every hill and ancient grove around,
And to symphonious measures strike the ground.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN Venus bade the Aonian maids obey,
Or her own son should vindicate her sway,
The virgins answer'd, "Threat your subjects thus !
That puny warrior has no arms for us."

FROM ASCLEPIADES.

SWEET is the goblet cool'd with winter-snows,
To him who pants in summer's scorching heat,
And sweet to weary mariners, repose
From ocean's tempests, in some green retreat ;
But far more sweet than these, the conscious bower,
Where lovers meet, at love's delighted hour.

FROM THE SAME.

SNOW on ! hail on ! cast darkness all around me !
Let loose thy thunder ! with thy lightning wound me !
I care not, Jove, but thy worst rage defy ;
Nor will I cease to revel, till I die.
Spare me my life—and let thy thunders roar,
And lightnings flash—I'll only revel more.
Thunderer ! a god more potent far than thou,
To whom thou too hast yielded, mads me now.

FROM LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

THREE brothers dedicate, great Pan ! to thee,
Their nets, the various emblems of their toil ;
Pigres, who brings from realms of air his spoil,
Damis from woods, and Clitor from the sea :
So may the treasures of the deep be given
To this, to those the fruits of earth and heaven.

FROM THE SAME.

To Pan, the master of the woodland plain,
To young Lyæus, and the azure train
Of nymphs who make the pastoral life their care,
With offerings due old Arcas pours his prayer.
To Pan a playful kid, in wars untried,
He vows, yet sporting by the mother's side ;
And spreads the creeping ivy on the vine,
A grateful present to the god of wine ;
And to the gentler deities, who guide
Their winding streamlets o'er the mountain's side,
Each varied bud from autumn's shady bowers,
Mix'd with the full-blown rose's purple flowers.
Therefore, ye nymphs, enrich my narrow field
With the full stores your bounteous fountains yield ;
Pan, bid my luscious pails with milk o'erflow,
And, Bacchus, teach my mellow vines to glow !

FROM THE SAME.

With rapid prow the buoyant vessels glide,
And cut the glassy surface of the tide,
The glassy surface, white with foam no more,
But smoothly flowing to the level shore ;

Or, settled in a deep and calm repose,
Unruffled by the breeze that scarcely blows.
For now the swallow's voice, heard faintly clear,
Spring's gracious zephyr wafts along the air ;
Beneath the pent-house roof's embowering shade
The amorous bird her clay-built nest hath laid,
Securely guarded for her callow brood ;
The cricket has his merry song renew'd,
And early foliage burst through every grove,
And roses open to the touch of love.
Now set your anchors free ; spread every sail,
And loose your cordage to the friendly gale ;
Quit, quit the port, where the long winter's day
Has pass'd inglorious, unimproved, away !
Now tempt afresh the fortune of the wave,
Seek other shores, and new adventures brave !
So may the god of trade reward your toil
With every bounty, shower'd from every soil ;
And guide your barks triumphant o'er the main,
Laden with plenty, to their homes again.

FROM THEOCRITUS. ELEVENTH IDYLL.

For love no potent medicine is known,
No true physician but the muse alone ;
Lenient her balmy hand, and sweetly sure—
But few are they for whom she works the cure.

This truth my gentle Nicias holds divine,
Favour'd alike by Pæan and the Nine ;
This truth, long since, within his rugged breast,
Torn with fierce passion, Polypheme confest.

'Twas when advancing manhood first had shed
The early pride of summer o'er his head,
His Galatea on these plains he wooed ;
Yet not, like other swains, the nymph pursued
With fragrant flowers, or fruits, or garlands fair,
But with hot madness and abrupt despair :
And while his bleating flocks neglected sought,
Without a shepherd's care, their fold self-taught,
He, wandering on the sea-beat shore all day,
Sang of his hopeless love, and pined away.
From morning's dawn he sang, till evening's close ;
Fierce were the pangs that robb'd him of repose ;
The mighty Queen of Love had barb'd the dart,
And deeply fix'd it rankling in his heart.
Then song assuaged the tortures of his mind,
While, on a rock's commanding height reclined,
His eye wide stretching o'er the level main,
Thus would he cheat the lingering hours of pain.

“ Fair Galatea, why a lover scorn ?
O whiter than the fleece on Ætna born !
Coy, wild, and playful as the mountain-roë,
Bright as the cluster'd vine's meridian glow !
You come when sleep has seal'd my eye in night,
Smile on my dreams, and rouse me to delight :
I wake—your image flies unkind away,
Or melts and fades before the coming day.

I loved thee, maid, from that delicious hour,
When with your mother first you sought my bower ;
I was the guide that led you on your way,
And show'd you where the fairest hyacinths lay.
I loved thee then, and, since those days are o'er,
Have never ceased to love thee and adore !
But you, fair virgin, care not for my pain—
I know you care not, and my prayers are vain.
'Tis not this rugged front, this lowering brow,
(For ever haggard, but more haggard now,)—
'Tis not this single eye of scorching fire
(More scorching with the pangs of hot desire,)
Can win a female heart, or hope to move
A virgin's young and tender breast to love.
Yet, though so rude, a thousand sheep I feed,
Bounteous in milk, and plenteous in their breed ;
A still succeeding store my churns supply,
For ever yielding, and yet never dry.
Yet, rugged as I am, my breath can make
The simple reed to softest music wake.
None of my fellow swains can sing like me,
Tuning my vocal pipe, sweet maid, to thee.
How oft the listening hills have heard my song
Ascending from the vale the whole night long !
O come, dear maid, to me ! and thou shalt hear
The surgy billow roar, and feel no fear ;
While safely guarded in my arms you lie,
Safe in this cavern from the inclement sky !
O come to me ! the verdant laurels wave
With lofty cedars o'er this quiet cave.

There amorous ivy creeps, and intertwines
With swelling clusters of the richest vines ;
There crystal springs more cool than *Ætna's* snow
Gush from the hills and round my arbours flow :
The limpid beverage from the fountain's brink
(Worthy of gods) shall *Galatea* drink.
What if I seem uncouth ? this spreading wood,
When winter strews the plain and binds the flood,
Is all my own—and through the evil days
Our cheerful hearth with constant fires shall blaze.
Oh, had my mother given me but to glide
With cutting fins beneath the billowy tide,
I then had sought thy coral cave, my fair,
And brought the sweetest presents of the year ;
The virgin lily from our summer's bowers,
And poppy, nursed by autumn's dying hours ;
Then might I kiss thy lovely hand, and sip
(O daring thought !) the honey of thy lip.
Leave then, fair nymph, yon caverns where you play ;
And, having left, forget your homeward way !
Come, tend my sheep with me, or for me squeeze
The harden'd curd, and form the luscious cheese.
—Where are thy senses, *Polypheme*, ah where ?
She heeds not thy complaint, she mocks thy prayer.
Go to thy sheep again ! 'twere better bind
These ruin'd wattles, and keep out the wind,
Than thus pursue with unavailing pain
A scornful daughter of the un pitying main.
Go to thy home, poor wretch ! In yonder grove
Are many nymphs, and some may heed thy love.

There are, (and those among the brightest fair,)
Who bid me tend their flocks, their revels share :
I shunn'd their haunts and fled from them before ;
But now grown wiser, I'll refuse no more.
Oft have they laugh'd to see my passion burn ;
They'll laugh no longer when I home return :
Then, haughty Galatea, shalt thou prove
That thou hast scorn'd what gentler virgins love!"

—Thus sang the uncouth swain where *Ætna's* brow
Hangs awful, frowning o'er the deep below :
Thus would he feed his love, and with the strain
He calm'd his troubled heart and eased his pain.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.

QUEEN of the zephyr's breezy cape ! to thee
This polish'd shell, the treasure of the sea,
Her earliest offering, young *Selena* bears,
Join'd with the incense of her maiden prayers.
Erewhile with motion, power, and sense endued,
Alive it floated on the parent flood ;
When, if the gale more rudely breathed, it gave
Its natural sail expanded to the wave.
But while the billows slept upon the shore,
And the tempestuous winds forgot to roar,
Like some proud galley, floated on the tide,
And busy feet the want of oars supplied.

Shipwreck'd at last upon the Iulian strand,
It now, Arsinoë, asks thy favouring hand ;
No more its vows the plaintive halcyon hail
For the soft breathings of a western gale,
But that, oh mighty queen ! thy genial power
On young Selena every gift may shower
That love with beauteous innocence can share :
For these, and only these, accept the prayer !

FROM HEDYLUS.

WHILE on soft beds your pillow'd limbs recline,
Dissolved by Bacchus and the Queen of Love,
Remember, Gout's a daughter of that line,
And she'll dissolve them soon, my friend, by Jove.

FROM POSIDIPPUS.

WHAT path of life would man desire to keep ?
Wrangling and strife the forum yields : at home
Are cares ; abroad, incessant toils ; the deep
Is vex'd with storms : an exile wouldst thou roam ?
If wealthy, fears ; if needy, slights await.
Wouldst seek to wed ? Expect not so to shun
The general doom. Wouldst choose a single state ?
In joyless gloom thy heavy hours will run.

Children are plagues ; a childless life's accurst :
Folly's in youth ; in age fresh infancy.
Never to have been born, the wise man first
Would wish ; and next, as soon as born, to die.

FROM METRODORUS.

WHATEVER path of life you choose to tread,
Praise and wise deeds the active forum yields ;
At home is rest to crown your grateful bed,
And all the charms of nature deck the fields.
Bright hopes of fortune waft us o'er the deep :
And, should we chance in foreign climes to stray,
If rich, we're honour'd ; and, if poor, may keep
Unmark'd the modest tenor of our way.
If married, blest and honour'd is your state ;
If single, still you're blest, because you're free ;
The father joys ; no cares the childless wait ;
In youth is strength, in grey hairs dignity.
Then false the lay that bids men hate to live,
Since every form of life can pleasure give.

FROM MELEAGER.

BLEST is the goblet—oh how blest !
Which Heliodora's lips have prest.
Ah ! might those lips but meet with mine,
My soul would melt away in thine.

FROM THE SAME.

HAIL, universal mother ! lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
Its fellow worm.

FROM AN UNCERTAIN AUTHOR.

WHETHER thy locks with jetty radiance shine,
Or golden ringlets o'er thy shoulder stray,
Still in those locks the loves and graces twine,
And still shall twine, albe they turn to gray.

ANOTHER.

ON THE VENUS OF PRAXITELES.

MY naked charms ! The prince of Troy—
The Dardan swain—the hunter boy—
To those, and only those, I've shown them.
—How should Praxiteles have known them ?

ANOTHER.

ON THE STATUE OF VENUS ARMED.

PALLAS met beauty's queen array'd in arms,—
And ask'd—"Dost thou too venture to the field?"
Smiling she answer'd—"If my naked charms
Such prizes win, what may my spear and shield?"

ANOTHER.

THE OLIVE TO THE VINE.

I AM Minerva's sacred plant,
Press me no more, intruding vine !
Unwreathe your wanton arms ! Avaunt !
A modest maiden loves not wine.

FROM PHILODEMUS.

THE strains that flow from young Timarion's lyre,
Her tongue's soft voice, and melting eloquence,
Her sparkling eyes, that glow with fond desire,
Her warbling notes that chain the admiring sense,
Subdue my soul—I know not how, or whence.
Too soon it will be known when all my soul's on fire.

FROM THE SAME.

NOT yet the blossoms of the spring decay'd,
Nor full the purpling treasures of the vine ;
Yet have the loves prepared their shafts, fair maid,
And lit their torches at thy vestal shrine.
O let me fly, while yet unstrung their bows,
While smouldering still the conflagration glows !

FROM THE SAME.

TO-MORROW, Piso, at the evening hour,
My friend shall lead thee to his simple bower,
 To keep with feast our annual twentieth night :
If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
Yet hearty friends you'll meet, and, while you dine,
 Hear strains like those in which the gods delight ;
And, if you kindly look on me the while,
We'll reap a richer banquet in your smile.

FROM LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS ARMED.

FAIR queen of love ! those arms you bear
 The god of war is wont to wield :
O shake not thou the sounding spear !
 O hold not thou the blazing shield !
 Thy naked power taught Mars to yield ;
The mighty Tamer bow'd before thee :
 When at thy shrine the gods have kneel'd,
Must thou be arm'd ere men adore thee ?

FROM THE SAME.

ON TIMON OF ATHENS.

IF, this inscriptive pillar passing by,
Stranger ! thou greet mine ashes with a sigh,

Invoke my name, or seek my funeral urn,
May all the gods prohibit thy return !
But if in silence to my tomb you go,
—Silence, unworthy him who rests below—
Still shall my angry ghost thy steps attend,
And furies haunt thee to thy journey's end.

FROM ANTIPHANES.

EREWHILE my gentle streams were wont to pour
Along the vale a pure translucent tide ;
But now my waves are shrunk, the channel dried,
And every nymph knows her loved haunt no more ;
Since that sad moment when my verdant shore
Was with the crimson hue of murder dyed.
To cool the sparkling heat of wine we glide,
But shrink abhorrent from the stain of gore.

FROM PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

ON A STATUE OF THE RIVER EUROTAS.

PLUNGED by the sculptor in a bath of flame,
Yet in his native bed the God appears ;
The watery veil yet hangs o'er all his frame,
And every pore distils the crystal tears.
How great the victory of Art, which gave
To brass the trembling moisture of the wave !

FROM NICARCHUS.

'Tis said that certain death awaits
The raven's nightly cry :
But at the sound of Cymon's voice,
The very ravens die.

FROM STRATO.

O now I burn'd, when, like the gorgeous sun,
Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone !
Now o'er that beautysteals the approach of night,
E'en now—half sunk beneath the western hill—
It warms me yet ; for 'tis the day-star still.

FROM PALLADAS.

ALL wives are curst—yet two blest hours they give,
When first they wed—and when they cease to live.

FROM THE SAME.

THIS life a Theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art—
Or laugh it through, and make a jest of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

FROM THE SAME.

FORTUNE and Hope, farewell ! I care no more
For Life's vain wanderings, having reach'd the shore.
Poor though I am, with Liberty I dwell,
And vain Ambition wots not of my cell.

FROM THE SAME.

IN tears I drew life's earliest breath ;
In tears must give it back to Death ;
And all my past, swift-fleeting years
Have been one mournful scene of tears.
Ah race ! for ever doom'd to mourn—
For weakness, pain, and misery born—
Then driven to unknown shades away,
To ashes burnt—resolved to day !

FROM THE SAME.

AH, transitory joys of life ! ye mourn
Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.
We—let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast—
Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,
His hateful race against our wretched state,
And bears the unconquerable doom of Fate.

FROM JULIAN THE PREFECT.

WHILE for my fair a wreath I twined
Of all the flowers that Spring discloses,
It was my evil fate to find
Cupid lurking in the roses.

I seized the little struggling boy,
I plunged him in the mantling cup,
Then pledged it with a rapturous joy,
And, mad with triumph, drank him up.

But ever since, within my breast
All uncontroll'd the urchin rages ;
Disturbs my labour, breaks my rest,
And an eternal warfare wages.

FROM THE SAME.

ON DEMOCRITUS.

PLUTO, receive the sage, whose ghost
Is wafted to thy gloomy shore.
One laughing spirit seeks thy coast,
Where never smile was seen before.

FROM AGATHIAS.

ALL night I wept—and when the morning rose,
And short oblivion o'er my senses crept,
The swallows, twittering round me whilst I slept,
Drove from my couch the phantom of repose.

Be silent, envious birds, it was not I
Who stopp'd the voice of tuneful Philomel :
Go, and again your plaintive descant swell
For Itylus, among the mountains high !

Leave me, ah leave me for a while, to steep
My senses in a sweet forgetfulness !
So may my dreams Rhodanthe's image bless,
Her dear idea fill my arms in sleep.

FROM THE SAME.

Go, idle amorous boys !
What are your cares and joys
To Love, that swells the longing Virgin's breast ?
A flame half hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon put out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best.

Haply you well may find
(Proud privilege of your kind)

Some friend to share the secret of your heart ;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The dance, the chase, the play, assuage your smart.

While we, poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die !

FROM PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

IN wanton sport my Doris from her fair
And glossy tresses tore a straggling hair,
And bound my hands, as if of conquest vain,
And I some royal captive in her chain.
At first I laugh'd—"this fether, charming maid,
Is lightly worn, and soon dissolved," I said.
I said—but ah ! I had not learnt to prove
How strong the fetters that are forged by Love.
That little thread of gold I strove to sever,
Was bound, like steel, around my heart for ever ;
And, from that hapless hour, my tyrant fair
Has led and turn'd me by a single hair.

FROM THE SAME.

THE voice of the song and the banquet was o'er,
And I hung up my garland at Glycera's door,
When the mischievous girl, from a window above
Who look'd down, and laugh'd at the tribute of love,
Fill'd with water a goblet whence Bacchus had fled,
And pour'd all the crystal contents on my head.
So soak'd was my hair, for three days it resisted
All attempts of the barber to torture and twist it;
Yet the water,—so whimsical, Love, are thy ways,—
While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze.

FROM THE SAME.

IN my green and tender age
I the queen of love defied;
Steel'd my heart against her rage,
And her arts repell'd with pride.
Inaccessible before,
Now, almost gray, I burn the more.

Venus, laughing, hear the vow
By your slave repentant made!
Greater far your triumph now,
Than of old in Ida's shade.

There a boy adjudged the prize;
Here, Pallas from the contest flies.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN I meant, my Rhodanthe, to bid thee farewell,
My faltering voice the sad office denied ;
From my lips broken accents of tenderness fell,
And I remain'd motionless, close at your side.
Nor wonder, fair maid, at the baffled endeavour !
The pang of the moment that tears me away,
Can only be equall'd by that which will ever
Shut out from my soul the blest prospect of day.
Rhodanthe ! 'tis thou art my day—'tis to thee
I look for the light that should make me rejoice :
Thy presence the day-spring of pleasure to me ;
But raptures of paradise dwell on thy voice.
That voice—how farsweeter than aught that is feign'd
Of sirens, or mermaids that float on the wave—
It holds all my hopes, all my passions enchain'd,
And is potent alike to destroy me, or save.

FROM THE SAME.

To thee the reliques of a thousand flowers
Torn from the chaplet twined in gayer hours,
To thee the goblet carved with skill divine
Erewhile that foam'd with soul-subduing wine,
The locks now scatter'd on the dusty ground,
Once dropping odours, and with garlands crown'd,
Outcast of pleasure, and of hope bereft,
Lais ! to thee thy Corydon has left !

Before thy threshold, 'mid the young and gay,
He revel'd oft the jocund night away,
Nor could that proud disdainful bosom move
To grant one token of relenting love ;
One gracious smile, one word, one flattering gleam
Of seeming hope, although it did but seem.
Alas ! alas ! now vanquish'd and alone,
These scatter'd emblems make his sorrows known,
And in their silent eloquence complain
Of woman's tyrant charms and cold disdain.

FROM THE SAME.

AH ! how unequal is the painter's art
To reach the glowing picture of the heart,
To catch the roseate graces of my fair,
Her eyes' blue languish, and her sun-bright hair !
First paint the gorgeous day-star's beam divine—
Then may my fancy's image yield to thine !

III. FURTHER ADDITIONS. 1833.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF ARCHILOCHUS.

LOUD are our griefs, my friend ; and vain is he
Would steep the sense in mirth and revelry.
O'er those we mourn the hoarse resounding wave
Hath closed, and whelm'd them in their ocean grave.

Deep sorrow swells each breast. But Heaven bestows
One healing medicine for severest woes,
—Resolved endurance—for affliction pours
To all by turns,—to-day the cup is ours.
Bear bravely, then, the common trial sent,
And cast away your womanish lament !
Yet had it been the will of Heaven to save
His honour'd reliques from a nameless grave !
Had we but seen the accustom'd flames aspire,
And wrap his corse in purifying fire !
But what avails it to lament the dead ?
Say, will it profit aught to shroud our head,
And wear away in grief the fleeting hours,
Rather than 'mid bright nymphs in rosy bowers ?
Jove sits in highest heaven, and opes the springs,
To man, of monstrous and forbidden things.
Death seals the fountains of reward and fame :
Man dies, and leaves no guardian of his name.
Applause awaits us only while we live,
While we can honour take, and honour give :
Yet were it base for man, of woman born,
To mock the naked ghost with jests or scorn.

FROM THE SAME.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SHIELD.

THE foe-man glories in my shield—
I left it on the battle field ;
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscathed by scars, unstain'd with blood.

And let him glory ! Since, from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath ;
I soon may find, at little cost,
As good a shield as that I've lost.

FROM THE SAME. A FRAGMENT.

Bows will not avail thee,
Darts and slings will fail thee,
When Mars tumultuous rages
On wide embattled land.
Then with faulchions clashing,
Eyes with fury flashing,
Man against man engages
In combat, hand to hand.
But most Eubœa's chiefs are known,
Marshall'd hosts of spearmen leading
To conflict whence is no receding,
To make this—war's best art—their own.

FROM THE SAME.

FOR Gyges' wealth let others care,
Gold is nothing to me ;
Envy of another's share
Never shall undo me.

Nothing that the gods decree
Moves my special wonder ;
And as for boastful tyranny—
We're too far asunder.

FROM THE SAME. IAMBICS.

SOUL ! O Soul ! when round thee whelming cares
like mountain surges close,
Patient bear their mighty rage, and with thy strength
their strength oppose.
Be a manly breast your bulwark, your defence firm-
planted feet ;
So the serried line of hostile spears with calm com-
posure meet.
Yet in victory's golden hour, O ! raise not your
proud vaunts too high ;
Nor, if vanquish'd, meanly stooping pierce with
loud lament the sky :
But in prosperous fortune so rejoice, and in reverses
mourn,
As well knowing what is fated for the race of woman
born.

FROM THE SAME. THE ECLIPSE.

NEVER man again may swear, things shall be as
erst they were ;
Never more in wonder stare, since the Olympian
thunderer
Bad the sun's meridian splendour hide in shade of
murky night ;
While affrighted nations started, trembling at the
sudden sight.

Who shall dare to doubt hereafter whatsoever man
may say ?

Who refuse with stupid laughter credence to the
wildest lay ?

Though for pasture dolphins ranging, leap the hills,
and scour the wood,

And fierce wolves, their nature changing, dive be-
neath the astonish'd flood.

FROM SAPPHO. HYMN TO VENUS.

IMMORTAL Venus, throned above
In radiant beauty ! Child of Jove !
O skill'd in every art of love,
And artful snare !

Dread power, to whom I bend the knee !
Release my soul, and set it free
From bonds of piercing agony,
And gloomy care !

Yet come thyself ! if e'er, benign,
Thy listening ear thou didst incline
To my rude lay, the starry shine
Of Jove's court leaving,

In chariot yoked with coursers fair,
Thine own immortal birds, that bear
Thee swift to earth, the middle air
With bright wings cleaving.

Soon they were sped—and thou, most blest,
In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,
Didst ask what griefs my mind oppress'd—
What meant my song—

What end my phrensied thoughts pursue—
For what loved youth I spread anew
My amorous nets—“ Who, Sappho, who
Hath done thee wrong ?

“ What though he fly, he'll soon return—
Still press thy gifts, though now he spurn ;
Heed not his coldness—soon he'll burn,
E'en though thou chide.”

—And saidst thou thus, dread goddess ?—O
Come then once more to ease my woe !
Grant all !—and thy great self bestow,
My shield and guide !

FROM THE SAME. A FRAGMENT.

PLANETS, that round the beauteous moon
Attendant wait, cast into shade
Their ineffectual lustres, soon
As she, in full-orb'd majesty array'd,
Her silver radiance pours
Upon this world of ours.

ANOTHER.

THROUGH orchard plots, with fragrance crown'd,
The clear cold fountain murmuring flows ;
And forest leaves with rustling sound
Invite to soft repose.

ANOTHER.

HERE, fairest Rhodope, recline !
And 'mid thy bright locks intertwine,
With fingers soft as softest down,
The ever verdant parsley crown.

The Gods are pleased with flowers that bloom,
And leaves that shed divine perfume ;
But, if ungarlanded, despise
The richest offer'd sacrifice.

ANOTHER.

“ SWEET Rose of May ! sweet Rose of May !
Whither, ah whither fled away ? ”
“ What's gone no time can e'er restore—
I come no more—I come no more ! ”

ANOTHER.

WEALTH, without virtue, is a dangerous guest :—
Who holds them mingled is supremely blest.

ANOTHER.

THE silver moon is set ;
 The Pleiades are gone ;
 Half the long night is spent,—and yet,—
 I lie alone.

ANOTHER.

I HAVE a child—a lovely one—
 In beauty like the golden sun,
 Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom ;
 And Cleïs is her name—for whom
 I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
 Would glad resign.

ANOTHER.

YES—Pleasure is the good that I pursue.
 How blest is then my destiny,
 That I may love and honour too—
 So bright, so brave a love is that allotted me !

FROM ERINNA.

ODE. Εἰς τὴν 'Ρώμην.

DAUGHTER of Mars ! Hail, mighty Power !
 Stern Queen, with golden crown array'd !
 Who build'st on earth thy regal tower,
 A high Olympus, ne'er assay'd !

To thee alone hath awful Fate
The pride of vast dominion lent ;
The strength to bind a rising state
In bonds of order'd government.

Beneath thy yoke's compelling beam
Unmeasured Earth, and Ocean hoar
Together bend ; whilst thou, supreme,
The nations rul'st from shore to shore.

E'en mightiest Time, whose laws prevail
To change the world at his decree,
Can never turn the prosperous gale
That swells thy potent sovereignty.

Of thee alone a race is born,
The first to blaze in glorious fight,
Like spiky ranks of waving corn,
That Ceres marshals, golden-bright.

FROM ALCÆUS.

Jove descends in sleet and snow ;
Howls the vex'd and angry deep ;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar
To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour
Brimful high with nectar smiling.
Then beneath your Poet's head
Be a downy pillow spread.

FROM THE SAME.

To be bow'd by grief is folly :
Nought is gain'd by melancholy ;
Better than the pain of thinking
Is to steep the sense in drinking.

FROM THE SAME.

GLAD your hearts with rosy wine,
Now the dog-star takes his round ;
Sultry hours to sleep incline ;
Gapes with heat the thirsty ground.

Crickets sing on leafy boughs,
And the thistle is in flower ;
Melting maids forget the vows
Made to the moon in colder hour.

FROM THE SAME.

WHY wait we for the torches' lights ?
Now let us drink—the day invites.

In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the god of wine—

The son of Jove and Semele,
Who gave the jocund grape to be
A sweet oblivion of our woes.

Fill, fill the goblets—one and two :
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase the last pursue !

FROM THE SAME.

GLITTERS with brass my mansion wide ;
The roof is deck'd on every side
In martial pride,
With helmets ranged in order bright
And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
A gallant sight—

—Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
And round the walls, in goodly row,
Refulgent glow
Stout greaves of brass like burnish'd gold,
And corslets there, in many a fold
Of linen roll'd ;

And shields that in the battle fray
The routed losers of the day
Have cast away ;

Eubœan falchions too are seen,
With rich embroider'd belts between
Of dazzling sheen ;

And gaudy surcoats piled around,
The spoils of chiefs in war renown'd,
May there be found.
These, and all else that here you see,
Are fruits of glorious victory
Achieved by me.

FROM THE SAME.

THE worst of ills and hardest to endure,
Past hope, past cure,
Is Penury, who, with her sister mate
Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
And makes it desolate.
This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old,—
“ Wealth makes the man.” On him that's poor
Proud worth looks down, and honour shuts the door.

FROM STESICHORUS.

VAIN it is for those to weep
Who repose in death's last sleep.
With man's life ends all the story
Of his wisdom, wit, and glory.

FROM CLEOBULUS.

ON THE TOMB OF MIDAS.

SCULPTURED in brass, a virgin bright, on Midas'
tomb I stand.

While water cools—while flowers delight—while
rivers part the land—

While Ocean girds the earth around—while, with
returning day,

Phœbus returns, and Night is crown'd by Luna's
glimmering ray—

So long as these shall last, will I, a monument of woe,
Declare to every passer by, that Midas sleeps below.

FROM SIMONIDES.

REPLY TO THE PRECEDING.

WHO so bold to uphold what the Lindian sage hath
told?

Who would dare to compare works of men, that
fleeting are,

With the sweet perennial flow
Of swift rivers, or the glow
Of the eternal sun, or light
Of the golden orb of night?

Spring renews the floweret's hues, with her sweet
refreshing dews:

Ocean wide bids his tide with returning current
glide.

The sculptured tomb is but a toy
Man may create, and man destroy.
Eternity in stone or brass ?
Go, go ! who said it, was—an ass !

FROM THE SAME.

HUMAN strength is unavailing ;
Boastful tyranny unfailing ;
All in life is care and labour ;
And our unrelenting neighbour,
Death, for ever hovering round ;
Whose inevitable wound,
When he comes prepared to strike,
Good and bad will feel alike.

FROM THE SAME.

MORTAL, canst thou dare to say
What may chance another day ?
Or, thy fellow mortal seeing,
Circumscribe his term of being ?
Swifter than the insect's wings
Is the change of human things.

FROM THE SAME.

SAGES and honour'd bards of old
Have said that Virtue loves to keep
Upon a mountain's rocky steep ;
Where those permitted to behold

May still her awful figure trace
Circling about that holy place.

But 'tis not given to mortal sight
Ere wholesome sweat have purged away
Thick mists that dim the visual ray,
To soar to such a glorious height.
None that are loiterers in the race
May hope to see that holy place.

BY THE SAME.

'Twas by their valour that to heaven ascended
No curling smoke from Tegea's ravaged field;
Who chose—so as the town their arms defended
They to their sons a heritage might yield
Inscribed with freedom's ever-blooming name—
Themselves to perish in the ranks of fame.

BY THE SAME.

O NATIVE Sparta! when we met the host
In equal combat from the Inachian coast,
Thy brave three hundred never turn'd aside,
But where our feet first rested, there we died.
The words, in blood, that stout Othryades
Wrought on his herald shield, were only these—

“ Thyrea is Lacedæmon’s !”—If there fled
One Argive from the slaughter, be it said,
Of old Adrastus he hath learn’d to fly.
We count it death to falter, not to die.

FROM THE SAME.

ON CIMON’S NAVAL VICTORY.

NE’ER since that olden time when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since horrid Mars first pour’d on either shore
The storm of battle, and its wild uproar,
Hath man by land and sea such glory won
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land, the Medes in myriads press the ground ;
By sea, a hundred Tyrian ships are drown’d,
With all their martial host ; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

FROM THE SAME.

THESE by the streams of famed Eurymedon
Their envied youth’s short brilliant race have run :
In swift-wing’d ships, and on the embattled field,
Alike they forced the Median bows to yield,
Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,
Their names inscribed on rolls of victory.

FROM THE SAME.

FROM winter snows descending fiercely round,
The priest of Cybelé a shelter found
Beneath a desert cliff, that beetling stood
O'er the wild margin of the ocean flood.
Here, as he wrung the moisture from his hair,
He saw, advancing to his secret lair,
With hunger fierce, and horrid to behold,
The grim destroyer of the nightly fold.
Then, all dismay'd, the sacred drum he shook
With wide-extended hand, and wildly strook.
—He strook : the hollow cave, within, around,
On every side, rebellow'd to the sound.
The forest's lord, o'ercome with holy dread,
Back to his native woods, loud howling, fled—
Fled from that trembling votary.—He, in praise
Of her, whose power redeem'd his forfeit days,
Now hangs these locks, and garments wet with brine,
(For his deliverance due,) at Rhæa's shrine.

FROM BACCHYLIDES.

PEACEFUL wealth, or painful toil,
Chance of war, or civil broil,
'Tis not for man's feeble race
These to shun, or those embrace.

But that all-disposing Fate
Which presides o'er mortal state,
Where it listeth, casts its shroud
Of impenetrable cloud.

FROM THE SAME.

OF happiness to mortal man
One is the road, and one the goal,—
To keep unburthen'd, all he can,
From loads of care the tranquil soul.
But whoso toileth night and day,
Nor day nor night permits sweet rest
To steal him from himself away,
Or still the fever of his breast,
Nought will it profit, though he bear
On gloomy brow the stamp of care.

FROM THE SAME.

As gold the Lydian touch-stone tries,
So man—the virtuous, valiant, wise—
Must to all-powerful Truth submit
His virtue, valour, and his wit.

FROM THE SAME.

Not to be born 'twere best,
Nor view the light of the sun ;

Since to be ever blest
Is given to none :
And Fate deals out his share,
To each alike, of pain and care.

FROM THE SAME.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ALAS ! poor child ! for thee our bosoms swell
With grief, tears cannot cure, words may not tell.

FROM THE SAME.

HERE no fatted oxen be,
Gold, nor purple tapestry :
But a well-disposéd mind ;
But a gentle muse, and kind ;
But bright wine to glad our souls,
Mantling in Bœotian bowls.

FROM THE SAME.

FOLDED arms and sauntering pace
Come not nigh this holy place.
She whose image here is seen,
Golden-Ægis-bearing queen,

Dread Itonia, doth ordain
For the suppliants at her fane
Other services than these,—
Tributes rare from bended knees.

FROM THE SAME.

THE high immortal gods are free
From taint of man's infirmity ;
Nor pale diseases round them wait,
Nor pain distracts their tranquil state.

A PÆAN.

Iö Pan ! we sing to thee,
King of famous Arcady !
Mighty dancer ! follower free
Of the nymphs, mid sport and glee !
Iö Pan ! sing merrily
To our merry minstrelsy !
We have gain'd the victory,
We are all we wish'd to be,
And keep with pomp and pageantry
Pandrosos' great mystery.

ANOTHER.

PALLAS Tritonia ! sovereign power !
Defend thy loved Athenian tower !

Raise and protect thy cherish'd state
From civil war and stern debate !
Thou, and thy sire, her children save
From doom of an untimely grave !

A SCOLIUM BY PITTACUS.

THE wise with prudent thought provide
Against misfortune's coming tide.
The valiant, when the storm beats high,
Undaunted brave its tyranny.

ANOTHER SCOLIUM.

I WISH I were an ivory lyre—
A lyre of burnish'd ivory—
That to the Dionysian quire
Blooming boys might carry me !
Or would I were a chalice bright,
Of virgin gold by fire untried—
For virgin chaste as morning light
To bear me to the altar side.

FROM EUENUS.

THOUGH thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat !—enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

FROM THE SAME.

IN contradiction—wrong or right
Do many place their sole delight.
If right, 'tis well—if wrong, why so—
But contradict whate'er you do.
Such reasoners deserve, I hold,
No argument save that of old—
“ You say 'tis black—I say, 'tis white—
And so, good sir, you're answer'd quite.”
Far different is the aspect seen
Of modest Wisdom's quiet mien—
Patient, and soon to be persuaded,
When argument by truth is aided.

FROM THE SAME.

THE SWALLOW AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

ATTIC maiden, breathing still
Of the fragrant flowers that blow
On Hymettus' purpled hill,
Whence the streams of honey flow ;
Wherefore thus a captive bear
To your nest the grasshopper ?

Noisy prattler, cease to do
To your fellow prattler wrong :
Kind should not its kind pursue,
Least of all the heirs of song.

Prattler ! seek some other food
For your noisy prattling brood.

Both are ever on the wing,
Wanderers both in foreign bowers,
Both succeed the parting spring,
Both depart with summer hours.
—Those who love the minstrel lay
Should not on each other prey.

FROM PLATO.

OH ! on that kiss my soul,
As if in doubt to stay,
Linger'd awhile, on fluttering wing prepared
To soar away.

FROM THE SAME.

ON A BRONZE IMAGE OF A FROG.

SERVANT of the nymphs who dwell
In the fountain's deepest cell,
Lover of shades—hoarse frog, that carol free,
Where streamlets run, my rustic minstrelsy.

Me the thirsty traveller
Hath in brass ensculptured here,
A grateful offering to the powers who gave,
To slake his burning thirst, the welcome wave.

Croaking minstrel—faithful guide—
I reveal'd the hidden tide
Of waters, bubbling from the reedy lake,
That agony of burning thirst to slake.

FROM THE SAME.

ON THE STATUE OF VENUS AT CNIDOS.

BRIGHT Cytheréa thought one day
To Cnidos she'd repair,
Gliding across the watery way,
To view her image there.

But when, arrived, she cast around
Her eyes divinely bright,
And saw upon that holy ground
The gazing world's delight;

Amazed, she cried, while blushes told
The thoughts that swell'd her breast,
“Where did Praxiteles behold . . . ?
He could not, sure, have guess'd !”

FROM THE SAME.

ON A WALNUT-TREE BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

By the road-side a mark I stand
For every passing school-boy's hand;

A helpless butt, whereon to try
The skill of their rude archery.
My branches, erst so widely spread,
The leafy honours of my head,
Scatter'd around me, shent and broke
By many a pointed marble's stroke.
—Plants of the forest ! pray, that ne'er
Your boughs may fruit or blossom bear :
If to be barren be a curse,
Your fatal fruitfulness is worse.

FROM THE SAME.

ON A STRANDED CORPSE.

A SHIPWRECK'D mariner you here behold,
From whose dead limbs e'en Ocean rude relented
To strip the cloak that did those limbs enfold.
Unpitying man, more rude, that covering tore—
How little worth, to be so long repented !
So let him bear away his plunder'd store ;
And go to hell—he'll wish the deed undone
When Minos sees him with my tatters on.

FROM MNASALCUS.

ON A VINE.

SWEET vine ! when howls the wintry hour,
Not now thy leafy honours shower ;
Nor strew them on the thankless plain—
Soon autumn will come round again.

Then, when with heat and wine opprest,
Beneath thy grateful bower, to rest,
Antileon lays his drooping head,
O then thy shadowy foliage shed
In heaps around the sleeping boy !
Thus Beauty should be crown'd by Joy.

FROM THE SAME.

ON THE SHIELD OF ALEXANDER.

A HOLY offering at Diana's shrine,
See Alexander's glorious shield recline,
Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day
Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay.

FROM ASCLEPIADES.

ALL that is left me of my soul,
That little all, O Love ! release ;
Release, kind Love, from thy control,
And let me be at peace !

Or, if in vain for ease I pray,
Bid not thy shafts, but lightnings, fly ;
That so I may consume away
To ashes where I lie.

Strike then, kind Love !—nay, do not spare !
And if aught worse thou hast in store,
I do not ask thee to forbear,
But rather strike the more !

FROM THE SAME.

WITNESS, Night!—I ask no more—

What a fool Melissa made me,
When to be her paramour

First she lured and then betray'd me !
Not uncall'd I sought her door,
I, her chosen paramour.

Witness, Night ! who saw me wait
All your long and dreary hours,
Sighing, shivering at her gate.

Grant me this, ye amorous powers !
May she live herself to be
Cheated as she cheated me !

FROM LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

MELO and Satyra to the muses these—

The tuneful race of Antigenides—

To the Pimpleian muses, whom of late

Duteous they served,—these offerings dedicate.

Melo, this flute, whose notes in silver chase

Her swift lips follow'd—and this boxen case.

And amorous Satyra, this vocal reed,

Oft by her tuneful breath, with wanton heed,

Waken'd to song, while Comus' revellers round

Clapp'd loud their hands, responsive to the sound,

From festive eve, until the first faint ray

Broke through the portals of rejoicing day.

FROM THE SAME.

O HOLY mother!—on the peak
Of Dindyma, and on those summits bleak
That frown o'er Phrygia's scorched plain,
Holding thy throne,—with favouring aspect deign
To smile on Aristodicé,
Silené's virgin child, that she
May grow in beauty, and her charms improve
To fulness, and invite connubial love.
For this thy porch she seeks with tributes rare,
And o'er thine altars strews her votive hair.

FROM THE SAME.

PAN TO HIS WORSHIPPERS.

“ Go, rouse the deer with horn and hound,
And chase him o'er the mountains free;
Or bid the hollow woods resound
The triumphs of your archery.

“ Pan leads—and if you hail me right,
As guardian of the sylvan reign,
I'll wing your arrows on their flight,
And speed your coursers o'er the plain.”

FROM THE SAME.

ON THE STATUES OF MERCURY AND HERCULES
PLACED AS BOUNDARY-STONES BY
THE ROAD-SIDE.

(MERCURY SPEAKS.)

WAYFARERS, by this road whose hap it is to stray,
Whether amidst the fields to make a holiday,
Or town-ward bending, to the famed Acropolis ;
We, rival gods, who guard the city's boundaries,
(I who am Hermes hight, and the other Hercules,)
Bid weary mortals peace, good-will, and lasting bliss.
But for ourselves, alas ! nor peace nor joy have we—
At least, I say so—I—unlucky Mercury.
If any swain bring pears or apples to our shrine,
E'en though unripe they be, not one of them is mine :
That glutton bolts them all. So is it with our grapes ;
Not one, or sweet or sour, his greedy maw escapes.
—Community of goods I therefore can't abide :
Let him who means me well, my portion set aside,
And say, This, Hermes, is for thee, that for thy friend
Alcides ; thus, at least, our strife may have an end.

FROM THE SAME.

YE lowly huts ! thou sacred hill,
Haunt of the nymphs ! pure gushing rill,

That underneath the cold stone flowest !
 Pine, that those clear streams overgrowest !
 Thou, son of Maia, Mercury,
 Squared in cunning statuary !
 And thou, O Pan, whose wandering flocks
 Frolic o'er the craggy rocks !
 —Pleased, the rustic goblet take,
 Fill'd with wine, and the oaten cake,
 Offer'd to your deities
 By a true Æacides.

FROM THE SAME.

ON THE PICTURE OF VENUS ANADYOMENE.

FROM her mother's bosom flying,
 Glistening with the salt sea foam,
 Our Apelles, Venus spying,
 Bade his daring pencil roam
 O'er her beauties rapture-giving,
 Not to paint—but catch them living.

'Tis thus her fingers small she weaves
 In her long and dripping tresses ;
 'Tis thus her full round bosom heaves,
 Like rich fruit that Autumn blesses ;
 While her goddess-rivals say—
 “ Mighty Jove ! we yield the day.”

FROM THE SAME.

THE STATUE OF VENUS AT SPARTA.

EUROTAS erst to Cypris said,
“ Or clad in arms appear ;
Or hence depart ! The city raves
For buckler, sword, and spear.”

“ Nay,” faintly laughing, she replied,
“ Though I unarm’d remain,
Yet Lacedæmon shall no less
Be held my favour’d reign.

“ Ne’er yet was Cytherea seen
Array’d in horrid mail ;
And shameless they who Sparta’s name
Brand with so false a tale.”

FROM THE SAME.

DIOGENES TO CHARON.

SAD minister of Hades, who alone
With thy black boat canst pass o’er Acheron !
What though that fearful boat nigh sunken be
With its full freight of souls, yet take in me,
The Dog Diogenes—’tis all I ask,
Besides my comrade scrip and leathern flask,

This tatter'd cloak, and mite to pay the ferry—
All I possess'd on earth to make me merry ;
And all I wish again in hell to find.
I have left nothing in the world behind.

FROM THE SAME.

ON A GRASSHOPPER, SEATED ON A SPEAR IN THE
TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

Not only on the tree-top do I sing,
When summer heat expands my vocal wing,
Sipping the dewy morning's virgin tear,
Sweet, unbought bard, to weary travellers dear :
But now you may behold me resting here,
Even on the point of arm'd Minerva's spear !
Who love the Muses thus each other suit—
Theirs is our voice—and theirs her maiden flute.

FROM THE SAME.

ANTHEUS, escaped the terrors of the flood,
A wolf devour'd in Phthia's lonely wood :
Ill-fated mariner ! condemn'd to find
Dryads more curst than are the Nereïds kind !

FROM THE SAME.

ON HIPPONAX.

PASS gently by this tomb—lest, while he dozes,
Ye wake the hornet that beneath reposes ;

Whose sting, that would not his own parents spare,
Who will may risk—and touch it those who dare!
Take heed then—for his words, like fiery darts,
Have e'en in Hell the power to pierce our hearts.

FROM DIOTIMUS.

GUARDIAN of yon blushing fair !
Reverend maiden ! tell me why
You affect that churlish air,
Snarling as I pass you by.
I deserve not such rebuke :
All I ask is, but to look.

True, I on her steps attend—
True, I cannot choose but gaze ;
But I meant not to offend—
Common are the public ways ;
And I need not your rebuke,
When I follow but to look.

Are my eyes so much in fault
That they cannot choose but see ?
By the gods we're homage taught—
Homage is idolatry.
Spare that undeserved rebuke !
E'en the gods permit to look.

FROM HEGESIPPUS.

'Tis by yon road, which from the funeral pyre
Slopes to the right, that Hermes, it is said,
Leads to the seat of Rhadamanthus dire
The willing spirits of the virtuous dead.

That right-hand path thy pensive ghost pursued,
Loved Aristonöus ! when it left behind
Those not unmindful of the great and good,
Eternal joys among the blest to find.

FROM EUPHORION.

ON A CORPSE WASHED ASHORE.

Not rugged Trachis hides these whitening bones,
Nor that black isle, whose name its colour shows ;
But the wild beach, o'er which with ceaseless moans
The vex'd Icarian wave eternal flows,

Of Drepanus—ill-faméd promontory—
And there, instead of hospitable rites,
The long grass sweeping tells his fate's sad story
To rude tribes gather'd from the neighbouring
heights.

FROM PHÆDIMUS.

HEROIC LOVE.

THY bow which erst that earth-born Dragon slew,
O mighty God of Day, restrain !
Not now those deadly shafts are due
That stretch'd the woodland tyrants on the plain
Rather, O Phœbus ! bring thy nobler darts,
With which thou piercest gentle hearts :
Bid them Themistio's breast inspire
With Love's bright flame, and Valour's holy fire :
Pure Valour, firm Heroic Love ;
Twin Deity, supreme o'er gods above ;
United in the sacred cause
Of his dear native land and freedom's laws.
So let him win the glorious crown
His fathers wore, bright meed of fair renown.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

EPITAPH.

THOU art dead, Eurymedon,
And hast left thine infant son.
Thou, cut off in manhood's bloom,
Hast achieved a speaking tomb,
And a glorious seat on high
With the souls that never die.

He shall live, a citizen,
Worshipp'd by his fellow men,
Who in him will glory take
For his honour'd father's sake.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.

HALF of my soul yet breathes : the rest,
I know not whether
Cupid or Hades have possess ;
'Tis altogether
Vanish'd. Among the Virgin train
Perhaps 'tis straying—
O ! send the wanderer home again,
Or chide its staying !
Perhaps on fair Cephisa's breast
'Tis captive lying.
Of old it sought that haven of rest,
When almost dying.

FROM THE SAME.

MARK, Epicydes, how the hunter bears
His honours in the chase—when timid hares
And nobler stags he tracks through frost and snow,
O'er mountains echoing to the vales below.
Then, if some clown halloos—" Here, master, here
Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer,"—

He takes no heed, but starts for newer game :
Such is my love, and such his arrow's aim,
That follows still with speed the flying fair,
But deems the yielding slave below his care.

FROM THE SAME.

SUCH sleep, Conopion, on thine eyelids wait,
As sits on his now shivering at thy gate !
Such sleep, thou false one, as thou bidd'st him prove,
Who vainly sues thy stony breast to move !
Not e'en a shade of pity thou'lt bestow :
Others may weep to see me suffer so ;
But thou—not e'en a shade—O cruel fair !
Be this remember'd with thy first gray hair !

FROM THE SAME.

WE buried him at dawn of day :
Ere set of sun his sister lay,
Self-slaughter'd, by his side.
Poor Basilé ! she could not bear
Longer to breathe the vital air,
When Melanippus died.

Thus in one fatal hour was left,
Of both a parent's hopes bereft,

Their desolated sire ;
While all Cyrene mourn'd to see
The blossoms of her stateliest tree
By one fell blight expire.

FROM HEDYLUS.

DRINK we !—'midst our flowing wine
Something new, or something fine,
Something witty, something gay,
We shall ever find to say.

Flasks of Chian hither bring,
Sprinkling o'er me, whilst you sing,
“ Jovial poet, sport and play !
Sober souls throw life away.”

FROM PERSES.

UNBLEST Mnasylla !—on this speaking tomb
What means the type of emblematic gloom ?
Thy lost Callirhoë we here survey
Just as she moan'd her ebbing soul away,
Just as the death-mists o'er her eyelids fell,
In those maternal arms she loved so well.
There, too, the speechless father sculptured stands,
That cherish'd head supporting with his hands.
Alas ! alas !—thus grief is made to flow
A ceaseless stream—eternity of woe.

FROM DAMAGETES.

By Jove, the God of strangers, we implore
Thee, gentle pilgrim, to the Æolian shore
(Our Theban home,) the tidings to convey,
That here we lie, to Thracian wolves a prey.
This to our father, old Charinus, tell ;
And, with it, this,—We mourn not that we fell
In early youth, of all our hopes bereft ;
But that his darkening age is lonely left.

FROM THE SAME.

THESE the last words Theano, swift descending
To the deep shades of night, was heard to say—
“ Alas ! and is it thus my life is ending,
And thou, my husband, far o’er seas away ?
Ah ! could I but that dear hand press with mine
Once—once again !—all else I’d, pleased, resign.”

FROM ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

BACCHUS found me yesterday,
As at my full length I lay,
Sated with the crystal tide.
The God stood frowning at my side,

And said—"Such sleep upon thee waits
As those attends whom Venus hates.
Say, idiot! didst thou never hear
Of one Hippolytus?—Beware!
His destiny may else be thine."
He left me then—the God of Wine;
But ever since this thing befell,
I've loathed the notion of a well.

FROM THE SAME.

ON HOMER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

FROM Colophon some deem thee sprung;
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios:
These noble Salamis have sung,
While those proclaim thee born in Ios;
And others cry up Thessaly,
The mother of the Lapithæ.

Thus each to Homer has assign'd
The birth-place just which suits his mind.

But, if I read the volume right
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I'd say, They're all mistaken quite,
And that his real country's Heaven;
While for his mother—she can be
No other than Calliope.

FROM THE SAME.

ON PINDAR.

As the loud trumpet to the goatherd's pipe,
So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing ;
Since round thy lips, in infant fulness ripe,
Swarm'd honied bees, their golden stores amas-
sing.

Thine, Pindar ! be the palm—by him decreed
Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting ;
Who for thy love forsook his simple reed,
And hymns thy lays in strains a God befitting.

FROM MELEAGER.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

HELP, help, my friends ! just landed from the main,
New to its toils, and glad to feel again
The firm rebounding soil beneath my feet,
Love marks his prey, and with enforcement sweet,
Waving his torch before my dazzled eyes,
Drags me to where my queen of beauty lies.
Now on her steps I tread—and if in air
My fancy roves, I view her pictured there,

*

Stretch my fond arms to fold her, and delight
With unsubstantial joys my ravish'd sprite.
Ah! vainly 'scaped the fearful ocean's roar,
To prove a fiercer hurricane on shore!

FROM THE SAME.

PAN'S LAMENT FOR DAPHNIS.

FAREWELL, ye straying herds, ye crystal fountains,
Ye solitary woods, and breezy mountains!
Goat-footed Pan will now no longer dwell
In the rude fastness of his sylvan cell.
What joy has he amidst the forests hoar,
And mountain summits?—Daphnis is no more.
—No more! no more!—They all are lost to me!
The busy town must now my refuge be.
The chase let others follow!—I resign
Whate'er of hope or rapture once was mine.

FROM THE SAME.

CUPID'S PEDIGREE.

No wonder Love, the ravisher of hearts,
For slaughter raging, hurls fire-breathing darts;
With bitter scorn envenoms every wound,
And laughs at every death he scatters round:

For Mars the homicide his mother vows
A lawless flame, while Vulcan is her spouse.
—Common to fire and sword—the daughter she
Of the wild, boisterous, tempest-scourgéd sea :
But who, or whence, his sire, can no man trace.
No wonder then, since such is Cupid's race,
His arrows Mars, hot Vulcan's forge supplied
His fire ;—his fury, the remorseless tide.

FROM THE SAME.

FEARFUL is Love—most fearful ; once again,
I say, most fearful—writhing with my pain,
And deeply groaning,—who, for mischief born,
Mocks at our woes, and laughs our wrongs to scorn.
—The cold blue wave from which thy mother came,
Proud boy ! should quench, not feed, that cruel
flame.

FROM THE SAME.

LOVE ! by the Author of your race,
Of all your sweetest joys the giver,
I vow to burn before your face
Your arrows, bow, and Scythian quiver !

Yes—though you point your saucy chin,
And screw your nostrils like a satyr,
And show your teeth, and pout, and grin,
I'll burn them, boy, for all your clatter.

I'll clip your wings, boy, though they be
Heralds of joy ; your legs I'll bind,
Though vainly struggling to be free—
Alas ! I have but caught the wind !

Oh ! what had I with Love to do,
A wolf among the sheep-folds roaming !
There—take your wings—put on your shoe,
And tell your playmates you are coming.

FROM THE SAME.

For ever in mine ear resound
Love's wanton pinions, fluttering round ;
While amorous wishes from mine eye
Melt in sweet tear-drops silently.

It is not night ; the level ray
Not yet proclaims the close of day :
Yet is one well-known form imprest,
As by enchantment, on my breast.

Ye wingéd boys, who know the art
Too well to reach the unguarded heart,
Have ye no strength, ye flutterers, say,
To spread your plumes, and fly away ?

FROM THE SAME.

UNQUIET soul, for ever doom'd to weep !

What need the wound which Time had 'gan
assuage

Burst forth afresh from where it lay asleep,
And with new fury in my bosom rage ?

Daringly thoughtless ! cease, O, cease to move

The fire that slumbering in its ashes lay,

Warm, but innocuous—cease ! that fire is Love.

Ah ! too forgetful of thine evil day !

Let him but wake, he'll claim thee for his right,

And blows and tortures shall reward thy flight.

FROM THE SAME.

THE die is cast !—Boy, light the torch—I go :

Away, away,

Untimely fears ! Thou drunken fool, what art thou
thinking ? stay !

I go to mix with Comus' band. With Comus' band ?

—Beware !

Intruding Reason, hence ! your counsels Love
would gladly spare.

Boy, light the torch—be quick ! Ah, where has
godlike Reason fled ?

And Wisdom, where ?—They prostrate lie among
the mighty dead.

But this I know—The same decree binds e'en the
 gods above ;
The strength of Jove himself has bent before all-
 conquering Love.

FROM THE SAME.

BACCHUS ! I yield me to thy sway ;
Master of revels, lead the way !
Conqueror of India's burning plain,
My heart obeys thy chariot rein.

In flames conceived, thou sure wilt prove
Indulgent to the fire of Love ;
Nor count me rebel, if I own
Allegiance to a double throne.

Alas ! alas ! that power so high
Should stoop to treacherous perfidy !
The mysteries of thy hallow'd shrine
I ne'er profaned—Why publish mine ?

FROM THE SAME.

HASTE thee, Dorcas ! haste, and bear
This message to thy lady fair ;
And say besides—nay, pray begone—
Tell, tell her all—run, Dorcas, run !

Whither so fast? a moment stay;
Don't run with half your tale away;
I've more to tell—Ah me! I rave—
I know not what I'd do, or have.

Go! tell her all—whate'er you know,
Whate'er you think—go, Dorcas, go!
But why a message send before,
When we're together at the door?

FROM THE SAME.

RINGLETS, that with clustering shade
The snow-white brows of Demo braid!
Sandals, that with strict embrace
Heliodora's ankles grace!
Chaplets, bath'd in odorous shower,
That floating grace Timarion's bower!
Lovely smiles, that lurking lie
In Anticlea's sun-bright eye!
Roses, fresh in earliest bloom,
That fair Leucothea's breast perfume;
—No more Love's golden quivers hold
Their plumed artillery, as of old;
But every sharp and wingéd dart
Hath found a quiver in my heart.

FROM THE SAME.

As Infant Love one morning lay
Upon his mother's breast at play,
He found my soul, that stood hard by,
And, laughing, staked it on the die.

FROM THE SAME.

By Pan, Arcadia's God, I swear,
Sweet are the notes thy fingers move ;
Most sweet, Zenophila, the air
Thou hymn'st—it speaks of love.

How shall I fly ! On every side
The wanton Cupids round me throng,
Nor give me space to breathe, while tied
A listener to thy song.

Whether her beauty wakes desire,
Her tuneful voice, her winning art—
—What shall I say ? All—all. The fire
Is kindled in my heart.

FROM THE SAME.

Thou sleep'st, soft silken flower ! Would I were
Sleep,
For ever on those lids my watch to keep !
So should I have thee all mine own—nor he
Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes my rival be.

FROM THE SAME.

THE Sister-Graces for my fair
A triple garland wove,
When with each other they to make
A perfect mistress strove.

A tint, to mock the rose's bloom ;
A form, like young Desire ;
A voice, whose melody out-breathes
The sweetness of the lyre.

Thrice happy fair ! whom Venus arm'd
With Joy's extatic power,
Persuasion with soft Eloquence,
And Love with Beauty's flower !

FROM THE SAME.

LOVE I proclaim—the vagrant child,
Who, even now, at dawn of day,
Stole from his bed, and flew away.
He's wont to weep, as though he smiled ;
For ever prattling, swift and daring ;
Laughs with wide mouth and wrinkled nose ;
Wing'd on the back, and always bearing
A quiver rattling as he goes :

Unknown the author of his birth—
For Air, 'tis certain, ne'er begot
The saucy boy: and as for Earth
And Sea, both swear they own him not:
To all, and everywhere, a foe.
But you must look, and keep good watch,
Lest he should still around him throw
Fresh nets, unwary souls to catch.
Stay!—while I yet am speaking, lo!
There, there he sits, like one forbidden.
And did you hope to 'scape me so,—
In Lesbia's eyes, you truant, hidden?

FROM THE SAME.

Now are the vernal hours;
The white-robed violet blooms,
And hyacinth, glad with showers,
The breathing air perfumes;
And, scatter'd o'er the mountain's side,
The fragrant lily gleams in virgin pride.

Now are the vernal hours—
Zenophila the fair,
The loveliest flower of flowers,
The sweet beyond compare,
Doth on her opening lips disclose
Divine Persuasion's never-fading rose.

Meadows ! why do ye wreathe
In smiles your sunny tresses ?
Ye no such odours breathe,
Though spring your wardrobe dresses ;
Ye no such glorious charms display,
As she, the maiden that inspires my lay.

FROM THE SAME.

A PRIZE to sell !—a prize ! a prize !
You may take it as it lies
In its mother's arms asleep.
'Tis too fierce for me to keep.
You may mark it by its grin,
Wrinkled nose, and saucy chin—
By the wings its shoulders shade—
By its nails, for scratching made—
By its laughing through its tears—
And, for aught that else appears,
Rude in manners, chattering ever,
Keen-sighted, restless, yielding never,
Or through love or piety—
In short, an infant prodigy !
Let him be sold, then—Buy ! who'll buy ?
If any merchant should be nigh,
Just come on shore, who wants a slave
Of all-work, here a prize he'll have.
—But see, he weeps ! he trembling sues—
Poor boy ! be bold ; I cannot choose
But relent—So let it be !
Stay, and live with Rhodope.

FROM THE SAME.

FILL high the goblet! fill it up!
With Lesbia's name divine,
Thrice utter'd, crown the sparkling cup,
And sweeten all the wine!

Tie round my brows the rosy wreath
That yesterday ye wove,
With flowers that yet of odours breathe,
In memory of my love!

See how yon rose in tears is drest,
Her lovely form to see,
No longer folded on my breast,
As it was wont to be.

FROM THE SAME.

I'LL wreathe white violets—with the myrtle shade
Bind soft narcissus—and amidst them braid
The laughing lily; with whose virgin hue
Shall blend bright crocus, and the hyacinth blue.
There many a rose shall, interwoven, shed
Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head,
And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining
Her cluster'd locks, with spicy ointments shining.

FROM THE SAME.

WANDERING bee, who lov'st to dwell
In the vernal rose-bud's cell,
Wherefore leave thy place of rest,
To light on Heliodora's breast?

Is it thus you mean to show,
When flies the shaft from Cupid's bow,
What a sweet and bitter smart
It leaves within the wounded heart?

Yes, thou friend to lovers, yes—
I thy meaning well can guess—
'Tis a truth too soon we learn,
—Go! with thy lesson home return!

FROM THE SAME.

TEARS, Heliodora! on thy tomb I shed,
Love's last libation to the shades below.
Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
Are all that fate now leaves me to bestow.

Vain sorrows! vain regrets!—yet, loveliest! thee,
Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
Retracing hours of social converse free,
And soft endearments never to return.

Now thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair !
Torn—and thy honour'd bloom with dust defiled :
Yet, holy earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
And in a mother's arms enfold thy child !

FROM THE SAME.

TO THE CICADA.

Noisy insect ! drunken still
With dew-drops like the stars, in number,—
Voice of the desert, loud and shrill,
That wakest Echo from her slumber,
And, sitting on the bloomy spray,
Caroll'st at ease thy merry lay ;

Dusky bard ! whose jagged feet
Still on your hollow sides rebounding
With frequent pause, and measured beat,
Like minstrel notes are ever sounding ;
Loved of the muses, come ! essay
The wood-nymphs with some newer lay !

—Such as Pan might please to hear,
And, answering, tune his vocal reed ;
And Love himself a while forbear
His cruel sport to see me bleed ;
Whilst I in noontide sleep am laid
Secure beneath the plane-tree's shade.

FROM THE SAME.

“MIX WATER WITH YOUR WINE.”

WHEN infant Bacchus from encircling flame
Leap'd into life, the nymphs in pity came,
Caught him amidst the ashes as he fell,
And bathed with water from their sacred well.
Their union hence,—and whoso would decline
To mix his bowl, may swallow fire for wine.

FROM THE SAME.

THE suppliant bull, to Jove's high altar led,
Bellows a prayer for his devoted head.
Spare him, Saturnius!—His the form you wore
When fair Europa through the waves you bore.

FROM THE SAME.

THEE, poor Charixenus! in youth's first bloom,
Thy mother's hands—an offering to the tomb—
Deck'd with the martial stole. The very stone
Made to thy moaning friends responsive moan,
As with the houseless corpse they sorrowing went;
—No hymeneal strain, but loud lament.
“Ah me! that gentle bosom's bounteous store,
How ill repaid!—how vain the pangs she bore!”

O Fate unfruitful ! Maid of ruthless mind !
That giv'st a mother's yearnings to the wind !
Here, friends can only wish, and parents weep,
And pitying strangers sanctify thy sleep.

FROM THE SAME.

TYRE was my island-nurse—an Attic race
I boast, though Gadara my native place,—
Herself an Athens. Eucrates I claim
For sire, and Meleager is my name.
From childhood, in the muse was all my pride :
I sang ; and with Menippus, side by side,
Urged my poetic chariot to the goal.
And why not Syrian ?—to the free-born soul
Our country is, the World ; and all on earth
One universal chaos brought to birth.
Now old, and heedful of the approaching doom,
These lines in memory of my parted bloom,
I on my picture trace, as on my tomb.

IV. UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATIONS.

FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

BUT when around that fatal ark
Contrived with Dædaléan skill
The tyrant's mandate to fulfil,
The wind blew roaring, and the upheavéd deep

O'erwhelm'd her soul with new alarms,
Her cheeks bedew'd with mournful brine,
She clasp'd her Perseus in a Mother's arms,
And said " what woes, sweet child, are mine !
But thou dost sleep a balmy sleep,
Like thine own peaceful breast profound,
Within this joyless home and dark,
With brazen bolts encircled round.
—All undisturb'd—though moonbeams play
Upon the wave, no glimmering ray
Finds entrance here, nor billows wild,
That harmless burst above thy long deep hair,
Nor the loud tempest's voice, my child,
Awakes in thee one thought of care.
Thou sleep'st as on a couch—thy beauteous head
Still on the purple mantle spread.
Yet—could these terrors terror wake in thee,
Or could thine infant ear
Catch but the note of fear,
These lips pronounce, my words should rather be,
Sleep, sleep, my child !—and sleep the sea—
And sleep, O sleep, my misery !
But hear, great father Jove, my prayer !
Reverse this babe's untimely doom !
Spare him, great Jove ! I bid thee spare—
(Ah ! what a mother's soul can dare !)
Avenger of my woes in years to come.

FRAGMENT OF MIMNERMUS.

BUT of duration short as any dream,
Is our high vaunted youth ;
Whilst, rugged and uncouth,
Old Age for ever o'er our heads impendeth,
Hateful at once, and valueless ; and sendeth
Man to some unknown tomb,
Wherein his faded bloom,
His eye-balls dark, his mental sight by cloud
Of deeper night encircled, he may shrowd.
Ah ! fatal was the boon
Of never-dying Eld to Tithon granted.
Far better, soon
To perish—be cut down as soon as planted.
The fairest once, when Youth's green leaf is sere,
Nor children longer love, nor friends revere.

FROM CALLISTRATUS.

A SCOLIUM.

I'LL bear the sword with myrtle wreathed,
Like that Harmodius erst unsheathed—
Like that Aristogeiton drew,
When they the tyrant victim slew,
And set their native Athens free,
And gave her laws Equality.

Harmodius, no—thou art not dead,
O best beloved ! but there 'tis said,
In yon bright islets of the blest,
Thy shade enjoys perennial rest,
Where dwell Achilles swift of tread,
And great Tydides Diomed.

I'll bear the sword with myrtle wreathed,
Like that Harmodius erst unsheathed—
Like that Aristogeiton bore,
What time the tyrant bow'd before
Minerva's consecrated fane.
He bow'd—and never rose again.

Through endless years, the world around,
To distant Ocean's furthest bound ;
Thy glory, loved Harmodius, shine,
And brave Aristogeiton, thine !
For that ye set your country free,
And gave her laws Equality.

FROM DIODORUS ZONAS.

GIVE me a nectar'd bowl—a bowl composed
Of that same homely earth
That gave me birth—
And which will o'er my bones at last be closed.

FROM THE SAME.

SPARE the parent of acorns, good woodcutter, spare !
Let the time-honour'd Fir feel the weight of
your stroke—
The many-stalk'd thorn, or Acanthus worn bare,
Pine, Arbutus, Ilex—but touch not the Oak !
Far hence be your axe—for our grandams have sung
How Oaks are the mothers from whom we all sprung.

FROM PHILODEMUS.

O MOON ! O hornéd Moon ! O Moon that lovest
night !
Break through my casement, Moon, and pour thy
silver streaming light
On my Calisto's charms ! the immortal powers above
Do not disdain to look upon the dear delights of love.
The rapture so beheld will rapture wake in thee.
I know it, Moon. Endymion lives in thy memory.

FROM THE SAME.

SEVEN and thirty years have I sustain'd the seasons'
strife ;
So many pages written off against my book of life.
Gray hairs already o'er my brow are scatter'd here
and there,

Heralds of wiser thoughts, my love, than 'tis our
wont to share.
Yet still in music, song, and wine, my chiefest
solace lies,
Still burns in my unsated heart a flame that never
dies.
Yet, yet I rave—but ye who hold the empire o'er
my brain,
Celestial muses ! crown your work, and calm this
throbbing vein !

FROM THE SAME.

I LOVED. Who doth not love ? I revell'd. Who
But fain would revel too ?
But then I raved—what did my madness move ?
Came it not from above ?
Now let it pass—for hoary hairs are now
Thick sprinkled o'er my brow,
Which erst were black ; and heralds should they be
Of stern sobriety.
We play'd, while 'twas the season yet to play ;
But, now 'tis past away,
Let us to graver thoughts at length submit
Our wisdom and our wit.

FROM THE SAME.

O MELICERTA ! thou whom Ino bore !
And thou, blue-eyed Leucothoë !
Beneath whose sway the subject sea
Is hush'd, and warring winds forget to roar !

Ye Nereïd choir ! ye waves !
And thou, Poseidon, sovereign of the deep !
Thou, Zephyr, gentlest of the winds that sleep
 In Thracian caves !
Waft me, propitious—and in safety land
On loved Piræus' hospitable strand !

FROM THE SAME.

CYPRIS, soother of the mind !
Propitious to the bridal union !
Whom Peace and Justice ever find
 In sweet communion !
Mother of swift wing'd desires,
Swifter than the lightning's fires !

Cypris ! let thy planet beam
Its serenest influence round me,
Waken'd from the golden dream
 That lately bound me,
Willing captive, in those bowers
Deck'd with Hymen's crocus flowers !

But now a wanderer o'er the deep,
Though reluctant, uncomplaining,
Cypris, bid thy billows sleep,
 Their rage restraining.
Gently waft thy votary o'er
To the distant Latian shore !

FROM THE SAME.

THREE deities are on this stone imprest.
The hornéd head is Pan's—the brawny chest,
And loins the strength of Hercules attest ;
And wingéd Mercury asserts the rest.
Here, Stranger, let thy willing rites be done !
The power is threefold, but the incense one.

FROM THE SAME.

HERE lies what once was Tryphera—soft and warm
As Cytherea's doves her yielding form ;
Of sportive bacchanals the loveliest flower,
Born for the revels of the genial hour.
First in the lists of Cypris—joy and love
Of the great mother of the Gods above !
O guardian earth, that dost her bones enfold !
May no rude thorns deform thy hallow'd mould—
But round her tomb their sweetest fragrance fling
White-bosom'd violets, daughters of the spring.

FROM TULLIUS LAUREA.

OLD Gryneus, who with hook and line pursued
From toilsome day to day the finny brood,
Now lies a piteous corse in yonder cave,
Spoil'd of both hands, an outcast of the wave.
Who would not say “ Those greedy fishes know,
Thelimbs they eat are those that work'd their woe ? ”

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN this Æolian tomb thou passest by,
Say not, O Stranger, I
The bard of Mitylene, am no more.
For, though this marble hoar
Time have defaced, as all of Man's construction
Is doom'd to swift destruction,
The glory of the Muses fadeth never.
Their flowers shall live for ever,
Fresh interwoven with the song divine
In honour of the nine,
By me pour'd forth ; so wilt thou know I have
Escaped the darksome grave,
And that no sun shall ever rise, whose flame
Reflects not Sappho's name.

FROM MARCUS POMPEIUS.

Lais—she who bloom'd so fair,
The desired of all mankind—
Whom alone 'twas given to wear
Lilies by the Graces twined ;
Now no more may gaze upon
The golden chariot of the Sun.

Now her eyes are closed in night—
Night, that all eyes else must close.
They no more can wake delight,
Rapture yield, or break repose.

Never more may glad those eyes,
Love, or Lovers' mysteries.

FROM MYRINUS.

PANS, who on the mountain's steep
Your lonely watch towers keep !
Hornéd dancers, who, in sport,
To the woods resort !
For Diotimus grant increase
To his fat lands and richer fleece ;
And O behold with favoring eyes
The smoke of this great sacrifice !

FROM ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

THE wizards gave me thrice ten years, with thrice
three more appended:
With the third decade I would fain my sum of life
were ended.
This is the term by nature graved on Pluto's gloomy
portal;
The years beyond are Nestor's due—yet Nestor's
self was mortal.

FROM THE SAME.

YE desert isles, rude fragments of the world,
Round whom the vex'd Ægean ever roars,
And with his monstrous waves to heaven up-curl'd,
As with a belt, girds in your thousand shores ;

How like to stony Siphnos are ye grown,
Or Pholegandros, never moist with showers,
Or Delos, where around his burning throne
The god of day still leads the zoneless hours.
Mourn, hapless progeny of ocean, mourn
Your beauties all defaced, your honours torn !

FROM THE SAME.

LET your wheel-turning hands, lucky maidens, be
still—
Sleep on, though Alectryo wakens the morn :
The water-nymphs now take your post at the mill,
And weigh down the mill-stones that crumble the
corn.
How they flash from the wheels ! how they thunder
and roar !
How the axle spins round at the sound of their
voices !
This age is become like the golden of yore,
When Ceres our hearts without labour rejoices.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN summon'd to attend the realms of shade,
Thus spake the father to his blooming maid :
“ My dearest joy ! my child !—when I'm asleep,
These my last counsels in thy memory keep.
Look to thy distaff, sweet one, and thy loom—
Thy best support against the ills to come.

And, if to Hymen's altar you repair,
Your mother's hallow'd form attend you there—
Whose modest grace—the Achaian matron's pride—
Is the best dower that e'er adorn'd a bride."

FROM ALPHEUS.

THE tender bird, with wintry snows bedew'd,
Spread her warm plumage o'er her callow brood,
Till by the pitying winds of heaven released;
Nor e'en in death her pious guardship ceased.
Medea! Procne! blush to hear, in hell,
A mother's sacred task perform'd so well.

FROM APOLLONIDES.

I AM the god of rustics. Why to me
Scatter from golden cups libations free
Of wines far fetch'd from foreign Italy?

Or wherefore bind ye to my image stone
The proud-neck'd bull? Such victims let alone!
They cannot my offended power atone.

For me, the mountain wanderer carved in wood,
Let the young lamb pour forth his innocent blood,
And native vineyard yield a homelier flood!

FROM CRINAGORAS.

ALAS, my soul ! how long wilt thou remain,
Amidst cold clouds, on empty hopes suspended,
Minting the dreamy coinage of the brain ?
Dreams of the brain, that ne'er from heaven descended !

Fortune the earnest suitor only crowns ;
She spurns the slothful, timorous, lowly spirit,
Leave then those idols vain to idiot clowns !
Court thou the muse, and her free gifts inherit !

FROM THE SAME.

THOU head, with flowing hair,
Lately adorn'd—all shapeless now and bare
Ye caves untenanted,
Whereerst bright eyes their speaking lustre shed !
Thou dark and voiceless cell,
Wherein the soul of music used to dwell !
Emblem of human glory !
How eloquent the story
Ye to the passing pilgrim tell,
In strains, though mute, how audible !
What is the life that thou regardest so ?
Alas, vain man ! behold !—thus perish all below.

FROM THE SAME.

OUR vessel nigh'd the well known shore—

“To-morrow,” I exulting said,
Will all my doubts and fears be o'er,
And all my toils repaid !”

E'en at the word, with driving foam

The sky was dimm'd, the billows swell'd,
And that loved shore, that cherish'd home,
I never more beheld.

To-morrow ! 'tis a word of fear,

Of promise made but to be broken.
The avenging fury laughs to hear
“To-morrow” spoken.

FROM ANTIPHANES.

O WRETCH accurst ! that reckonest up thy treasure,
Forgetting Time, that, with the self-same measure,
Heaps interest upon interest day by day,
And daily turns the sable locks to gray !
What though thou revel not in joyous wine,
Nor yet with rosy wreaths thy temples twine,
Nor shed rich odours o'er thy flowing hair,
Nor yield thy soul to love's delicious snare ;
Still must thou die ; and, though at cent per cent
Thy gains are blazon'd in thy testament,
One penny fee is all that thou wilt have
To pay thy passage o'er the Stygian wave.

FROM PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

THIS beechen image, mighty Pan, to thee,
—All rudely fashion'd from its parent tree—
This image of thyself, on bended knees,
Suspends thy herdsman Philoxenides ;
Thy rural altar having hallow'd first
With blood of goats, and milk to quench thy thirst.
So may his firstlings fatten in the fold,
Safe from the wolf's sharp fangs, and winter's cold.

FROM GLYCON.

'Tis all a jest—all ashes—all a dream ;
From nothing sprung, to nothing back returning,
Our greatest ills are those we blessings deem ;
Our chiefest pleasures near akin to mourning.

We mourn our living children as our dead ;
In life our care, in death our hopeless sorrow ;
And, if some joy attend the hour we wed,
That joy will change to sad regrets to-morrow.

FROM PTOLEMÆUS.

I KNOW that I'm the creature of a day,
And born to die ; but, when enrapt I trace
The thick-starr'd heavens in their diurnal race,
I seem no longer on dull earth to stay
My feet ; but, in high Jove's supreme abodes,
Feed on ambrosia with the immortal gods.

FROM LUCIAN.

ONLY the riches of the mind I prize

As real riches. All the rest are nought ;
Cares to the worldly ; follies to the wise.

Him only rich—him only lord of aught—
We justly term, who knows to use his store
As one who, having much, is worthy more ;
Whilst he who wears his aged eyes away
'Mid dusty ledgers, heaping night and day
Thousands on thousands in his reckonings vain,
Is like the bee, who gathers to the hive
The honied store,—the busiest fool alive—
That wiser drones the luscious hoard may drain.

FROM PALLADAS.

'Tis an old rede ; and worthy to be redde ;
“ Ne'er let your slave ascend the marriage bed.”
I'll read you now another, which, though new
You may esteem, nathless is quite as true.
“ Ne'er let the pleader, though his fame be great
As once was Tully's, mount the judgment seat ;
Though, like Isocrates, his lips, at will,
The honey-dew of rhetoric distill.
The palm still itching for a sordid fee
Cannot be clean as judge's hands should be ;
And eyes, that ne'er saw Truth's diviner face
Save through the optics of a client's case,

Though skilful to divide, with nicest care,
E'en to the thousandth fraction of a hair,
To the broad light of day are blinder far
Than eyes of moles, or bats, or owlets, are.

FROM AGATHIAS.

IN vain thou seekest, trembling slave—in vain—
By abject sighs that haughty breast to gain ;
Nay—smooth thy wrinkled brow—thy gaze forbear,
Nor longer court, if thou wouldst win, the fair.
'Tis woman's will, in wantonness of pride,
To spurn the suppliant, and the wretch deride ;
And he who wisely loves, must temper still
An amorous suit with manhood's sturdy will.

FROM THE SAME.

ERST at the board with wit and beauty graced,
Between two lovely nymphs my lot was placed—
One the dear object of my warm desire ;
And one who burn'd for me with equal fire.
This drew me to her side, and sought to move
By fond allurements my regardless love ;
While, from her lips to whom that love was due,
I stole brief kisses—brief, and fearful too ;
Lest she, the rival, 'midst her jealous throes,
Might the dear secret of our loves disclose,
And nip my budding joys, untimely shed.
Then to myself, in cool despite, I said—
“ How hard the lot my tortured soul has proved—
Both ways distracted—loving or beloved !”

FROM THE SAME.

THOU too, Philinna, dost thou feel
The accustom'd tumults of desire
Into thy haughty bosom steal,
And set thy soul on fire?

And do those eyes, erewhile so bright,
Now dimm'd with tears, obscurely shine?
And do they own, the livelong night,
No sounder sleep than mine?

Thy vows, like mine, will be repaid
With cold neglect and bitter scorn;
And thou shalt wither in the shade,
Unenvied and forlorn.

Thus Venus vindicates her sway;
Her humblest slave may vainly sue;
But whoso dares to disobey
Must fall, at length, like you.

FROM THE SAME.

“VENUS, this chaplet take!” Callirrhoe pray’d—
“The youth I loved—thy power hath made him
mine.

These locks to thee I vow, Athenian maid!
By thee I holy kept my virgin shrine.
To Artemis my zone—a mother’s joy
She gave me to possess; my beauteous boy.”

FROM THE SAME.

TOGETHER link'd, in measured round we trod
The bounteous treasures of the purple god.
The swelling vat o'erflows ; and round the brim
Our ivy cups—a mimic navy—swim,
Inviting thirst. We seized, and joyous quaff'd,
Nor call'd the nymphs to medicate the draught ;
While bright Rhodanthe, bending o'er the side
Her laughing face, gave radiance to the tide.
O think not then our veins so sluggish flow'd
As not to glow enraptured with the god !
All—all confess'd his soul-subduing power—
Thus wine and beauty shared the melting hour ;
Till e'en the queen of love was forced to yield,
And, vanquish'd, left the well-contested field.

FROM PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

LET's live on pilfer'd kisses, love !
The best delights of Venus
Are those she yields, when none can guess
The secret that's between us :
When dogs and guardians watch without,
And we within lie toying—
The joy that hath no danger in't
Is hardly worth the enjoying.

FROM AN UNCERTAIN AUTHOR.

I WHO in song the siren's strains excell'd,
More golden bright than is Cythera's queen,
At the high board where jocund Comus held
His revels, laughing sport and wit between,
Here Homonæa lie : and, dying, leave
My Atimetus but a world of sorrow,
A space to look around him, and to grieve
For that sad fate that must be his to-morrow.
He loved me e'en in childhood—oh how soon
Has death stepp'd in, and quench'd our light ere
noon !

FRAGMENTS OF THE GREEK ELEGIAC
AND GNOMIC POETS.

FROM CALLINUS.

How long supinely will ye lie reclined ?
When did ye cast away your valiant mind ?
Have ye no fear, in this regardless hour,
Of those who wait around you, to devour ?
Or do ye think of peace and tranquil mirth,
When wild war lords it o'er the subject earth ?
Young men, be roused !—each for his freedom stand
In arms resolved, and for his native land !
'Tis great and glorious thus to stake your lives
On country, children, and defenceless wives ;

And death will fall on each devoted head
Not till the silent fates have spun their thread.
Let every youth, then, shake the threatening lance,
And, midst the foremost in the fight, advance,
Guarding his bold breast with his martial shield !
For never yet hath Heaven to man reveal'd
How he from death can 'scape—not though he be
Of race divine, or Jove's own progeny.

Man flies the battle field—the whizzing sound
Of javelins hurtling in the welkin round—
Flies,—but that, home returning, he may meet
Death ambush'd in his bed, or on his seat.
He dies—and leaves no grateful land, to raise
The trophied tomb—no bard to swell his praise.

Be yours the better part, to live or die,
As Heaven ordains it, in your country's eye :
So, if ye fall, your country's eye shall weep
Your loss, and light you to your long, last sleep ;
And, while allow'd to breathe this upper air,
The meed of gods and heroes ye shall share ;
A nation's bulwark shall ye stand—alone ;
Hers the defence—the glory all your own.

FROM SOLON.

O MAY not Death, unwept, unhonour'd, be
The melancholy fate allotted me ;
But those who loved me, living, when I die,
Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory !

FROM THE SAME.

SHORT are the triumphs to injustice given.
Jove sees the end of all. Like vapours driven
By early spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or passing o'er the fields of tender green,
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
And gives the palace of the gods to view ;
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
Where not a cloud can form, or vapour rise :
—Such is Jove's vengeance : not like human ire,
Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
But slow and certain. Though it long may lie
Wrapt in the deep concealment of the sky,
Yet never does the dread avenger sleep,
And, though the sire escape, the son shall weep.

FROM THE SAME.

THE force of snow and furious hail is sent
From swelling clouds that load the firmament,
Thence the loud thunders roar, and lightnings glare
Along the darkness of the troubled air.
Unmoved by storms, old ocean peaceful sleeps
Till the loud tempest heaves the angry deeps ;
Even thus the state, in fell distractions tost,
Oft by its noblest citizens is lost,

And oft a people, once secure and free,
Their own imprudence bends to tyranny.

My laws have arm'd the crowd with useful might,
Have banish'd honours and unequal right,
Have taught the proud in wealth, and high in place,
To reverence justice, and abhor disgrace ;
And given to both a shield, their guardian tower
Against ambitious aims and lawless power.

FROM SIMONIDES.

ALL human things are subject to decay ;
And well the man of Chios tuned his lay,
“ Like leaves on trees the race of man is found.”
Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
Or on their breasts imprint this solemn truth ;
For hope is near to all, but most to youth.
Hope's vernal season leads the laughing hours,
And strews o'er every path the fairest flowers.
To cloud the scene no distant mists appear—
Age moves no thought, and death awakes no fear.
Ah ! how unmindful is the giddy crowd
Of the small span to youth and life allow'd !
Ye who reflect, the short-lived good employ,
And, while the power remains, indulge your joy.

FRAGMENT OF THE ELDER SIMONIDES.

BUT Jove a separate portion of mankind,
From the beginning, made the female mind ;

This moulding from the bristled swine—a brood
In person negligent, unclean in food ;
Whose house bears witness to her mind—a sty
Where all her stores in dirt promiscuous lie.
That from the cunning fox the godhead made ;
Omniscient woman ! to whose sight display'd
Are all things, good and evil—she alone,
Now good, now bad, e'en to herself unknown.
Another, of the snarling, yelping race,
True to her mother, both in voice and face,
All things to know and see for ever tries,
And ever barking, though she nothing spies.
Threaten—or beat—or coax her—'tis all one :
Still unsubdued, and never to be won,
Rings in your ear, by no remorse kept back,
And still shall ring, the ungovernable clack.
This, sprung from parent earth, the powers ordain,
For man's reward, his everlasting bane :
No touch of goodness can this creature feel,
But shews unrivall'd judgment at her meal ;
And, when the sky descends in wintry snows,
Sits ever at the fire to warm her toes.
Next bring the sea-born beauty to your mind—
To-day she smiles on all, to all is kind,
And the pleased guest, delighted with her care,
Thinks none more kind, more affable, or fair.
To-morrow clouds that heavenly form disgrace,
Frowns clothe her forehead, passions dim her face,
Loud and more loud her reckless fury glows,
Alike destructive to her friends and foes.

—As when the summer's sun shines fair and free,
To joyful sailors smiles the tranquil sea,
But, soon, when wintry clouds the sky deform,
Raves to the thunders of the howling storm.

Another from the mule her lineage shews,
Who, not till urged by hunger and by blows,
At length performs the various task assign'd,
And ends each labour to the master's mind.
But watch her well—she shuns not to be fed
By stealth ; unfaithful both at board and bed.

The weazel forms a sad and wretched race,
With joyless eye, and beauty-lacking face,
Who feel no passion, nor excite desire,
Guiltless alike of love and fancy's fire,
And every art, but how to cheat a friend,
Defraud the poor, and save a candle's end.

The pamper'd steed, who, proud with flowing
 mane,
Scorns the low labours of the dray and wain,
Marks one class more, that neither spin nor sew,
Nor deign to cast one careful glance below,
Nor wedded joys but by compulsion prove,
Chain'd to the toilet by a stronger love—
More pleasing care, the fragrant oyls to pour,
And for the garland cull the brightest flower,
Till she, at last, in all her beauty burst—
The world's great idol—but a wife accurst !

Deform'd alike in manners and in shape,
Next comes the odious children of the ape— [out,
Worst plague of Heaven !—whene'er they venture
Who raise the titterings of the gazing rout ;

With narrow hips, flat chest, and dropsied waist—
Unhappy man, by such a wife embraced !

Yet still one race remains—and ah ! most blest
Among mankind, reposed on such a breast !
One only race,—from every censure free,
And every fault,—the daughter of the bee.
Superior to her sex, a winning charm,
A grace almost divine, surrounds her form ;
Her industry sustains her husband's name ;
Her care exalts his honour and his fame ;
Her love instructs a fair and numerous race
To share his glories, and supply his place.
Blest she descends into the vale of years
With him, loved partner of her youthful cares,
And peaceful age, that no vain troubles move,
Their union strengthens, and refines their love.

FROM PHOCYLIDES.

THUS quoth Phocylides—" Young men, whose mind
It is to wed, mark this—All woman kind
May to four several natures be assign'd—
The dog, the bee, the sow's ungentle breed,
And horse, with flowing mane, that scours the mead.
Those from the last their origin betray
By lightness, grace, and love for fine array.
Nor good, nor bad, the daughters of the sow
Grunt out their slavish lives—the gods know how.
The race canine are curst, and hard to tame,
And prone to hunting out forbidden game.

The bee alone bestows on human life
That best of earthly goods—a perfect wife ;
Domestic, mildly prudent, wisely free.
Pray, then, to Jove, of such your mate may be !”

FROM CRITIAS (IN ATHENÆUS).

To thee, Anacreon, founder of the lay
That charms the young, the lovely, and the gay,
Prince of the amorous song ! thy Teos gave
To win the maiden, and to soothe the brave.
The comic pipe and tragic flute unknown,
Thy softer study was the muse alone.
That voice so tuneable, so sweetly clear,
Shall never die upon the listening ear,
Nor ever yield to time’s all-wasting power
While wine and music glad the festal hour ;
While rosy boys at banquets duly bear
Their mantling goblets to the young and fair ;
While choirs of matrons chaste and virgins bright
Lead the gay dance on Ceres’ sacred night,
Or joyous souls their merrier orgies keep,
And deep and long potations banish sleep,
Till their drain’d goblets, dash’d upon the ground,
Through vaulted roofs, and echoing domes resound.

FROM PANYASIS (IN ATHENÆUS).

DRINK deep, my friend ! some virtue and some praise
Is due to him, in these degenerate days,

At the convivial board whose potent brain
 The longest, deepest draught can best sustain ;
 Who in the laws of drinking most is skill'd,
 And knows, both when to keep, and quit, the field.
 For not in war alone are tactics taught,
 Or martial science to perfection brought,
 Nor him who rules the feast I less esteem
 Than him who wields the state with power supreme.
That man I hold as one denied by Heaven
 To live e'en the short term by Nature given,
 Who, to the power of soul-subduing wine,
 Prefers, rebellious, some less honour'd shrine.
 Wine is, like fire, a boon of greatest worth
 To all the miserable sons of earth—
 Giver of good, and banisher of care ;
 Author of all the blessings man may share :
 In whom whate'er of joy the feast bestows,
 Whate'er of bliss from radiant beauty flows,
 Whate'er of rapture love's delights inspire,
 Whate'er of transport wakes the golden lyre,
 All, all reside ; but *there* are also found
 Dire mortal strife, and malice prompt to wound.
 Wherefore 'tis fit, who in the feast delight
 Bear firm resolve, and govern'd appetite ;
 So that they shame not, in their drunken glee,
 Or glutton gorging, sage Euphrosyné.
 For wine, of all Heaven's gifts the best and first,
 Wisely enjoy'd, is, when abused, the worst.

FROM XENOPHANES (IN ATHENÆUS).

Now, if any man win victory by swiftness of the feet ;
Or by struggling in the five-fold game, where Pisa's
waters meet

At famed Olympia ;—there, where stands Jove's
consecrated fane ;

—Or if the wrestler's crown, or the bloody boxer's
prize he gain ;

Or if (most of all,) in the terrible Pancration he
excell ;

Oh ! let him stand in the highest place of the lofty
citadel !

And let him, at the public games, in the chair of ho-
nour sit,

And let him feast at the public charge, and receive
a guerdon fit

For him, and for his horses too, from the whole as-
sembled state !

—Such honours meet it is—most meet—should on
such actions wait.

Yet, be his merits e'er so great—his honours ere so
high,

I'll not admit that he deserves one half as much as I.
Philosophy's far better worth than strength of man
or steed ;

And ill has ancient custom fix'd, and ill awards the
meed,

Exalting bone, and nerve, and joint, high wisdom's
throne above :

For, though a man be first of all who ever fought
 with glove,
 Or in the glorious five-fold game, or in the wrest-
 ler's ring,
 Or in the foot-race,—honour'd most of all that poets
 sing—
 Yet little is the praise that to the city thence re-
 dounds—
 Her strength no greater than before, and her wealth
 no more abounds.

FROM THE SAME.

Now cleansed was the pavement—well-wash'd were
 all hands—
 Bright the cups—and a garland prepared for each
 guest,
 With clouds of frankincense—and there brimming
 stands
 The bowl, by the charms of Euphrosyne blest.
 There too from the wine-cask rich odours were
 steaming,
 Hybla's sweets with the treasures of Bacchus
 united—
 And, pure as the fountain from which they were
 streaming,
 Ran cold crystal waters, by Prudence invited.
 Beside, pile on pile, stood the loaves well-bestow'd,
 Yellow cheeses, and jars of sweet honey between—
 (The old oaken tables groan'd under the load—)
 And an altar i'th' midst, overshadow'd with green.

With dance and with song the glad mansion re-
bounded ;

But first, as we're bidden by sages decorous,
The gods were invoked, and their praises high
sounded,

And libations pour'd forth, for their grace to be
o'er us.

Then—deep was our drink—not so deep, but our eyes
Could see their way home, and our feet need no
guide—

And his be the honour, who bade us be wise

By examples of virtue, from story supplied ;
Not by nursery fables of Centaurs and Titans—

A pack of d—d lies of our ancestors' mintage ;
But sound useful knowledge, that feeds and en-
lightens.

—Such, such are the fruits that consort with the
vintage.

POETICAL ORACLES.

I.

WHERE in the midst of wide Arcadia's land,
The far-famed towers of Tegeæa stand,
Two adverse winds with furious force contend,
Form batters form, and ills on ills descend.
There lies Orestes—bear his bones away ;
And famed Tegea shall become your prey.

II.

DELVE not the soil—your impious labours close !
Jove might have made an island if he chose.

III.

IF, son of Epicydes, to be blest,
With short-lived treasures of thine ancient guest,
Provoke thy soul to swear, swear then ! for death
Spares nor the righteous, nor the perjured breath.
But by the throne of ancient Horcus stands
A nameless offspring without feet or hands ;
Swift on destruction's rapid wings she goes,
Tears down whole houses, and a race o'erthrows ;
Her harpy talons for the perjured wait—
The righteous house survives, and fears no foe but
Fate.

IV.

BUT when their ships shall bridge the stormy main
From great Diana's venerable fane
To rocky Cynosura's storm-beat coast,
And, mad in hope, they see fair Athens lost,
Great justice shall chastise the dire offence
Of yon proud youth, the child of Insolence,
Though fierce in threats, he meditate the blow,
And vainly boast your nation's overthrow.
For arms shall clash with arms, and Mars shall reign
In bloody triumph o'er the empurpled main ;
And then all-seeing Jove and Victory
Shall bring to Greece the day of Liberty.

V.

UNHAPPY wretches ! why do ye delay ?
Hence, to the limits of the earth away !
Leave your dear native land's domestic bowers,
And the blest circle of her lofty towers !
Her sinking head no longer firm remains,
And her weak hands desert the useless reins.
Nothing is safe—destruction rules the day,
And Fire, and furious Mars, assert their prey.
O'er wasted champains, in his Syrian car,
Drives the wild god, and pours the tide of war ;
Lays your proud towers in ruin o'er the plains,
And wraps in fire your consecrated fanes.
E'en now dread signs the holy temple fill,
And gloomy portents mark the gathering ill :
The inmost caverns sweat and tremble round,
And floating gore distains the sacred ground.
Quit, quit the fane ! Revolve high heaven's decree,
And yet avert the impending misery !

VI.

IN vain the guardian of your city tries
To bend the immortal ruler of the skies.
Vain are her prayers—her counsels all are vain—
Yet hear the high behest of heaven again !
When all is lost that Cecrops' towers surround,
And all Cithæron's holy limits bound,
To Pallas yet, an emblem of his love,
Her wooden ramparts shall be given by Jove.

There still shall stand—unconquer'd, firm, and free,
The bulwarks of your latest progeny.
When barbarous myriads on your plains descend,
Before the furious tempest timely bend !
O heavenly Salamis ! 'tis thine to tear
From many a mother's breast her cherish'd heir ;
When earliest verdure decks the fruitful plain,
Or Ceres paints with gold her ripen'd grain.

FRAGMENTS

OF THE GREEK COMIC POETS. [Ed. 1813.]

FROM MENANDER.

———Most blest, my friend, is he
Who having once beheld this glorious frame
Of nature, treads again the path he came.
The common sun, the clouds, the starry train,
The elemental fire, and watery main,
If for a hundred years they glad our sight,
Or but a moment ere they fade in night,
'Tis all the same—we never shall survey
Scenes half so wond'rous fair and blest as they.
Beyond 'tis all an empty, giddy show,
Noise, tumult, strife, extravagance, and woe ;
He who can first retire departs the best,
His reckoning paid, he sinks unharm'd to rest :
But him who stays, fatigue and sorrows wait,
Old age, and penury's unhappy state ;

By the world's tempests toss'd, a prey he lies
To open force and ambush'd enemies,
Till his long-suffering frame and lingering breath
He yields at last to agonizing death.

FROM THE SAME.

THE meanest animals that creep the earth
Are far more blest than those of mortal birth.
Vain man the boast of reason must resign :
That valued boast, laborious ass ! be thine.
Wretched by fate, thy lot doth heaven bestow,
And never wert thou to thyself a foe.
But we, whenever Jove in pity spares,
Forge for ourselves unnecessary cares.
Our coward souls start at an empty dream ;
We shrink and tremble at the night bird's scream :
The soul's contentions, mad ambition's strains,
Opinion's dogmas, law's inglorious chains,
Are but the modes our fertile minds create,
To add new pangs to every sting of fate.

FROM ANTIPHANES.

WHEN those whom love and blood endear
Lie cold upon the funeral bier,
How fruitless are our tears of woe,
How vain the grief that bids them flow !
Those friends lamented are not dead,
Though dark to us the road they tread ;

All soon must follow to the shore,
Where they have only gone before.
Shine but to-morrow's sun, and we,
Compell'd by equal destiny,
Shall in one common home embrace,
Where they have first prepared our place.

FROM THE SAME.

MAN never willingly embraced his fate;
But oft reluctant in life's golden hours
Is downward dragg'd by Charon's gloomy hate
From his glad banquets and his roseate bowers.

FROM THE SAME.

YES,—'tis the greatest evil man can know,
The bitterest sorrow in this world of woe,
The heaviest impost laid on human breath,
Which all must pay, or yield the forfeit, death.
For death all wretches pray; but when the prayer
Is heard, and he steps forth to ease their care,
Gods! how they tremble at his aspect rude,
And, loathing, turn. Such man's ingratitude.
And none so fondly cling to life, as he
Who hath outlived all life's felicity.

FROM ANAXANDRIDES.

YE gods, how gracefully the good man bears
His cumbrous honours of increasing years!

Age, oh my father, is not, as they say,
A load of evils heap'd on mortal clay,
Unless impatient folly aids the curse,
And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.
He, whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
Whose habits, placid as a cloudless heaven,
Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
Smooths the rough road, and walks untroubled by;
Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.

FROM MOSCHION.

THE proudest once, in glory, mind, and race,
The first of monarchs, of mankind the grace,
Now wandering, outcast, desolate, and poor,
A wretched exile on a foreign shore,
With miserable aspect bending low,
Holds in his trembling hand the suppliant bough :
Now, not the meanest stranger passing by,
But greets the grovelling despot with a sigh,
Perhaps with gentle accents soothes his woe,
And lets the kindly tear of pity flow ;
For where's the heart so harden'd and so rude,
As not to melt at life's vicissitude !

FROM ASTYDAMAS.

Joy follow thee ; if joy can reach the dead,
And, or my mind misgives, it surely will ;
For when the miseries of life are fled,
How sweet the deep forgetfulness of ill !

FROM EUPHORION.

BE temperate in grief ! I would not hide
The starting tear-drop with a stoic's pride ;
I would not bid the o'erburthen'd heart be still,
And outrage nature with contempt of ill.
Weep, but not loudly ! he, whose stony eyes
Ne'er melt in tears, is hated by the skies.

UNCERTAIN.

How sweet is life, when pass'd with those
Whom our own hearts approving chose ;
When on some few surrounding friends
Our all of happiness depends !
It is not life, to drag, alone,
A miserable being on,
Without one kindred soul to share
Our pleasure, or relieve our care :
But welcome falls the stroke of fate,
That frees us from so sad a state.

ANOTHER.

HENCE, Melancholy, soul-subduing source
Of woes unnumber'd in our mortal course !
Oft gloomy madness seizes on thy slave,
And pale diseases crowd him to the grave ;
Diseases, that admit no cure nor stay,
But eat with silent tooth our souls away.

Thy wretched victim oft, in manhood's pride,
Cuts short the bloom of life by suicide,
When Hope has fled affrighted from thy face,
And giant Sorrow fills the empty space.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GRECIAN DRAMA.

1813.

FROM THE IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

HAD I the voice of Orpheus, that my song
The unbending strength of rocks might lead along,
Melt the rude soul, and make the stubborn bow,
That voice might heaven inspire to aid me now.
But now—ungifted as I am—untaught
To pour the plaint of sorrow as I ought,
Tears, the last refuge of the suppliant's prayer,
Tears yet are mine, and those I need not spare.
Father, to thee I bow, and low on earth
Clasp the dear knees of him who gave me birth—
Have mercy on my youth ! Oh, think how sweet
To view the light, and glow with vital heat !
Let me not quit this cheerful scene, to brave
The dark uncertain horrors of the grave !

I was the first on whom you fondly smiled,
And, straining to your bosom, call'd, " My child !"
Canst thou forget how on thy neck I hung,
And lisp'd " My father !" with an infant tongue ?
How, 'midst the interchange of holy bliss,
The child's caresses and the parent's kiss,
" And shall I see my daughter," wouldst thou say,
" Blooming in charms among the fair and gay ?

Of some illustrious youth the worthy bride,
The beauty of his palace and the pride ?”
I haply answer'd with a playful air,
“ And dares my father hope admittance there,
Or think his prosperous child will e'er repay
His cares, and wipe the tears of age away ?”
Then, round that dearest neck I clung, which yet
I bathe in tears. I never can forget :
But thou remember'st not how then I smiled ;
'Tis vanish'd all—and thou wilt slay thy child.

Oh, slay me not ! respect a mother's throes,
And spare her age unutterable woes !
Oh, slay me not !—or, if it be decreed,
(Great God avert it !)—if thy child must bleed,
At least, look on her, kiss her, let her have
Some record of her father in the grave !
Oh come, my brother ! join with me in prayer !
Lift up thy little hands, and bid him spare !
Thou wouldst not lose thy sister ! e'en in thee,
Poor child, exists some sense of misery—
—Look, father, look ! his silence pleads for me.
We both entreat thee—I, with virgin fears,
He, with the eloquence of infant tears.

Oh, what a dreadful thought it is, to die !
To leave the freshness of this upper sky,
For the cold horrors of the funeral rite,
The land of ghosts, and everlasting night !
Oh, slay me not ! the weariest life that pain,
The fever of disgrace, the lengthen'd chain
Of slavery, can impose on mortal breath,
Is real bliss “ to what we fear of death.”

FROM THE TROADES.

To have been never born, oh mother ! ne'er
Tasted the freshness of this upper air,
Is but the same with death—to die ! to be
A cypher blotted from mortality.
Death is far better than a life of pain,
Who feel not, grieve not, and our tears are vain.
Oh, rather for the living let them flow,
Those wretched victims of perpetual woe,
Who still, in bitterness of soul, possess
The memory of departed happiness.
—My sister is at peace—the cheerful light
No longer breaks upon her beamless night :
The sense of present wants and woes to come
Alike lie buried in the silent tomb.
But I—(in mockery of my alter'd life,
Who yet remember I was Hector's wife)
I, the blest partner of connubial joy,
The pride and envy of the dames of Troy,
How can I stoop to slavery's abject lot ?
And how, my former glorious state forgot,
Submit to please a victor's wild desires,
And light on Hector's tomb unhallow'd fires ?
Her I abhor, whose lawless lust can seek
(Without a blush on her dishonest cheek)
A second partner to her widow'd bed,
When the fond husband of her youth lies dead.
Oh Hector ! I am only thine—to thee
I paid the vow of maiden constancy ;

To thee my pure, unspotted soul resign'd,
The wisest, noblest, bravest, of mankind.
Now thou hast left me ; and I must not have
The last poor comfort that the wretched crave :
I cannot sorrow o'er thy urn, but go
A friendless captive to a tyrant foe,
Where no glad home my weeping eyes shall see,
And hope, that comes to all, shall fly from me.

FROM THE PHCENISSÆ.

ANTIGONE.

OH, guardian of my early day !
Stretch forth thine aged arm to be
The kind supporter of my way,
And guide my trembling feet to thee !

OLD MAN.

Take, virgin, take this faithful arm ! 'tis thine.
Behold, fair maid, a scene that claims thy care ;
In martial pomp array'd (a threatening line)
Pelasgia's warriors stand embattled there.

ANTIGONE.

Gods ! what a sight ; the moving field
Beams like a polish'd brazen shield !

OLD MAN.

Oh, not in vain has Polynices dared
Invade his native land. He comes prepared.
Ten thousand horsemen on his march attend,
Ten thousand glittering spears surround their friend.

ANTIGONE.

What beams of brass, what iron gate,
Can save Amphion's sacred state ?

OLD MAN.

Be calm, my child, the city fears no wound.
Be calm, and safely view the embattled ground.

ANTIGONE.

Whose snow-white plume is waving there,
Far, far the foremost on the field ?
Who brandishes so high in air
The blazing terrors of his shield ?

OLD MAN.

The chief from fair Mycenæ claims his race,
Of Lerna's woods the terror and the grace,
Far-famed Hippomedon.

ANTIGONE.

Ah me !

What darkness in his face I see !
How fierce his air ! His form how vast !
Some earth-born giant was his sire ;
He owes his birth to deepest night,
Unlike the children of the light ;
Whom Heaven bestows and men desire—
And that intolerable fire
Flames from his eyes, mankind to blast.

OLD MAN.

On Dirce's springs, my daughter, cast thy sight,
Where stands another chief (and burns for fight,)
Tydeus the Strong, in whose undaunted breast
The Ætolian god of battles rules confest.

ANTIGONE.

Is that the chief so near allied
To my own brother's gentle bride ;
How strange his arms and nodding crest !
How rude his half-barbaric vest !

But who is that, of front severe,
Who takes near Zethus' tomb his stand ?
Loose o'er his shoulders flows his hair,
And numerous is his well-arm'd band.

OLD MAN.

Thine eyes, fair maid, Parthenopœus see,
The huntress Atalanta's progeny.

ANTIGONE.

But where, oh where, my friend, is he,
By Zethus' tomb, or Dirce's shore,
Whom, at the self-same hour with me
(Unhappy hour) my mother bore ?
Say, may I trust my wandering eyes ?

Far off, on Dirce's willow'd coast
I see him, faintly shadow'd rise,
The dim resemblance of a ghost.

I know him by his royal mien,
His manly form, his eagle sight.
Ah ! alter'd have the moments been
Since last that manly form was seen
On Dirce's smooth and level green !

Since last that keen eye's wakeful light
Repaid a sister's fond caress
With all a brother's tenderness.

CHORUS FROM THE ALCESTIS. 1806.

DAUGHTER of Pelias ! peaceful sleep
In Pluto's mansions cold and deep,
Where the bright sun can enter never !
And may the gloomy monarch know,
And he, the steersman old and slow,
By whom the ghosts are wafted o'er ;
To that uncomfortable shore,
No spirit half so lovely ever,
Nor half so pure, his boat did take
On the dark bosom of the Stygian lake.

Thy name preserved in sweetest lays,
The sacred bards of future days
The seven-string'd lyre shall tune to thee,
Waking its mountain-melody ;
Or in harmonious notes shall sing,
What time the rosy-bosom'd spring
Bedews with April-showers
Fair Sparta's walls, and, all the night,
The full moon pours her silver light
On Athens' heaven-loved towers.

Oh ! could the power of verse recall
Thy ghost from Pluto's dreary hall,
And dark Cocytus' spectred wave !
Oh ! could it bid thy spirit stray
Back to the cheerful light of day,
And break the darkness of the grave !

Most loved, most honour'd shade, farewell !

We know not what the gods below

Will measure out of bliss or woe ;

Yet may thy gentle spirit dwell,

In those dark realms to which it fled,

Most blest among the peaceful dead !

Nor thou, afflicted husband, mourn

That voyage whence is no return,

And which we all are doom'd to try :

The gods' great offspring, battle slain,

'Mid common heroes press the plain,

And undistinguish'd die.

But she who nobly died, to save

A husband from the cheerless grave,

Though seen no more by mortal eye,

Shines, a bright power, above the sky.

Hail, lovely light of Pheræ's vale !

Blest guardian of the wandering stranger, hail !

CHORUS FROM THE ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

1798.

SWEET-sounding oracle of Jove !

Propitious from the Python dost thou come,

To glad my native home ?

Struck with terror from above,

I feel, I feel my bosom beat,

And trembling lose its vital heat.

Voice of the Delian king !
Immortal child of roseate Hope, declare,
What comfort dost thou bring ?
What help to this afflicted city bear ?

First of the immortal powers, I thee
Invoke, Athenian deity,
Great progeny of Jove !
And thee, whose consecrated shrine
Sublime above our towers ascends,
Whose empire o'er the woods extends ;
Sister of Him, whose light divine
Beams influence from above.
If e'er your strength averted impious fate,
Save now, oh save our desolated state !

Unnumber'd sorrows rend my soul.
Pale Sickness, with her ghastly train,
Rules all uncheck'd—for ah ! in vain
Would human art her power control.
No verdure decks the blasted mead ;
No fruits our barren plains disclose ;
No tender progeny succeed
To recompense the mother's throes.
The dark ghosts flit unheeded by,
To Pluto's caves they sweep along,
In myriads like the feathery throng
Whose light wings cleave the evening sky ;
And swift as lightning flashes through the air,
Untired amidst the elemental roar.

On the pestilential shore,
Those once most dear
Unburied, unlamented lie,
No friend to catch their parting sigh.
Our wives, sad bending o'er the main,
Pour forth their ardent vows in vain,
And deprecate the wrath of Heaven below.
In vain, throughout the Theban bound,
Our hallow'd pæans loud resound,
Mix'd with the mournful shrieks of agonizing woe.

Daughter of Jove, assistance send !
See on our famed Cadmæan tower
The gloomy god of havock lower.
Unarm'd, he blasts the fated ground,
And throws his murderous shafts around.
Arise ! arise ! our walls defend !
Bid from this once heaven-favour'd seat
The fiend of pestilence retreat !
Whelm him beneath the Euxine main
That bounds his own ungenial reign
O'er deserts bleak and bare.
Since each succeeding day destroys
Whate'er of sublunary joys
The shades of darkness spare.

Dispenser of the lightning's fire,
Dread king of heaven ! immortal sire !
Thy bolts destructive throw—
And thou whom Lycian plains obey,

Adjust thy shafts, great lord of day,
And bend thy golden bow !

Thy milder radiance, Dian, shed !
Such beams as on the hoary head
Of old Lycæum rest.

And, whom the Moenades revere,
Thy blazing torch, oh Bacchus, rear,
And shake it o'er his humbled crest !

Avenge us on this god, by gods abhorr'd,
Hold his red arm, and break his desolating sword.

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

THE EIGHTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

[First printed in Hodgson's Juvenal. 1807.]

WHAT boots it on the lineal stock to trace
The long drawn honours of a noble race ?
Or what avails it, Ponticus, to shew
Of imaged forefathers a goodly row ;
Æmilius in his conquering car sublime ;
The Curii broken by neglect and time ;
The headless trunk of Manlius to expose,
And Galba, shorten'd of his ears and nose ?
What boots it on capacious rolls to see
The fairest boast of ancient pedigree ;
The name of great Corvinus at the root,
And consuls and dictators for the fruit ;

If, with such bright examples in thine eye,
Thou liv'st in vice before the Lepidi ?
Why boast the pictures of a warlike race,
If, with the Scipios frowning in your face,
You pass the thriftless night in desperate play,
And stagger to your bed at break of day,
Just at the hour when they whose name you boast
Broke up the camp, and march'd the embattled host ?

Why glories Fabius in his race divine,
His Gallic honours, and Herculean shrine,
(Hereditary glories of his line,)
If, covetous, effeminate, and vain,
Soft as the fleecy droves on Padua's plain,
He smooths with pumice stone his essenced skin,
And puts to shame his rough ancestral kin ?
—If, a base poisoner, Rome's abhorr'd disgrace,
He adds a statue to his reverend race,
Which future indignation will deface ?

Though storied pictures round your walls we see,
“ Virtue alone is true nobility.”

Paulus, or Drusus, in your actions be ;
Place them above your vaunted ancestry ;
Let them precede the consul's rods, and shew
A nobler boast than honours can bestow.

First, make the virtues of the soul thy claim.
Dost thou deserve by deeds the glorious name
Of just and holy ?—I confess thy worth,
And own the true nobility of birth.
All hail, great patriot, wheresoever born,
Whose acts thy grateful countrymen adorn !

Whether Silanus' ancient name thou bear,
Or the proud trophies of Getulia wear,
Or, humbly bred in life's inglorious vale,
Raised by thy deeds, illustrious patriot, hail!
With louder triumphs should thy name be crown'd,
Than Egypt offers for Osiris found.
For who the name of Noble would disgrace
On the vile wretch whose acts bely his race,
In title lofty, but in action base ?
As when some strutting dwarf provokes the jeer,
We call him Atlas, porter of the sphere,
An Æthiop bid the swan's complexion claim,
Or give some crooked wench Europa's name,
Beware lest so the world bestow on thee
The style of "Creticus" in mockery !

To whom address this monitory line ?
Rubellius Plancus, be the warning thine !
Sworn with thy high descent from Cæsar's name,
As if thy deeds had earn'd immortal fame,
Or made thee worthy of a Julian womb,
Rather than of the meanest trull's in Rome.

The young patrician, insolent and proud,
Looks down disdainful on the passing crowd :
" Dregs of the people ! lowest of the low !
Reptiles, who scarce your father's birthplace know !
From ancient Cecrops I my lineage trace."
—Long live, Rubellius, and enjoy thy race !
Yet 'mid this crowd of outcasts you may find
Some active spirit, some capacious mind,
On which, even you, a novice in the laws,

Would gladly rest the pleadings of your cause.
Yes—from the people's dregs shall worthies rise,
Skill'd in the Forum's learned mysteries—
Or, great in arms, their country's pride and boast,
Lead to Euphrates' shore her conquering host;
Or plant her eagles on Batavia's coast :
Whilst thou remain'st Cecropides alone,
Like an old Hermes on a shapeless stone.
One only difference an ascendant gives—
His head is marble, while your statue lives.

Say, progeny of Teucer, is it birth
That gives the useful brute its genuine worth ?
The valiant steed, to whom the judge decrees
The palm of oft repeated victories,
O'er whom the thunders of the circus roll,
First in the race, and earliest at the goal,
For his own worth we prize, nor e'er inquire
The pastures where he fed, nor what his sire :
While the degenerate and dishonour'd steed,
Tho' sprang from famed Hirpinum's ancient breed,
Or from the fleetest of Corinthian mares,
Sells undistinguish'd in the public fairs.
There no respect to ancestry is paid,
No honour to the parent courser's shade :
The tame and sluggish offspring must belong
To any clod that buys him for a song,
Bend his gall'd neck, obedient to the wain,
Or turn a wheel, worn blind with age and pain.

If then to honour's meed thy soul aspires,
Like thine own actions claim it—not thy sire's.

If thou wouldst rise to glory, show some cause
For praise, nor rest on undeserved applause.

Enough for him, whose pride can stoop to claim
His grand alliance with a tyrant's name ;
For plain good sense—first blessing of the sky—
Is rarely met with in a state so high.

Now, Ponticus, my mind reverts to thee.
Thy praise by birth bestow'd I will not see,
Thyself unworthy of futurity.

—'Tis weak to build on others your renown :
Shake but the pillar, the whole pile falls down.
The vine that creeps abandon'd on the plain,
Looks for its widow elm's support in vain.
Be thou, thyself, in war thy country's sword,
In peace, the upright judge, and generous lord.
If ever summon'd by the sacred laws,
A witness in some dark uncertain cause ;
Though Phalaris himself command the lie,
And present torments prompt the perjury,
Count it an evil, worse than flames or death,
To barter honour for this short-lived breath,
Or, for the sake of brittle life, to give
That which alone should make thee wish to live.
Worthy his fate the wretch forsworn will die,
How great soe'er his wealth and luxury ;
Though he lie plunged in perfumed baths, and eat
A hundred Lucrine oysters for a treat.

The expected præfecture at length obtain'd,
Be rage, be rapine, in just bounds restrain'd ;
And when among the poor allies you see
The dire effects of war and slavery,

Their princes wasted by extorted loans,
And drain'd e'en to the marrow of their bones ;
Respect the law's commands, the state's reward,
What honours wait the mild and upright lord,
How just a hand the bolt of vengeance sped
At the proud robber of Cilicia's head :
But vain is law when all at Rome are thieves,
And Pansa pillages what Natta leaves.

Unhappy Greeks, who own a despot's sway,
Sell your last rags, and silently obey !
'Tis madness, in the shipwreck of the state,
When all is lost, to throw away the freight.
Not thus, of old, when arms had won the prize,
Did groans and tears succeed our victories :
The people thrived beneath our fostering sway ;
Unsack'd their homes, untouch'd their coffers lay ;
Their robes of Sparta, and their Tyrian die ;
While Phidias breathed in sculptured ivory,
And, spared in ancient palaces to shine
With fairest forms of Myron's bold design,
While yet Parrhasius on the canvas glow'd,
And Mentor's bowls round every table flow'd ;
Spared—but till Dolabella's sword command,
Or Verres wave his sacrilegious hand,
Or Antony, who spoil'd the wealth of Greece,
To swell the triumphs of insulted peace.

The fields are forfeited ; but o'er the plain
Some scatter'd herds may haply yet remain :
They go the next ; and, last, the household gods
Are forced to follow, when the præfect nods.

The unwarlike sons of Rhodes you may despise,
And Corinth, steep'd in sensual luxuries :
Her smooth, anointed youth may strive in vain,
With nerveless arm, to break oppression's chain.
But O beware Hispania's martial host,
The Gallic axle, and Illyrian coast,
And from those reapers let thy hands abstain
Who fill our pamper'd citizens with grain.
Besides, what spoil can rapine now await
From Africk's sons whom Marius stripp'd of late ?
Beware, or e'er the heavy hand of wrong
You lay upon the desperate and strong !
Take all the wealth their ravaged fields afford ;
Leave but the helm, the buckler, and the sword,
Arms still are theirs to use. This warning strain
Is not an idle fancy of the brain—
O think the sybil's solemn voice you hear !
Her scatter'd leaves I read, heaven's will declare.

If all thy train be patient and discreet,
If no smooth minion sell thy justice seat,
If, free from vice, thy consort can abstain
From rank corruption and extorted gain,
Nor grasp with harpy claws the prostrate earth,
Then mayst thou safely boast thy noble birth ;
Let Picus in thy line of fathers be,
Count all the Titans in thy pedigree,
E'en from Prometheus' self thy lineage trace,
And ransack fable to adorn thy race :
—But if, a traitor to thy plighted trust,
And headlong urged by avarice and lust,

Thy prætor's rods are drench'd in subject gore,
And thy blunt axe can feed the block no more;—
The lofty pride of every honour'd name
Shall rise to vindicate insulted fame,
And hold the torch, to blazon forth thy shame.
How darest thou boast, if, shameless in thy guilt,
Thou sign false deeds in fanes thy fathers built,
And forge and perjure for some petty hire
Before the frowning image of thy sire,—
If, in a Gallic cowl's obscure disguise,
All night thou ply thy foul debaucheries?

Where his forefathers' mouldering ashes lie,
In rapid car see Damasippus fly!
See the gross consul lay aside the rein,
And drag his axle with the cumbrous chain—
By night indeed—but in the moon's full light,
While stars shed down their all-attesting sight—
And, when the short-lived task of state is o'er,
He shrouds his foul disgrace in night no more;
Mounts in broad day, and, if he chance to meet
Some old and grave acquaintance in the street,
Bare-faced salutes him with a shameless stare,
And cracks his whip, high-flourish'd, with an air;
Then acts the groom, unbinds the truss of hay,
And measures out the barley for the day.
E'en when, as Numa's sacred laws ordain,
He stands a priest at Jove's imperial fane,
And the fat victim by his hand is slain,
He dares attest, before the prætor's rods,
Hippona, and the stinking stable-gods.

When to the Forum, hot with nightly sport,
And daily feasts, he pleases to resort,
The Syro-Tyrian, ever used to wait,
(The Tyrian of the Idumæan gate,)
With perfumes reeking, waves him to the board,
Fawns as his host, and calls him king and lord;
While some neat hand-maid, as he sits to dine,
Brings forth a sample of her tavern wine.

Still for these faults some candid friend may plead,
“We did the same ourselves, when young.” Agreed;
But, when the hey-day of your youth was past;
You saw your errors, and grew wise at last.
Short be the shameless period of disgrace!
With the first beard that shades the manly face,
Some cherish’d vices claim the razor too:
“Yet we should pardon youth,” you say. I do.
Ripe for Armenian wars, for Syrian tents,
For Rhine’s or Ister’s vigilant defence,
Still Damasippus drains his club-room wine,
And still frequents the bagnio’s well known sign.
His age proclaims him fit for Nero’s guard:
—The ports are full, the navy is prepared—
Send, Cæsar, to the port—the legions call—
But in his tavern seek your general!
There may you find him, at his ease reclined,
Quaffing full bumpers with some cut-throat hind,
’Mid crowds of sailors, thieves, deserted slaves,
Hangmen and undertakers, sots and knaves,
Stretch’d, with Cybebe’s silent drums around,
Whose drunken priest lies snoring on the ground

Here all are equal—of one goblet taste—
On one couch lying—at one table placed.
A slave, thus vicious, would be sent to till
Your farms, or labour at the Tuscan mill;
But you, ye sons of Troy, your vices grace;
And crimes that tinge with shame the cobbler's face
Beseem the lords of Brutus' honour'd race.

Yet, in these vile degenerate times, we find
No stain so foul, but worse remains behind.
Made poor by all the vices of the age,
Lo! Damasippus next attempts the stage;
Lets out his voice—his sole remaining boast—
And rants the nonsense of a clamorous ghost:
While Lentulus, who acts the slave indeed,
Deserves the cross on which he seems to bleed.
I cannot bear the people's careless face
Who sit to see their senators' disgrace,
To hear the bare-foot sounds that Fabius makes,
And laugh at every slap Mamercus takes.
Who cares at what a price they sell their breath?
No Nero lives, to threaten instant death;
Yet still they sell it—to their endless shame—
Nor blush to sell it at the prætor's game.
On this side place the sword, on that the stage—
And can you scruple where you would engage?
Can any wretch so basely fear to die,
As rather act Latinus' jealousy,
And beat his wife?—so lost to honest pride,
As sing, with vile Corinthus at his side?
Yet here is nothing that should make men stare;

The prince a fiddler, every lord's a player :
The court's buffoonery leads the general rage,
The crowd adopts, and all the world's a stage.
Rome in the lists a new dishonour bears.
Not in the arms the fierce Mirmillo wears—
Not with the crooked scymetar and shield
—For those he hates—he hates, and fears, to wield—
Not e'en the helm, his shameless front to hide,
But, brandishing the trident at his side,
With fruitless aim the net great Gracchus plies,
Shews his bare face before a million eyes,
And, mark'd by all the arena, bravely—flies.
—'Tis he—you well may note him by his vest,
The broad gold lace that flames upon his breast,
His helmet cap with glittering chin-stays bound,
And the long ends that half way reach the ground.

The worst disgrace the gladiator knows
Is to be pitted 'gainst such noble foes.

If votes were free, what slave, so lost to shame,
Prefers not Seneca's to Nero's name,
Whose parricides not one close sack alone,
One serpent, nor one monkey could atone ?
Like the mad Greek, his master's blood he spilt—
The act the same—but ah how wide the guilt ?
One rose, the avenger of his father's dust,
Slain at the feast—a sacrifice to lust—
The gods inspired him, and the deed was just.
He never touch'd Electra's sacred head ;
He never stain'd with blood his Spartan bed,
Nor drugg'd the bowl with fratricidal rage—

He never sang upon an Argive stage,
Nor wrote dull Troïcs. What could more inspire
Virginius', Vindex,' Galba's honest ire ?
What, but such acts, did Rome indignant see
Perform'd, in Nero's savage tyranny ?
These are the arts which dignify a throne—
In these the mighty prince unrivall'd shone ;
To seek from actors and buffoons renown,
And carry from the Greeks their parsley crown.
Go ! with the chaplet on your voice bestow'd,
The marble statue of Domitius load !
Before his feet Thyestes' syrma place,
Antigone's, or Melanippe's face,
And on the proud Colossus of your sire
Suspend the splendid trophy of—a lyre !

Thy lofty birth, Cethegus, who could blame ?
Who knew not Catiline's illustrious name ?
Yet these by night suborn'd their murderous band,
And threaten'd ruin to their native land ;
With worse than Gallic rage the state invade,
And merit well the shirt for traitors made.
But in the midst the active consul wakes,
And the proud banner of rebellion shakes :
This new Arpinian—of a humble home,
And just become a country-knight at Rome—
Sees all the plot, and o'er the unprepared,
Affrighted ruffians posts his ready guard :
And hence, within the walls, the peaceful gown
Conferr'd a title of more just renown
Than young Octavius gather'd on the main,

Or reap'd from Thessaly's ensanguined plain.
Free Rome confess'd the work of Tully's hand,
And hail'd him father of his parent land.

From the same borough, on the Volscian hill,
A master's grounds great Marius used to till,
And drive the plough-share for a labourer's pay ;
Next, in the camp he toil'd from day to day,
Where, if with slacken'd bill his work he sped,
A tribune's staff was broken on his head.
Yet he, alone, the state's worst dangers braved,
Destroy'd the Cimbrian, and the city saved.
Thus, when the terrors of the fight were o'er,
And crows devour'd the bodies, fierce no more,
More huge than e'er had flesh'd their beaks before,
Content, his noble colleague bore away
The second honours of that glorious day.

The Decii own'd a low plebeian name,
Their race plebeian, and unknown to fame ;
Yet for our legions, our auxiliar band,
And for the safety of our native land,
To mother earth, and the dread gods below,
Themselves a glorious offspring, they bestow,
Those heaven-born souls devoting to the grave,
More precious far than all the lives they save.

Born of a female slave, the royal crown
Of great Quirinus, and the purple gown,
That last of virtuous kings deserved to wear ;
While the degenerate sons of Brutus dare
With impious hands the city gates uncloset
For banish'd tyrants, and their country's foes,

E'en then, when doubtful liberty required
The noblest acts by patriot zeal inspired—
Such acts as Mutius might admire, or she
Who swam across the empire's boundary.
The horrid tale a slave was doom'd to bear—
—Oh tale too hideous for a mother's ear!
The rods of justice for their guilt atone,
And the sharp axe, to Rome before unknown.

'Twere better far Thersites were thy sire,
So thou, like great Æacides, aspire
To arms attemper'd with celestial fire,
Than boast of Peleus' blood, content to be
Thersites, and disgrace thine ancestry.

Yet to its earliest date thy lineage trace,
Draw from their source the glories of thy race,
The proud foundation of your house you'll find
Some den for all the refuse of mankind.
A shepherd was the founder of your fame,
Or something worse—and what I will not name.

TIBULLUS. ELEGY THE FIRST. 1803.

LET others heap of wealth the golden store,
And hold o'er cultured fields their ample sway;
They trembling hear the distant tempest's roar,
And war's hoarse clarion drives their sleep away.

Me may my poverty's secure retreat
In humble care a life unenvied yield,
While my hearth glows with hospitable heat,
And plenteous harvests bless my narrow field.

Nor hope be wanting—but the swelling ear
Assiduous watch'd, and cluster-teeming vine,
Vary the peaceful day with guiltless care
Of simple food, and unpolluting wine.

I would not scorn the cleaving plough to guide,
Or spur the sluggish team, (a humbler care,)
Or lost lamb, straying from its parent's side,
To safer shelter in my bosom bear.

Nor let me fail with grateful offerings due
To seek each rustic deity—to bring
For Pales milk and flowers of every hue,
And the first apple for Arcadia's king.

For thee, all bounteous Ceres, I'll suspend
The wheaten crown before thy temple door,
And seek with hymns Priapus, to defend
From pilfering birds my garden's luscious store.

Ye too, erst guardians of my large domain,
To whom the chosen kid unnoticed bled,
Ye household gods, my alter'd state sustain,
Nor scorn the offering of a humble shed.

—I ask not riches—nor the hoarded wealth
Of antient harvests piled upon my floor—
Enough for me are competence and health,
And gentle sleep, unbroken and secure.

How sweet, upon my shelter'd bed reclined,
To hear the howling tempest's wild alarms,
And, safe from beating rain and furious wind,
To press my lovely mistress in my arms !

How sweet, when Auster o'er the flooded ground
Pours the wet torrents of his wintry hour,
Secure to sleep, while all is sadness round,
Lull'd in deep slumbers by the incessant shower!

Be this my lot—let others wealth obtain,
The mighty sacrifice to wealth who yield,
Who tempt the dangers of the roaring main,
Or court destruction on the embattled field;

Whilst I, content with poverty, would stray,
Not always chain'd to one unvarying road;
But when the dog-star leads the sultry day,
Turn to the murmuring stream and shady wood.

Perish each gaudy gem, and glittering ore,
Ere by our fault one slighted maiden mourn,
One bitter tear our parted faith deplore,
Or one soft bosom chide our cold return.

I ask not praise, my Delia—but with thee
Give me to waste my unregretted days!
Only with thee, my Delia, let me be—
And happy indolence shall be my praise.

Then will I guide my team, or tend my sheep
On the lone hill, whilst only thou art by;
And, when the sultry hours invite to sleep,
Clasp'd in thy arms on the rude turf I'll lie—

A bed more soft than couch of softest down,
A sleep more sweet than sweetest sounds invite,
When love the silken pillow fails to crown,
And sad repentance loads the wings of night.

And when the last, the dreaded hour draws nigh,
Do thou, e'en then, before me, Delia, stand;
May I yet view thee with my closing eye,
May I yet grasp thee with my dying hand!

So, when I'm laid upon my funeral bier,
Thou, Delia, shalt the last sad office pay,
There shalt thou drop the mournful, silent tear,
And print warm kisses on my lifeless clay.

And many a youth, and many a tender maid,
Shall to the pile, a pitying train, repair—
But thou, my Delia, spare thy lover's shade,
Nor wound thy cheeks, nor rend thy loosen'd hair!

—Meanwhile, O let us seize the fleeting hour,
And while the fates permit indulge our joy!
Death broods in darkness o'er the genial bower,
And waits Heaven's awful signal to destroy.

Soon wither'd age with creeping steps will come,
When love no more our frozen souls must know;
For pleasures fly the approaches of the tomb,
And sport and dalliance shun the head of snow.

Now, now, my Delia, let us live and love,
While life is young, and gentle love no crime!
Now, now let pleasure every hour improve
Ere pleasure flies the swift advance of time.

Here be my standard! Let the pomp of war
Deck the mad conqueror in his proud array;
While I, secure from want, from greatness far,
Here, in soft leisure, wear my life away.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE 5.

PYRRHA ! the slender youth who courts thy love,
Bathed in rich odours, on fresh roses laid,
Beneath the grateful shade
Of mossy cavern or embowering grove ;
For whom those sun-bright tresses thou dost bind,
—Simple in elegance—though now most blest,
Of thy whole heart posscest,
He hopes thee ever free, and ever kind ;
Alas, poor wretch ! how oft shall he deplore
Thy false love, changing with the changing skies,
And stormy seas, that rise
Black with rude winds, and bear him from the shore,
Too weakly trusting to the treacherous gale !
Ah, hapless they on whom thy untried smile
Beams only to beguile—
Who see thee fair, but know not yet how frail !
My votive tablet still records the hour,
When, rescued from the vex'd and stormy wave,
My dripping weeds I gave,
A grateful offering to the watery power.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE 9.

SEE tall Soracte white with snow !
The forests groan beneath their load ;

The imprison'd streams no longer flow,
Through crystal caverns working slow
Their hollow winding road.

Stern winter's call, my friend, obey !
Pile high thy blazing hearth with wood ;
And, more to drive the cold away,
Let thine old Sabine cask to-day
Pour forth a nobler flood.

Be this thy care ! the rest resign
To heaven, that stills the tempest's roar,
That bids the winds their rage confine,
And the tall ash and mountain pine
Toss their proud heads no more.

Repress the fondly curious glance
That fain would scan the future hour !
Improve each day's revolving chance,
Nor shun the soul-enlivening dance,
Nor love's enchanting power.

Be thine—while age yet spares to blight
The verdure of thy youthful bloom—
The chase by day, the ball by night,
And amorous whispers, warm and light,
Soft stealing through the gloom.

The laugh, too ready to betray
The lurking girl who fain would hide ;
The bracelet gaily snatch'd away,
Which, half in earnest, half in play,
Her struggling arm denied.

HORACE. BOOK II. ODE 3.

WHEN dangers press, a mind sustain
Unshaken by the storms of fate,
And when delight succeeds to pain,
With no glad insolence elate ;
For Death will end the various toys
Of hopes and fears, and cares and joys :

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
You pass life's melancholy day,
Or, in some green retiréd cave
Wearing the idle hours away,
Give to the Muses all your soul,
And pledge them in the flowing bowl ;

Where the broad pine, and poplar white
To join their hospitable shade
With intertwisted boughs delight ;
And, o'er its pebbly bed convey'd,
Labours the winding stream to run,
Trembling, and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom,
And wither with declining spring,
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And Fate yet holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers,
And groves yourself had taught to grow ;
Your soft retreats from sultry hours
Where Tiber's dark brown waters flow,
Soon leave ; and all you call your own
Be squander'd by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
Unshelter'd from the midnight air,
'Tis all alike ; no age or state
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound ;
One common doom awaits us all :
The universal wheel goes round,
And, soon or late, each lot must fall,
When all together shall be sent
To one eternal banishment.

HORACE. BOOK II. ODE 14.

How soon, alas ! how soon, my friend,
The wingéd seasons glide away !
Our life posts onward to its end ;
No virtue can our wrinkles stay,
Nor restless time one little hour delay.

Pile the rich incense ! Let the fires
Ascend, and altars stream with blood !
Alas ! no sacrifice aspires
To soothe dark Pluto's tearless mood,
Who binds the Titans to the Stygian flood.

That dismal lake, at Fate's command,
All who have fed from Nature's store,
And taste the fulness of the land,
In common crowds must venture o'er
—The king's proud spirit, mix'd with baser poor.

Vainly with coward care we shun
The murderous field and whelming wave ;
Vainly, when autumn's sickly sun
Puts us in memory of a grave,
Fly to the healthful bower and sheltering cave.

Soon shalt thou be where, black and slow,
Cocytus laves the languid coast,
Where sadly wanders, far below,
Of Danaus' line each guilty ghost,
And Sisyphus still plies his labour lost.

Soon shalt thou leave thy fair domain,
Thy tender spouse alone to sigh ;
Nor, of those forests rear'd in vain,
Aught, save the cypress, shall supply
Sad fuel for thy last solemnity !

Thy wines, preserved with jealous care,
Costlier than monarch's valued store,
Soon, squander'd by thy happier heir,
Fenced by their hundred locks no more,
In midnight revel pour'd, shall stain the banquet floor.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE 7.

THE snows are past away ; the field renews
Its grassy robe ; the trees with leaves are crown'd ;
All nature feels the change ; the streams unloose
Their bands of ice, and bathe the meads around :
The sister graces with the nymphs advance
In light attire, weaving the joyous dance.

Warn'd by the varying year and hastening day,
Expect not thou, my friend, immortal joys !
Spring's zephyr melts the winter's frost away,
And spring the summer's hotter breath destroys ;
Soon forced to wait on autumn's mellow train
Till cold and sluggish winter rules again.

The seasons' difference circling moons repair ;
But we, if once to that sad shore convey'd
Where the great Manes of our fathers are,
Shall be but empty ashes and a shade.
Who knows if they who rule this mortal clime
Will add to-morrow to our sum of time ?

Thy generous soul can best improve the hours
Of the short life allow'd by partial Heaven ;
Yet thee, Torquatus, in those gloomy bowers
Where Minos' last tremendous doom is given,
Not all thy pride of honorable birth,
Nor wit, nor virtue, can restore to earth.

Not even the huntress of the silver bow,
Who made the chaste Hippolytus her care,
Could fetch his spirit from the realms below ;
Nor Theseus, arm'd with force celestial, tear
His loved Pirithöus from the triple chain
That bound his soul to that infernal plain.

THE SAME.

THE snows have pass'd away ; the fields renew
Their robe of vernal hue ;
The trees their leafy coronals. Earth teems
With change ; the lessen'd streams
Kissing the banks, their silent course pursue.

The sister graces with the nymphs advance
Naked in measured dance.
Yet, mortal joys how fleeting, time declares,
—Time, and the hour that bears
The genial day along in thoughtless trance.

Zephyrs, who led the balmy Spring, retreat
From Summer's fiercer heat ;
And Summer too withdraws, when Autumn pours
Anew his bounteous stores ;
Then sullen Winter reassumes his seat.

Swift circling moons the waning heavens repair.
We, soon as pass'd to where
Our sire Æneas, and those monarchs old,
Ancus and Tullus hold,
Are but thin ashes and impassive air.

Who knows if heaven, that counts his days, will give
Another hour to live ?
The wealth you've freely spent, your gaping heir
Shall look in vain to share :
That wealth is yours—your sole prerogative.

When Death hath seized his prey, and the great doom
Is written on your tomb,
Then, nor your high descent, nor boasted skill,
No—nor your virtues—will
The once extinguish'd lamp of life relume.

Nor can the guardian power of chastity
Hippolytus set free
From shades eternal ; nor the friendly hand
Of Theseus break the band
That holds Pirithöus in captivity.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE 13.

LYCE ! the gods have heard my prayer ;
The gods have heard me, Lycé !
Time's snows are sprinkled o'er your hair,
And yet you would be counted fair,
And frolic it, with girlish air,
In winter hoar and icy ;

And try with shrill and tremulous shake
The wanton Cupid to awake

Once more, who, nought replying,
On the warm cheek and rosy smile
Of Chloe, skilful to beguile
With music's sweetest power, the while,
Is all enraptured lying.

Love in his flight is bold and free ;
Scornful, he quits the sapless tree

For the fresh budding spray :
But, most of all, he flies from thee,
Thy teeth of straggling ebony,
Thy wrinkled brow's deformity,
And head's unhonour'd grey.

Our robes of purple silk, with all
Our sparkling gems, are unavailing,
One little moment to recall,
Traced by Time's finger on the wall,
That marks the shadows as they fall
In progress never failing.

Whither hath Venus fled?—ah where
The radiant tint, the graceful air?

What can ye now display
Of her—of her, who breathed the soul
Of very love, and subtly stole
Me from myself away?

—Next Lesbia blest—in face and mind
Favour'd alike—but ah! more kind,
The fates to Lesbia gave
(Her summer reign of beauty o'er)
A passage to the silent shore
Of a forgotten grave.

On thee the raven's length of years
(Heaven's bitterest curse!) hath lighted;
A mark for wisdom's smiles and tears,
For beauty's jests, and folly's sneers,
The mirror, in whose face appears
How soon youth's flower is blighted.

FROM CATULLUS.

“O quid solutis est beatius curis.”

WHAT blessedness hath heaven on man bestow'd,
Pure as the hour when care and sorrow cease;
When the freed soul shakes off her weary load,
And, sick and tired, strangers to home and peace,
With lingering toil in foreign land opprest,
At length we sink again, in sweetest rest,

On our accustom'd bed, so long in vain
Remember'd, and so long in vain desired ;
When, by our native air again inspired,
A soft oblivion steals o'er all our pain !

FROM OVID.

“ Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam, scribimus hortis.”

I WRITE not now as in those happier hours,
When pleasure woo'd me in her Latian bowers,
When night descending shrouded o'er my head,
Laid in sweet slumber on the accustom'd bed.
Forgotten and alone your bard shall die,
On distant shores, beneath a foreign sky ;
And his last wretched hour of parting breath
Be made more fearful by his place of death.
On that accustom'd bed he shall not lay
His languid limbs, and gently die away,
While weeping friends attend his life's sad close,
And smooth the pillow for his long repose.

FROM MARTIAL.

WHAT makes the happiest life below,
A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
—A good estate, not earn'd with toil,
But left by will, or given by fate ;
A land of no ungrateful soil ;
A constant fire within your grate ;

No law ; few cares ; a quiet mind ;
Strength unimpair'd ; a healthful frame ;
Wisdom with innocence combined ;
Friends equal both in years and fame ;
Your living easy, and your board
With food, but not with luxury stored ;
A bed, though chaste, not solitary ;
Sound sleep, to shorten night's dull reign ;
Wish nothing that is yours to vary ;
Think all enjoyments that remain ;
And, for the inevitable hour—
Nor hope it nigh, nor dread its power.

FROM THE SAME.

FILL high the bowl with sparkling wine !
Cool the bright draught with summer snow !
Amid my locks let odours flow !
Around my temples roses twine !

See yon proud emblem of decay,
Yon lordly pile that braves the sky !
It bids us live our little day,
Teaching that gods themselves may die.

FROM AUSONIUS.

IF, mouldering far o'er distant seas,
The unburied corse is doom'd to lie,
Yet may some pious rites appease
The spirit sadly wandering by.

Call'd by a friend's or brother's voice,
And honour'd with an empty pile,
Yet may the weary ghost rejoice,
And grace our orgies with a smile.

Though to the funeral urn denied,
Thus shall his ashes rest in peace,
And every sad complaint subside,
And every mournful murmur cease.

FROM SYNESIUS.

WHEN, triumphant from the abyss,
Rose the king of heaven to bliss,
Countless nations of the air
Heard the sound and trembled there ;
And with sacred awe the choirs
Immortal veil'd their purer fires.
Then the sire of Harmony,
Ancient Æther, smiled around,
Bidding his seven-toned lyre resound
The glad peal of victory.

FROM FLAMINIUS.

“ Venuste agelle, tuque pulcra villula.”

DEAR fields, and thou delightful seat,
My honour'd parent's loved retreat !
Again your haunts I shall explore,
Again my feet shall wander o'er

The winding paths his taste has plann'd,
And forests planted by his hand.
Again upon the accustom'd bed
My native air shall fan my head,
And sleep bring dreams of paradise
That will not vanish when I rise.
Bright streams of Albula, rejoice,
And murmur with a clearer voice !
His much-loved son in joy returns
To bless the tribute of your urns,
And from his oaten pipe to pour
Soft strains along your mazy shore.
Pan and the nymphs shall fan the flame,
And echo back Neæra's name.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA LATINA.

BY ARIOSTO.

THAT you in wealth and noble birth excell,
Well may you boast, yet others boast as well ;
A form, that few can match, surpass'd by none ;
Yet, though it shines unrivall'd, not alone :
A spotless virtue, which, though none can dare
To question, others yet as spotless are ;
Beloved of science, and alone beloved ;
Yet once her love the Lesbian Sappho proved :
But, to be noble, rich, fair, chaste, and wise ;
This, honour'd lady, is your single prize.

ANOTHER.

PERPETUAL motion is the law of Heaven ;
Fix'd constancy to earth alone is given ;
How truly then a heavenly fair is she
Who owns no portion of earth's constancy.

ANOTHER.

HERE, Cytherea, Mars thy heavenly charms
May safely shield in his encircling arms.
Here are cool grots, that Vulcan's power defy,
Here shades too deep for Phœbus' searching eye.

ANOTHER.

WEeping, my Thyrza yields the kiss,
Which, laughing, she denies.
Thus tears give rapture to the bliss
That in enjoyment dies.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONTESQUIEU.

“ ALAS,” said Chloe, “ this inconstant wave
Glides from our feet to seek some happier cave.”
Sighing she spoke ; but Corylas replied ;
“ Nay, Chloe,—let me kiss that glistening eye—
’Tis renovation, not inconstancy—
Pure emblem of our love’s unfailing tide.”

FROM THE FRENCH.

Love on ; but let your joy be hidden—
To none but Love and Myra shew it:
'Tis not the loving that's forbidden ;
But 'tis the letting others know it.

ANOTHER.

WHERE'ER I go, the fond regret
I ever find ;
And thinking that I should forget
Does but remind.

ANOTHER.

FULL well I know, no flowers that blow
Are equal to your blooming beauty ;
Yet, haughty fair, your pride forbear !
Old Time to all will do his duty.

ANOTHER.

“ *Parcite dum propero—mergite dum redeo.*”

As bold Leander stemm'd the tide
With fainter arm, and sinking force,
“ Grant me to reach the shore !” he cried,
“ I care not for my backward course.”

ANOTHER.

OF all the deities that shed
On earth their influence from above,
So much has never yet been said,
Both good and evil, as of Love.

Yet, for whatever joy we bless,
Or for whatever pain we flout him,
His is the worst unhappiness
Who has not aught to say about him.

ANOTHER.

ON NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

WITH a wise parental care,
Nature bids Old Time to spare
Every charm of that sweet face,
Which, lost, she never could replace.

AN ENIGMA. BY J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FAIR child, of art and nature's union sprung,
I give no length of days, yet save from dying,
And, by my very truth the truth belying,
With every added hour become too young.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBE.

WHILE youth was boiling in my veins,
And warm desire inspired your measures,
Sometimes you sigh'd my amorous pains,
And sometimes sang my wanton pleasures.
But now that slow and silent Time
Has stolen the honours of my prime,
Say, would it profit my fair fame
In drivelling verses to discover
The dull amours, and languid flame,
Of an old, doting, grey-beard lover ?

FROM THE FRENCH.

AT * * * * * College, once of late,
Was seen the modest face of Truth ;
The provost met the blushing youth,
And ask'd, what brought him to their gate.
“ 'Twas for admission, sir, I came.”
“ Your name, young man ?”—he gave his name.
“ Fly !” cried the doctor in a fury,
“ Fly, or this instant, I assure ye,
I'll bawl aloud, The church in danger.”
—“ You may refuse me,” said the stranger,
“ But to your cost you soon may learn,
That Truth is sure to have his turn.
Old Father Chronos is my sire,
And grants whatever I require.”

FROM THE FRENCH OF BREBEUF.

HAPPY Florimel ! who may
With a lover toy all day,
Nor do your husband wrong—
Your real face he took to bed ;
Those borrow'd charms of white and red
To you, not him, belong.

The roses of the bridal morn,
Though wither'd, wrinkled, pale, and torn,
True to their lord remain :
If for another you display
The brighter rose of yesterday,
What needs the fool complain ?

ANOTHER.

THE poets sing—but, 'faith, they're wrong—
That Modesty, who shuns the throng,
Is but a rural grace :
Sometimes in town she holds resort ;
Whenever Iris goes to court,
She hides behind her face.

ANOTHER.

TELL me, fond lover, tell me why
For bright Aminta's charms you sigh,

Charms that elude your fond embrace.
That dazzling form for which you bleed,
Is but a tombstone, where we read,
“ Here lies, what was Aminta’s face.”

ANOTHER.

THINK not that, when I turn to thee,
I fancy Zephyr’s balmy breath,
Or flowery shades of Arcady—
No, Chloris, no—I dream of death.
For when I see how thin a paste
Can bury features once so fair,
It shews how fast the moments haste,
When I shall be what now you are.

ANOTHER.

“ Gods ! what an opening paradise !
Your beauties are above all price.”
“ Nay, you exceed the bounds of sense :
My rouge-box cost but eighteen-pence.”

ANOTHER.

As Damon sang, one day, his usual song—
“ What charms has Myra ! gods, how I adore ’em.”
A chemist passing by said, “ Sir, you’re wrong—
They’ll not be Myra’s till she ’as paid me for ’em.”

FROM THE "FRERES ENNEMIS" OF RACINE.

ETEOCLES.

YES, Creon, yes ; the destined hour draws near ;
My brother in our presence must appear,
Urge his demands, his bold advance explain ;
—But, mark me well, our meeting will be vain.
I know that soul in arrogance elate ;
Full well I know its undiminish'd hate,
And think no time can ever check its power ;
While mine—shall last till life's extremest hour.

CREON.

Yet, should he yield an undivided throne,
That might abate thy wrath, his pride atone.

ETEOCLES.

I know not that my wrath can e'er abate—
'Tis not his pride ; himself—himself I hate.
The rooted hate we to each other bear
Is not the hot displeasure of a year ;
It was born with us—its unnatural rage
Grew with our growth, and ripen'd with our age.
From childhood's tenderest years the discord ran—
Nay, more—we hated ere ourselves began.
—Ah, fruit accurst of an incestuous bed !—
E'en in the common womb where we were bred,
Instinctive wars anticipated life.
Our wretched mother felt, and shudder'd at the strife.
Thou canst relate what feuds our cradle bore ;
Feuds that will last when life itself is o'er.

What can we say, but righteous Heaven decreed
Such vengeance for our parent's impious deed—
That black unnatural love is curst by fate
With its sure offspring, black unnatural hate ?
Now, though I dare attend his coming, O
Believe not that my hatred burns more slow !
I loathe, I sicken, as the foe draws nigh ;
It will, it must, be glaring to his eye.
I would not he should yield the empire mine ;
No—I must have him fly, and not resign.
I cannot hate the man by halves ; much less
His rage offends me than his gentleness.
I wish (that my abhorrence may be free)
An equal fury in mine enemy.
My heart cannot betray itself : I sue
For hate from him, that I may hate him too.
—But you will see ; his rage is still the same,
His heart unalter'd, unabased his aim ;
That he detests me still ; still hopes to reign ;
That we may force him, but can never gain.

END OF VOL. I.

CORRECTIONS AND EMENDATIONS.

VOL. I.

Page 112, line 4, read

“ Or oriel bower, or *lordly* hall.”

P. 141, l. 4,

“ And fancy guide, and pleasure *warm* thee.”

P. 251, l. 6,

“ Reverend *matron*, tell me why.”

P. 259, l. 9,

“ Help, *help*, my friends!”

P. 298, l. 28,

“ Next *come* the odious children of the ape.”

P. 302, l. 11,

“ Yet be his merits *e'er* so great, his honours *e'er* so high,”

P. 325, l. 20,

“ Tho' *sprung* from famed Hirpinum's ancient breed,”

P. 333, l. 11,

“ The marble statue of *Domitius* load!”

P. 334, l. 2,

“ Free Rome confess'd the work of Tully's *hand*,”

P. 335, l. 12,

“ Than boast of *Peleus'* blood,” &c.

P. 351, l. 21,

“ Again your *haunts* I shall explore,”





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